GEMS

GEMS OF COMPOSITION AND CRITICISM

—o—

Compiled from the writings of the late Dr. Orestes A. Brownson

by

DAVID BATTLE

CANISIUS COLLEGE
STUDENT LIBRARY

"If criticism fails to be informative and constructive, it fails in its principal and only legitimate function. A critic should be the champion of a standard. If he does not know what the standard should be of whom or what he criticises, he can escape criticism himself only by refraining from criticising others."

—o—

"With public sentiment nothing can fail, without it nothing can succeed. Consequently he who moulds public sentiment goes deeper than he who enacts statutes, or pronounces decisions."
—Abraham Lincoln.

—o—

"'Tis the mind that makes the body rich."
—Shakespeare.

—o—

U. S. A and Canadian Copyright 1923
by
DAVID BATTLE
Thorold, Ont., Canada

AC
8
B728

CONTENTS

Introduction - - - - - - - - - - 3
American Literature - - - - - - - - 5
Spiritism and Spirits - - - - - - - 23
Free Religion - - - - - - - - - 43
The Works of Daniel Webster - - - - - 61
Vincenzo Gioberti - - - - - - - - 98
Literature, Love and Marriage - - - - - 107
The Vision of Sir Launfal - - - - - - - 133
The Origin of Civilization - - - - - - - 144
Ralph Waldo Emerson's Poems - - - - - 165
Women's Novels - - - - - - - - - 182
The Reformation Not Conservative - - - - 203
Bishop Fenwick - - - - - - - - - 222
Archbishop Hughes - - - - - - - - 234
Madness of Anti-Christians - - - - - 250

PRICE $1.50

Publishers
OUR SUNDAY VISITOR
Huntington, Indiana

INTRODUCTION

The author of the subjects contained in this volume was born in the Town of Stockbridge, Windsor County, Vermont, U. S. A., September 16th, 1803. He became a publicist at the early age of only a little over twenty years, and for fifty years was before the public as a preacher, a lecturer, and a writer.

Starting with a belief in the progressive perfectibility of the human race, and the denial of all authority except that of humanity, that is of the people or the masses, he did not claim that he was in possession of any truth to be taught, or that his views were either mature or sound.

His mind was almost constantly engaged with the great questions of philosophy, of religion, and of government, on which he published his views from day to day. From a radical attempting to establish the association or community system of government, he came to see in human government, a likeness and imitation of Divine Providence, not an evil to be hated and resisted, but a beneficent agent for the protection of right, the advancement of civilization, the aid of religion, science, art and learning; and next to religion, the greatest means by which man may attain his destiny.

In his complete works—twenty volumes of some six hundred pages each with some four hundred words to page—the author has covered almost every subject of any importance. He was a strong hater of shams and hypocricies, and scored them most mercilessly, yet always with a kindly consideration for their promulgators and advocates. His great mind and heart went out to the multitude. To those who are called the common people, the hard workers, the clean living, the long suffering poor. In their behalf he used voice and pen vigorously. From a perusal of the subjects treated in this volume the reader will get an idea or insight of the magnitude and value of the author's complete works.

The author's son says: "Few can imagine the pleasure or pain with which his writings have been prepared for the press. It is the quality of great minds to attach or repel those with whom they converse, in a much stronger degree than can characters of a weaker mould. And when to filial affection is added reverence for genius, for bold and honest defense of truth, and unspotted virtue, how dear must be the memory of such a father? No more to hear his voice or watch the ever-varying expression of his face, it is a consolation and a pleasure to read over again and again his writings every sentence of which recalls the writer. It is a pleasure and a consolation to collect them, so that they may be preserved to future generations, which shall better appreciate them. But at the same time there is the pain, the sorrow, the gloom of a perpetual funeral until these remains of a mighty intellect and a great heart, are placed in a worthy monument. Not till then are the last rites paid; not till then can I think only of the assurance of the Prophet Daniel that 'many of those that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some unto life everlasting, and others unto reproach to see it always. But they that are learned shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that instruct many to justice, as stars for all eternity.'"

DAVID BATTLE.

Thorold, Canada, June, 1923.

———o———

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

[*Literary Ethics*: *An Oration delivered before the Literary Societies of Dartmouth College, by Ralph Waldo Emerson.*]

Mr. Emerson in this oration professes to discuss the subject of literary ethics. He speaks of the resources, the subject, and the discipline of the scholar.

The resources of the scholar are proportioned to his confidence in his intellect. They are co-extensive with nature and truth. Yet they can never be his, unless claimed with an equal greatness of mind.

We cannot analyze one of Mr. Emerson's discourses. He hardly ever has a leading thought, to which all the parts of his discourse are subordinate, which is clearly stated, systematically drawn out, and logically enforced. He is a poet rather than a philosopher, and not always even true to the laws of poetry. He must be read not for a work of art, which shall be perfect as a whole, but for the exquisite beauty of its details; not for any new or striking philosophical views, but for incidental remarks, for frequent aphorisms, valuable hints, rich and original imagery and illustration. In all his productions, the decorations strike us more than the temple itself, and the shrine evidently surpasses the god. Nevertheless, he always selects an important topic for his discourses, and furnishes us subjects which well deserve our consideration. This is something.

In reading Mr. Emerson's various productions, and in listening to his lectures, we obtain the impression that he thinks very meanly of the past achievements of the human mind. No poet according to him has ever yet seen the sea shore or entered a grove; and nobody but himself has ever heard the "wild geese scream." As he regards American scholars, they have done nothing to redeem the pledges we made the world when we adopted free institutions. American literature can scarcely be said to have a being. Not that we want men who

write very clever books, and make commendable verses which fill up the corner of a newspaper with much respectability, and look very decent in a scrap book, or a lady's album. But of the higher literature, which addresses itself to the higher faculties of the soul, and is the out-speaking and the embodiment of the national life, we have produced nothing worth naming. And worse than all this, we seem to have no adequate conception of what American literature should be, and what it is capable of becoming. Why is this, and what is the remedy?

This is the question which is laboring in the mind of Mr. Emerson, and which he appears to be striving to answer. One of the chief causes, he thinks, is our want of faith in the intellect. Wanting this faith, we attempt no great intellectual effort, and therefore produce nothing intellectually great. We have no faith that great things may be done, and therefore do not attempt to do great things. Another cause is our want of confidence in ourselves. We regard ourselves as born in the dotage of the world, and out of work, except to treasure up in our memories, and mimic as we may in our lives, the sayings and doings of the giants, who lived long ago, when the world was in its prime. Genius has no vacation; poesy has sung her swan-song; philosophy is finished; the sciences are completed; creeds are all determined; opinions made up; miracles ended; and the book of prophecy closed. Sad creatures are we. born long ages too late, after all the work cut out by the Almighty for thought, fancy, imagination, and genius is completed. We are doomed to idleness, and by idleness to imbecility. The spiritual nature is useless, and must be discharged. We sink our humanity, and become mere prudent, calculating animals, content to labor for a little worldly wealth.

To remedy this evil, according to Mr. Emerson, we must cease to look back to learn what has been, around to learn what is, and must look into ourselves to learn what we are and what we can do. Man is man today as much as he was six thousand

years ago, and every man is born with all that constitutes a man, with as rich endowments, and as creative a genius, in this age or country as in any other. Men in the past were great, and were heroes. Be it so. Men in the present are also men, and may be great, may be heroes, if they will but act out the divinity that is slumbering in them. Our senses are as acute, our minds as penetrating, our bodies as finely moulded and as firmly knit, our limbs as active and as vigorous, and our souls as capable of swelling with noble thoughts, with rich affections, and of burning with as pure, as free, and intense a love for the true, the beautiful, and the good, as theirs who lived in the past, and before whose shadows we prostrate ourselves with such servile devotion. We stand as near to God as did the prophets who had "open vision" and conversed with him face to face, and we may be inspired, illuminated by his spirit, as well as they were. The whole spiritual world is ours. Truth, beauty, goodness, are not monopolized, are not foreclosed. God has not disinherited us, nor left us no employment. Every man has an indefeasible right to the Universe, and may labor in what part of it he pleases; in work which commends itself to his taste and genius; and be his own producer, and in his own way too. He may whistle his own tune, and sing his own song.

This all may be true, if understood in strict reference to literature, and what are usually considered the higher walks of art and science; but we are not disposed to regard the American mind as strikingly deficient in originality and independence. We doubt if there ever was a country in which the people had more faith in the intellect, or less of servility to the mind of other ages or other countries. We may not be ready at once to adopt every new notion or new doctrine, which may be set forth in metaphysics, theology, morals, aesthetics; but we are no means backward in considering and adopting everything which promises to be an improvement in agriculture, manufactures,

the mechanic arts, commerce, and navigation. In these matters we are not wanting in faith in intellect, nor are we slaves to routine, to established usage, to fixed opinions, to the teachings of other ages, other countries, other men. We create for ourselves and our creations are by no means despicable. The American ship is not a servile copy of a foreign model. The Yankee exercises his own original genius in its construction, and he mans and works it in his own way. The Patent Office may bear witness that we are cunning to seek many inventions. Our political institutions can hardly be termed a copy, a tradition, a reminiscence. They are original. In whatever direction the American mind is turned, it is self-confiding, original, creative. Hitherto it has been turned almost exclusively in a material direction; to the realization of progress in our external condition; not to the realization of progress in the moral and intellectual sciences. With us, genius has come forth into practical life; instead of the marble statue, it gives us the ship; for a picture it gives us the mule or jenny; for systems of metaphysics and ethics, it gives us railroads, canals, and steamboats; for the novel or the poem, it furnishes us with an improved system of legislation, ministers to the poor, and universal education; and for an elevated and living literature, it creates an elevated and living people. Genius has come out of the cloister and the university, and creates in the shipyard and the smithy, reasons on 'change, and sings in the music of the axe, the hammer, and the loom, giving dignity to labor and the empire of the world to the laborer.

Shall we complain of this? Why is it that our minds have been carried away in an outward direction? Our first and most urgent work in this country was not the creation of an original literature. Give the whole American people that peculiar self-trust and faith in intellect, called for in the oration before us, and every man, woman, and child would be soaring into the regions of ideas, or seeking in vain a pathway through the wilds of imagin-

ation. The useful arts would be neglected; the fields would be fallow; commerce would languish; manufactures would fail; silence would reign in the workshops; and nakedness and starvation cover the land. Nature ordains that we provide for the body, before we provide for the soul. That we obtain those things without which life is not possible, before we attempt life's embellishments.

We have a few misgivings about the propriety of this declamation, in which some of our scholars are beginning to indulge, against the utilitarian pursuits of our age and country. We are not quite sure but we ought to be thankful for these pursuits. Perhaps this business world on which the scholar looks down, is fulfilling a higher mission than it or the scholar dreams of. We can hardly persuade ourselves, that the young man who has no means of living but by his daily labor, can be applauded for neglecting all useful labor; and devoting his whole time to playing the flute or the fiddle. Why not? Music is one of the fine arts, and to play the flute or the fiddle well is an elegant accomplishment. Why not then applaud the young man who devotes himself to it at the expense of his worldly fortunes? What is true of individuals is true of nations. Let a nation provide for its physical well-being, let it provide for the easy subsistence of all its citizens, before it takes itself to fiddling or flute-playing.

We commenced in this country poor. We had little beside our hands, our wits, and our self-confidence. We had a savage world to subdue, and by our labors a wilderness to convert into a fruitful field. We had this to do for the whole people. In the Old World the mass of the people are drudges, and we know not but always must be drudges. There a few may study life's embellishments, because the drudges are at hand to furnish them with subsistence. But here, all must be drudges or none; so long as drudgery is necessary, all must drudge; and when a part enter into the paths of elegant literature, the mass must enter. Here, no man can be safely exempted from the ordinary duties of

practical life. The scholar must be a man of business, and do his own share of the drudgery.

We confess therefore, that we are beginning of late to look favorably on the business habits of our countrymen, and to declaim less and less against their money-getting propensities. It is in fact, a real cause for gratitude to God, that our whole population has been carried away in a material direction, engaged in the accumulation of material wealth. Not that literature is unimportant, not that progress in the spiritual order is not in the last degree desirable and imperative in the case of all men, as in the case of a few; and because it can be possible in the case of all men, only on the condition that all men be placed in such circumstances, as to their physical wants, that with moderate labor they can obtain a respectable subsistence. It was necessary then in the first instance, to cut down and clear away the eternal forest; to break the stubborn globe and convert the barren field into a garden; to build up our manufactures; to extend and perfect our commerce; and so to augment and distribute the wealth of the country, that all our citizens should have the requisite independence and leisure for the cultivation of their minds. And this could not have been done, had not our whole people been carried away in a material direction.

It is said, that the whole nation has been absorbed in the pursuit of wealth. We admit it, and rejoice that it has been so. It is a proof of the unity of our national life; that we all move together, feel the pulsations of one heart, and engage as one man in whatever is the work for the moment. It is also a proof that we are an earnest race, and that what we attempt, we attempt with our whole heart; that we throw our whole being into our work, and live and move but in it and for it. This is a noble trait of character. It is full of promise. It assures us that whatever the nation undertakes, it shall accomplish; that when it has provided for the most pressing wants of the body, and turned its attention to the creation of a literature, it shall lend its whole

soul to it, and create a literature which shall deserve and receive the world's admiration. The very intensity with which we pursue wealth is full of hope. It proves that the pursuit of wealth can only be a temporary pursuit, that we must soon satisfy our material wants, and be ready to engage with similar intenseness in providing for the wants of the soul.

The pursuit of wealth, we are told again, is a low degrading pursuit, proceeding from a mean and sordid ambition. It can in no sense compare with the elegant and ennobling pursuit of letters. The business man, counting dollars and cents, and balancing his losses and gains, is a low and servile being compared with the scholar. Genius has not hesitated to weave a garland of fadeless flowers around the brows of ancient heroism and later chivalry, and why should it hesitate to do the same for modern business, since there is many a merchant moved by as heroic and chivalric aspirations as ever moved an ancient hero or a mediaeval knight? The merchant fits out his ships with as lofty feelings, as those with which an ancient monarch led forth his armed followers to make conquests. He loves excitement; he has a taste for the adventurous; and he longs to act a conspicuous part in great events. The great and active man is in him; and it is only in immense business calculations and business enterprises, that the spirit of the age allows him to act out what is in him. It is not the littleness but the greatness of his soul that leads him to cover the ocean with his rich argosies, and to lay every clime under contribution. Now wherein is this merchat-prince less honorable, less glorious, than the warrior-prince, around whom men of letters love to cluster; and whom they conspire to deify? His enterprises are infinitely more serviceable to humanity.

In all ages of the world, buiness pursuits have been regarded as ignoble. Kings and military chieftains, tyrants and man-killers, royal and noble hunters, have passed for the representatives of

God on earth, while the honest laborer has been accounted low and vulgar; a menial, a slave. The scholar ought to be chary of producing a dislike for the practical duties of life, or of undervaluing these pursuits without which society and life fail, or worse than fail. Instead of regarding the material improvements of society, efforts to perfect political institutions, and to increase the physical comforts of the people, so low, sordid, mercenary, he should elevate them to the rank of liberal pursuits.

Moreover, we believe the charge brought against the American people, of being exclusively devoted to money-getting, of being great lovers of money, is altogether too sweeping. The American people are far, very far, from being supreme lovers of money. They have no disposition to hoard. Not a native-born miser can be met within our whole country. We pursue wealth indeed to a great extent, but not as an end. We pursue it not for its own sake, but as a means, because we crave independence and would possess what wealth alone can purchase. The majority start in life poor, obliged to depend on their own exertions for the means of living. They are obliged for a time at least to struggle hard; they are made to feel the evils, the slights, the inconveniences of poverty; the consideration, influence, ease, and pleasures of which it deprives them; and so they seek with great earnestness, by all the means in their power to escape it; to gain independence and a position by which they can take rank as men amongst men. What is there in this to blame? The end is surely honorable and elevated. No doubt many among us continue the pursuit of gain long after the original reasons which induce them to adopt that pursuit have ceased to exist. They do such, not from the mere love of money, but from the force of habit; from the pleasure they find in doing today what they did yesterday; from the excitement the employment afforded by their business exercises; and because they must in order to enjoy themselves, do something, and there is nothing else they are fitted to do. Those

among us most absorbed in money-getting, and who acquire wealth the fastest often spend it faster than they acquire it, proving thus that they value something else more than they do money. No! there is nothing miserly, sordid mercenary in the American disposition. We are fond of show and consideration, anxious to be thought well of both at home and abroad, of holding a respectable social rank, and of gathering around us the comforts and elegance of civilized life, and so far as wealth can contribute to this end, we love and seek it.

We go still further. We say that the general attention to business in this country is itself favorable to the growth of mind, to moral, spiritual progress. We could verify this assertion by history, were we so disposed. But we ask, what can more tax the mind, and call forth its powers than the pursuits of commerce? Can the merchant make his calculations, extend his business to all parts of the world, without mental exertion? All industrial employments require more or less of skill and science. The desire to become rich, stimulates improvements, seeks out inventions, makes perpetual demands on science to abridge the process. Many an ordinary mechanic in our city makes use of a science that a Newton might have been proud to own and employs a mental power equal to that which discovered the law of gravitation, and determined the laws of the universe. The more intense the desire to accumulate wealth, the more use will be made of science; consequently the more employment will be given to mind, to intellect. The business world is in no sense inferior in active intellect to the world of letters; all the difference is in the application.

Nor is American literature as it is, to be condemned outright. Our newspapers are conducted for the great mass of the people, by men who come out immediately from the bosom of the people, and they of necessity express the sentiments of the people. They constitute therefore, in the strictest sense of the word, a popular literature. And

scattered through our newspapers and popular journals, may be found more fine writing, more true poetry, genuine eloquence, vigorous thought, original and comprehensive views, than can be found in the classics of either France or England. All the elements of the soul by turns are appealed to, and in turn find their expression. All subjects are discussed, and on all sides too, and often with a clearness and depth which leave little to be desired. Your most ordinary newspaper not infrequently throws you off an essay, that it would be impossible to match in the writings of Addison, Steele or Johnson.

Our newspapers are a ready channel through which he who thinks can communicate his thoughts to the public. They therefore supercede the necessity, in some measure, of writing books. They answer the most urgent wants of the people, talk to the people on the topics on which they are thinking, discuss the subjects in which they feel an immediate interest, and therefore lessen the demand for more elaborate productions. It may be alleged that our newspaper literature, whatever its excellence, is so scattered, so mixed up with what is impure and noxious, and withal presented in so frail and perishing a form, that it can neither be made available nor preserved. But it is preserved; perhaps not on the shelves of the student's library, but in the hearts and intellects of the people; in the actions it prompts, and in the public measures, the adoption of which it secures. And this is enough. A literature is of no great value any further than it becomes absorbed into the popular mind, and constitutes an integral part of the life of the people.

Moreover, we doubt whether we show our wisdom in making direct and conscious efforts to create an American literature. Literature cannot come before its time. We cannot obtain the oracle at any time. Men must see and feel the truth before they can utter it. There must be a necessity upon them, before they will speak or write, at least before they will speak or write anything worth

remembering. Literature is never to be sought as an end. We cannot conceive anything more ridiculous than for the leading minds of a nation to set out concisely, gravely, and deliberately to produce a national literature. A real national literature is always the spontaneous expression of the national life. As in the nation so will be its literature. Men indeed create it, not as an end, but as a means. Before they create it, they must feel a craving to do something to the accomplishment of which speaking and writing, poetry and eloquence, logic and philosophy, are necessary as means.

We feel a deep and absorbing interest in this matter of American literature. We would see American scholars in the highest and best sense of the term. We shall see them, for it is the destiny of this country to produce them. They will come not because we seek them. They will be produced not in consequence of any specific discipline we may prescribe. They will come when there is a work for them to do.

American scholars we shall have, but only in proportion as the scholar weds himself to American principles, and becomes the interpreter of American life. A national literature we have said, is the expression of the national life. It is the attempt to embody the great idea, or ideas, on which the nation is founded. It proceeds from the vigorous and continued efforts of scholars to realize that idea, or those ideas in practical life. The idea of this nation is that of democratic freedom, the equal rights of all men. No man, however learned he may be, however great in all the senses of greatness, viewed simply as an individual, who does not entertain this great idea, who does not love it, and struggle to realize it in all our social institutions, in our whole practical life, can be a contributor to American literature. We care not how much he may write; how rapid and extensive a sale his works may find; how beautifully in point of style they may be written; how much they may be praised in reviews, or otherwise admired; they shall not

live and be placed among the national classics. They have no vitality for the nation, for they meet no great national want, and satisfy no national craving.

In order to rear up American scholars and produce a truly American literature, we would not do as the author of the oration before us, declaim against American literature as it is, against the servility, and want of originality and independence of the American mind. We would not impose a specific discipline on the aspirants to scholarship. We would talk little about the want of freedom. We would not trouble ourselves at all about literature, as such. We would engage heart and soul in the great American work. We would make all the young men around us see and feel that there is here a great work, a glorious work to be done. We would present them a great and kindling cause to espouse. We would wake up in them a love for their like, make them see a divine worth in every brother man, make them long to raise up every man to the true position of a man, to secure the complete triumph of the democracy, and to enable every man to comprehend and respect himself, and be a man.

Let Mr. Emerson, and let all who have the honor of their country or of their race at heart, turn their whole attention to the work of convincing the educated and the fashionable, that democracy is worthy of their sincerest homage, and of making them feel the longing to labor in its ennobling cause; then he and they may cease to be anxious as to the literary results. It will be because a man has felt with the American people, espoused their cause, bound himself to it for life or for death, time or eternity, that he becomes able to adorn American literature; not because he has lived apart, refused to serve society, held long reveries, and looked on sunsets, and sunrise. If he speaks a word, "posterity shall not willingly let it die," it will not be because he has prepared himself to speak, by a scholastic asceticism, but by loving his countrymen and sympathizing with them.

Much is said and written about American litera-

ture. Some make extravagant boasts of the excellence to which it has already attained. Others make loud and long laments that it does not as yet even exist. Others again are busy in devising ways and means of creating it, forcing its growth or bringing it to maturity; and a very voluminous, if not a very respectable national literature is growing up among us, about the literature we are assumed to have or not to have, and the means of obtaining or perfecting national literature. All this is very well. The American people are a very enlightened people, and their authors far in advance of those of any other nation, as it is patriotic to believe; but it seems to us, that on this subject of national literature, as on literature in general, there is much loose thinking, if thinking it can be called, and no little want of clear and well-defined views. It is hard to say what is the precise meaning our countrymen attach to the word literature, in what they suppose its desirableness to consist, what ends it serves or ought to serve, or wherein it contributes to the glory of nations, or of the race. These are very important points, and on these, we are sorry to say, our authors leave us in the dark. We have consulted the best literary authorities of the country, but no light dawns to relieve our darkness, no clear, distinct, definite answers are obtained. This is bad, and makes us suspect that with us very few who talk of literature have any real meaning. It is easy to indulge in vague and general declamation. It is easy to seize upon a few loose and indefinite terms, and to have the appearance of talking largely, eloquently, profoundly, when in fact we are saying nothing at all. Before any thing more is said, it would be a real service to many persons, and to ourselves in particular, if our authors would define their terms, tell us precisely what they mean, or understand by literature, and for what it is necessary, useful, or desirable.

For ourselves, there are a few things we understand. We understand that human existence has a purpose, a high and solemn purpose. That man

is placed here by his Maker to gain an end, and is morally bound to seek that end at every moment, in all things, and in every act of his life, however great, however little. We understand, also, that it is necessary that we know this end that we be placed on our guard against every thing that would divert us from it, and exhorted, stimulated, aided to gain it. Furthermore, that whatever serves this purpose, whether oral teachings and admonitions, or books, essays, scientific treatises, poetic chants, scenic representations, music, architecture, pictures, statues, are for that reason, valuable and desirable.

But if we are not much mistaken, what the world means, or fancies it means by literature is something which is independent of all moral, religious, or social doctrines, and may be read with equal pleasure and profit by all men, whatever their religion, their ethical code, or their political system. It is something which inculcates no doctrine, instructs man in no particular truth, and urges to the performace of no particular duty. Back and independent of all that relates to man's belief and duties as a moral, religious, and social being, it is assumed that there is a broad and rich field for the man of letters and the culture of that broad and rich field yields literature proper. A general literature which teaches nothing special is as unreal as man without men, the race without individuals. Books which mean nothing are nothing, and are be treated as nothing. But books which do mean something necessarily mean something specifically related to man as a moral, religious or social being; and to mean anything valuable, their meaning must either throw some light on man's duties under some one or all of these relations, or exhort, stimulate, or aid him to perform them. Turn the matter over, disguise it as you will, use all the big words in the language, be as profound, as eloquent, as practical as you can, and this is the simple sober truth. Man is a being whose existence has a purpose, whose life has duties, and his whole business is to learn the former and fulfill the latter. Literature is not a

question affirming importance, and there may be circumstances in which it is of no importance at all. In itself considered, literature is not necessarily a good or an evil; but is the one or the other only according to its quality, and the purpose it is made to serve. For its own sake, it is no more commendable or desirable than any other worldly possession.

In meeting the peculiar wants of our age or country, we must adapt our means to the end, use such forms of address, and adopt such modes of expression, and such peculiar arguments and illustrations as will render us most easily understood and most persuasive. This will unquestionably give a local coloring to our literary productions, and determine their age and country. But even in doing this, nothing in itself local or temporary is ever to be urged. Whether we preach submission or reform, demand order or liberty, defend religion against the unbelieving or the tepid, the heretical or the scandalous, the principles we adopt, the doctrines we set forth, the ends we insist upon, must be of all times and places, peculiar to no age, country or individual. So far as adapting our literature to our peculiar needs as a nation is producing a national literature, a national literature is necessary and proper, but no further; for if the literature be so adapted, it makes no manner of difference whether it be a home production or a foreign importation. American literature, as such, then, can demand no special attention. We cannot give in to the cant so common about American authors, and the propriety and necessity of giving them a special preference and encouragement. We have no respect for mere professional authors, whether American or not. An author class whose vocation is simple authorship has no normal functions, in either the religious or social hierarchy. They have and can have no normal existence, for the simple reason that literature is never an end, and can never be rightfully pursued save as a means. We can respect Cicero, Caesar, Plato, Aristotle, because authorship was not their profession, and was resorted to only

as incidental to the main business of their lives. We can also honor Calhoun or Webster when either publishes a speech, because it is intended to subserve the purposes of their vocation, and that vocation is not authorship.

We say very frankly, that we regard an author class, or a class of professional authors, whose vocation is simply authorship, not only as not desirable, but as a positive nuisance. They constitute one of the greatest pests of modern society. Too much encouragement is already extended to them as the multitude of our petty novels abundantly testify. Every dapper little fellow, every sentimental young lady, or not young, married unhappily, or despairing of getting married, who can scribble a few lines, each beginning with a capital letter, or dash off a murderous tale about love, or an amorous tale about murder, is encouraged to turn author by profession, and finds no lack of opportunity to aid in deluging the land with nonsense, cant, sentimentality, sensuality, obscenity and blasphemy. For goodness sake let us hear no more of professional authors; of the liberal provision which should be made for them; the indifference of the public; the timidity or penuriousness of book sellers. Any means, not unlawful in themselves, which could be adopted to diminish the mass of cheap literature, and to check its production by diminishing the demand for it or the ability to obtain it would receive the countenance of every man who understands and loves the true interests of his country.

The best, in fact the only real, encouragement we can extend to American literature is to elevate the character of our colleges and universities, to place instruction on a more solid basis, and to make the course of studies more complete and more thorough. More time should be spent in the collegiate course, and young men should not be permitted to go forth as having finished their studies, when they are only able to commence them with credit. Let an effort be made to send out from our colleges and universities, riper and more thoroughly disciplined

scholars. Let the people learn, if they can learn anything, that a man is not fitted for high public trusts in the Church, the state, or the army, in proportion to his want of education. Let the senseless babble, of which we hear so much, about self-education, and self-educated men, cease, and American literature will soon be placed on a solid and respectable footing.

It is well no doubt, to look after the education of the people, and to introduce and sustain as perfect a system of common schools as can be devised, but there is no greater folly than that of relying solely or chiefly on common-school education. Do your best, with all your provisions and appliances, you cannot make the bulk of the people even tolerable scholars. The welfare of the many is unquestionably to be sought, but it must needs be sought by the few, and the chief concern of a nation seeking the welfare of the many is therefore the education of the few. For these the highest standard of scholarship is necessary, and the most liberal provisions should be made. But this, it is objected, is anti-democratic. The modern dreams of equality may appear delightful to generous youth and inexperience, but there is a truth as well as point in the remark of old Chief Justice Parsons, "The young man who is not a democrat is a Knave; the old man that is, is a fool." Establish and preserve equality of suffrage and eligibility, establish and maintain equality before the laws—all the equality known to our institutions—but there stop. That is all the equality desirable or attainable. The modern doctrine of equality is based on pride and proceeds, not from a contempt of rank and distinction, but from an undue love of them. We see, that in the nature of things all cannot share them, as all the crew cannot be captains, and so we resolve that there shall be no diversity of ranks or of positions. We look upon the distinguished few as specially favored, and hence our antipathy to every measure which seeks to benefit the many through the medium of the few. All this is very silly. The distinctions of this world

are not worth counting, and we show our folly as much in seeking to destroy them as in seeking to obtain them. There are and must be diversities of rank and condition, and it is for the interest of each and of all that there should be; but it does not follow that it is more desirable to be in one than in another:

"Act well your part; there all the honor lies."

In conclusion, we confess that we see little that can be done in a direct way in relation to literature, either in checking the growth of a corrupt and licentious literature, or in the production of a pure and wholesome literature. As literature in general, and American literature in particular, is no primary want of individuals or of society, we may leave it to take care of itself, and trouble ourselves no further about it than to guard, as far as possible, against its corruptions.

———o———

SPIRITISM AND SPIRITISTS.

Worcester, in his dictionary, gives as the second meaning of the word spiritualism, "the doctrine that departed spirits hold communication with men," and gives me as his authority. We think this must be a mistake, for I use the term spiritism, which is the more proper term, as it avoids confounding the doctrine of the spiritists with the philosophical doctrine which stands opposed to materialism, or, more strictly, sensism, and the moral doctrine opposed to sensualism. We generally use the word spiritual in religion as opposed to natural, or for the life and aims of the regenerate, who walk after the spirit, in opposition to those who walk after the flesh, and are carnal-minded. To avoid all confusion or ambiguity which would result from using a word already otherwise appropriated, we should use the terms spiritism, spiritists, and spirital.

Contemporary science, or what passes for science, has shown great ineptness before the alleged spirital-manifestations, and its professors have, since the Fox girls in Rochester, N. Y., about the year 1840, began to attract public attention and curiosity, neither been able to disprove the alleged facts, nor to explain their origin and cause. This is because contemporary science recognizes no invisible existences, and no intelligence above or separate from the human, and because it is not possible to explain their production or appearance by any of the unintelligible forces of nature. To deny their existence is, we think impossible without discrediting all human testimony. To regard them as jugglery, or as the result of trickery practiced by the mediums and those associated with them seems to us equally impossible. Mr. Miles Grant in his well-reasoned little work on the subject—"Spiritualism Unveiled"—says very justly, it "would only show that we know but little about the facts in the case."

"We think," he says, "no one after a little

> reflection, would venture to say of the many thousands and even millions of spiritualists, among whom are large numbers of men and women noted for their intelligence, honesty, and veracity, that they are only playing tricks on each other! . . . . Can any one tell what object all these fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, children, dear friends, and loved companions can have in pretending that they have communications from spirits, when they know, at the same time, that they are only deceiving each other by means of trickery?"

In our judgment such an assumption would be a greater violation of the laws of human nature or the human mind and belief, than the most marvelous things related by the spiritists, especially since the order and form of the phenomena they relate are nothing new, but have been noted in all lands and ages, ever since the earliest records of the race.

One writer, the author of Planchette, says the Catholic Church concedes the facts alleged by spiritists. This, as he states it, may mislead his readers. The Church has not, to our knowledge, pronounced any official judgment deciding whether these particular facts are real facts or not; for we are not aware that the question has ever come distinctly before her for decision. She has had before her, from the first, the class of facts to which the alleged spirit-manifestations belong, and has had to deal with them, in some place, or in some form, every day of her existence, but we are not aware that she has examined and pronounced judgment on the particular facts the modern spiritists allege. She has, undoubtedly, declared the practice of spiritism, evocation of spirits, consulting with them, or holding communication with them—that is necromancy—to be unlawful, and she prohibits it to all her children in the most positive manner, as may be seen in the case of the American, or rather Scotchman, Daniel Home, the most famous of modern mediums, and the most dangerous.

For ourselves, we have no doubt of the order of facts to which in our view the spirit-manifestations so-called belong. We have no difficulties, a priori, in admitting them, though we do not accept the explanation the spiritists give of them. When it comes to any particular fact or manifestation alleged, we judge it according to the generally received rules of evidence, and we require very strong evidence to convince us of its reality as a fact. We adopt in regard to them, the same rule that we follow in the case of alleged miracles. We have not a doubt, nor the shadow of a doubt, that miracles continue to be wrought in the church, and are daily wrought in our midst, but we accept or reject this or that alleged miracle according to the evidence in the case. In point of fact we are rather sceptical in regard to most of the popularly received miracles we hear of. Credulity is not a trait of the Catholic mind. It is the same with us in relation to this other class of alleged facts. We believe as firmly in the fact that prodigies are wrought as we do that miracles are, but do not ask us to believe this or that particular prodigy, unless you are prepared with the most indubitable evidence. We are far from believing every event which we know not how to explain, is either a miracle or a prodigy.

We have examined with some care the so-called spirit-manifestations which the spiritists relate, and we have come, according to our best reason, to the conclusion, that much in them is trickery, mere jugglery; that much is explicable on natural principles, or is to be classed with well-known morbid or abnormal affections of human nature; but after all abatements, that there is a residuum inexplicable without the recognition of a superhuman intelligence and force. We say superhuman, not supernatural. The supernatural is God, and what He does immediately or without the intermediation of natural laws, as we have more than once explained. The creation of Adam was supernatural. The generation of men from parents is not supernatural, for it is done by the Creator through the operation of

natural or second causes. What is done by created forces or intelligences, however superior to man, is not supernatural, nor precisely preternatural, but simply superhuman, angelic, or demoniac. There is a smack of paganism in calling it, as most contemporary literature does, supernatural; for it carries with it the notion that the force or intelligence is not a creature, but an uncreated numen.

Now what is this superhuman intelligence and force revealed by these spirit-phenomena? We know that many who admit the phenomena refuse to admit that they reveal any superhuman force or intelligence. They explain all by imagination or hallucination. These no doubt play their part, and explain much; but the author of Planchette, as well as M. Bizonard, has it seems to us, fully proved that they do not and cannot explain all, even if they themselves did not need explanation. Others again to explain them, have recourse to what they call animal magnetism, or to a force which they call od, odyle, odyllic, or odic force; but these explain nothing, for we know not what animal magnetism or what odic force is, nor whether either has any real existence. These terms do but cover our ignorance. Mr. Grant ascribes them to demons, and endeavors to show that the demon mesmerizes the medium who wills with his will, and acts with his force and intelligence; but our modern science denies the existence of demons.

The spiritists themselves pretend that the phenomena are produced by the presence of departed spirits. But of this there is no proof. It is acknowledged on all hands that the spirits can assume any outward form or appearance at will. What means then have we, or can we have, of identifying the individuals personated by the pretended spirits? The author of Planchette says:

> "If spirits have the power, attributed to them by many seers, of assuming any appearance at will, it is obvious that some high spiritual sense must be developed in us before we can reasonably be sure of the

> identity of any spirit, even though it come in bearing the exact resemblance of the person it may claim to be. We think, therefore, that the fact that the spirit bore the aspect of Franklin, and called itself Franklin, is no sufficient reason for dismissing all doubts as to its identity. It may be that we must be in the spiritual before we can really be wisely confident of the identity of any spirit."

That is, we must be ghosts ourselves before we can identify a ghost, or die in the flesh, and enter the spirit-land, before we can be sure of the identity of the spirits, or of the truth of anything they profess to communicate not otherwise verifiable!

It is pretended that the spirits have latterly rendered themselves visible and tangible. Mr. Livermore of this city, sees and embraces his deceased wife, who caresses and kisses him, and he feels her hands as warm and flesh-like as when she was living. Suppose the phenomena to be as related, and not eked out by Mr. Livermore's imagination; the visible body in which she appeared to him could have been only assumed, and no real body at all, certainly not her body during life—that lies mouldering in the grave. And all the spirits teach that the body thrown off at death does not rise again. They nowhere that we can find, teach the resurrection of the flesh, but uniformly deny it. If the spirits then, do really render themselves visible and tangible to our senses, it must be in a simulated body; and why may they not simulate one form as well as another? The senses of sight and touch furnish then, of themselves, us proof that a departed spirit or a human spirit once alive in the flesh, is present, communicating through the medium with the living.

The assertion of the pretended spirit of its identity counts for nothing, whether made by knocks or table tipping, by writing, or by audible voice and distinct articulation. The spiritists themselves concede that some of the spirits at least, are

great liars, and that they have no criterion by which to distinguish the lying spirits from the others, if others there are, that seek to communicate with the living. Conceding all the phenomena alleged, there is then, absolutely no proof or evidence that there are any departed spirits present, or that any communication from them has ever been received. The spirit of a person may be simulated as well as his voice, features, form, handwriting, or any thing else characteristic of him. Spiritism then, contrary to the pretensions of the spiritists, proves neither that the dead live again, nor that the spirit survives the body. It does not even prove that there is in man a soul or spirit distinct from the body. We call the special attention of our readers to this point, which is worthy of more consideration than it has received.

The spiritists claim that the alleged spirit-manifestations have proved the spirituality and immortality of the soul, in opposition to materialism. This is their boast, and hence it is that they call their doctrine spiritualism, and seek to establish for it the authority of a revelation, supplementary to the Christian revelation. Their whole fablic rests on the assumption that the manifestations are made by human spirits that have once lived in the flesh, and live now in the spirit- world, whatever that may be. Set aside this assumption, or show that nothing in the alleged spirit-manifestations sustains it, and the whole edifice tumbles to the ground. There is nothing to support this assumption but the testimony of spirits that often prove themselves lying spirits, and whose identity with the individual they personate, or pretend to be, we have no means of proving. The spirits all say there is no resurrection of the dead, and therefore deny point-blank the doctrine that the dead live again. If we are unable, as we are to identify them with spirits that once lived united with bodies that have mouldered or are mouldering in their graves, what proof have we or can they give, that they are. or ever were, human spirits at all? If they are not proved to be or to have

been human spirits, they afford no proof that the soul is distinct from the body, or that it is not material like the body, and perishes not with it. If then the men of science have shown themselves little able to explain the origin and cause of the phen omena, the spiritists have shown themselves to be very defective as inductive reasoners.

"But the phenomena warrant the induction that they are produced by spirits of some sort, or that there are intelligences not clothed with human bodies between whom and us there is more or less communication." Of themselves alone they warrant no induction at all, but are simply inexplicable phenomena, the origin and cause of which lie beyond the reach of scientific investigation. But taken in the light of what we know aliunde; they warrant the conclusion that they proceed from a super-human cause. Whether the particular spirits to whom the spirit-manifestations in question are to be ascribed, are angelic or demoniac, must be determined by the special character of the manifestations themselves, the circumstances in which they are made, and the end they are manifestly designed to effect.

We make here no attack on the inductive method followed in constructing the physical sciences. We only maintain that the validity of the induction depends on a principle which is not itself obtained or obtainable from induction. Hence Herbert Spencer and the positivists who follow very closely the inductive method relegate principles and causes to the "unknowable." The principle on which the inductive process depends cannot be attained to by studying the phenomena themselves, but must be given immediately, either in apriori intuition or in revelation. Books have been written, to prove by way of induction, from the phenomena of the uni verse, the being and attributes of God, and it is very generally said that every object in nature proves that God is, and that no man ever is or can be really an Atheist. But no study of the phenomena of nature could originate the idea or the word in a

mind that had it not. Men must have the idea expressed in language of some sort before they can find proofs in the observable phenomena of nature that God is. Hence those savants, who confound the origination of the idea or belief with the proofs of its truth, and who see that the idea or belief is not obtainable by induction, are really atheists, and say with the fool in his heart, God is—not. We do not assert that God is the authority of revelation. We must know that he is before we have or can have any means of proving the fact of revelation. If God had not Himself taught His own being to the first man, and given him a sign signifying it, the human race could never have known or conceived that He exists. The phenomena or the facts and events of the universe which so clearly prove that God is, and find in his creative act their origin and cause, would have been to all men, as they are to the atheist, simply inexplicable phenomena.

So it is with the spirit-manifestations, whether angelic or demoniac. The existence of spirits must be known to us, either by intuition or revelation, before we can assign these phenomena a spiritual origin and cause. We do not and cannot know it intuitively. Therefore, without recurring to what revelation teaches us, these manifestations, however striking, wonderful, or perplexing they might be, would be to us and to all men inexplicable, and we could not assign them any origin or cause. Revelation—become traditionary, and so embodied in the common intelligence through language as to control, unconsciously and unsuspected, the reasonings even of individuals who pride themselves on denying it —furnishes the principle needed as the basis of the induction of the principle and cause of the spirit-manifestations. Revelation teaches that God has created an order of intelligences superior to man, called angels, to be the messengers of His will. Some of these remained faithful to their Creator, always obedient to His command. Others kept not their first estate, rebelled against their sovereign Lord, were, with their chief, cast out of Heaven into the

lower regions, and became demons or evil spirits. Taught by revelation that the air swarms with evil spirits, the enemies of man, and enemies of man because enemies of God, we can see at once the explanation of the spirit-manifestations, and assign them their real principle and cause.

We know that many who call themselves Christians are disposed to doubt, if not to deny, the personal existence of Satan, and to maintain that the word, which means an enemy or adversary, is simply a general term for the sum of the evil influences to which we are exposed, if not subjected. As if a generalization were possible when there is nothing concrete? We get rid of no difficulty by this explanation. Influence supposes some person or principle from whom or from which proceeds the influence or inflowing. If you deny Satan's personal existence, you have no option but either to deny evil altogether or to admit an original eternal principle of evil warring against the principle of good, that is, Manicheism or Persian dualism, which though Calvinism, indeed, in teaching that evil or sin is something positive, may imply it, is neither good philosophy nor sound Christian theology. According to sound philosophy and theology, God alone hath eternity, and by His word has created heaven and earth, and all things therein, visible and invisible. All the works of God are good, very good; and as there is nothing in existence except Himself that He hath not made, it follows necessarily that evil is not a positive existence, but is simply negative, the negation or absence of good. It originates and can originate only in the absence of his faculties by a creature whom God hath created and endowed with intelligence and free-will, and therefore capable of acting wrong as well as right. To assert that man is subjected or exposed to evil influences leads necessarily to the assertion of a personal devil who exerts it. You must then either deny all evil influences from a source foreign to or distinguishable from man's own intrinsic nature, or else admit the personal existence of Satan and his hosts.

Satan and his hosts having rebelled against God, and in refusing to worship the incarnate Son as God, were cast out of heaven, and became the bitter enemies of Him and the human race. Satan, as the chief of the fallen angels, evil demons, or devils, carries an incessant war against God, and seeks to draw men away from their allegiance to Him, and to get himself worshipped by them in His place. Hence he seeks by lying wonders to deceive them; by his prodigies to rival in their belief real miracles; and, by his pretended revelations of the spirit-world, to substitute belief in his pretended communications for faith in divine revelation, and thus reestablish in lands redeemed by Christianity from his dominion the devil-worship which has never ceased to obtain in all heathen countries. The holy Scriptures assure us that all the gods of the heathen are demons or devils. These took possession of the idols made of wood or stone, gold or silver, had their temples, their priests and priestesses, their service, and were worshipped as gods. They gave forth oracles and were consulted, through their mediums, in all great affairs of state, and their omens and auguries, which the people consulted to learn the future, as the spiritists do their mediums. Spiritism belongs to the same order. The spirits are demons, and the whole thing has for its object to reestablish, perhaps in a modified form, the devil-worship which formerly obtained among all nations but the Jews or chosen people of God, and still obtains among all nations not yet Christianized. It began in the grand apostacy of the Gentiles from the patriarchal religion, which followed the confusion of tongues at Babel; and the spiritists are doing their best to revive it in the grand apostacy from the Christian church, which took place in the six teenth century, and of which we have such clear and unmistakable predictions in the New Testament. So adroitly has Satan managed, that if it were possible, the very elect would be deceived. So much we say of the origin and cause of the spirit mani festations.

If we examine more closely these manifestations, we shall find evidence enough of their satanic character. All satanic invasions bring trouble or perturbation, while the angelic visitations always bring peace, calm, and order. The divine oracles are clear, precise, distinct, free from all ambiguity; for He who gives them knows all his works from their beginning to their end. Satan's oracles are always ambiguous, stammering and usually deceive or mislead those who mislead and trust them. Satan is a creature, and his power and intelligence, though superhuman, are not unlimited. The universe has secrets he cannot penetrate, and he can do no more than his and our Creator permits. He has no prophetic power, for God keeps his own counsels. He can only guess or infer the future from his knowledge of the present. He has no creative power, and can never produce anything as first cause. Hence, he can operate only with materials fitted to his hand. The spiritists tell us that it is not every one that can be a medium. It is only persons of a certain temperament, found much oftener among women than among men, and among men, only with those of a feminine character, and wanting alike in manly vigor and robust health. The spirits can communicate only through such as nature or habit has fitted to be mediums, and the communications have always something of the character of the medium through which they are made. The limited power of Satan, his inability to know the future, which exists only in the divine decree, and his lack of power to form his own medium render the spirit—communications extremely vague, uncertain, obscure, and feeble.

The dependence of Satan on the medium is manifest. The spirits will not communicate if anything disturbs the medium, or puts the pythoness out of humor, like the presence of hard-hearted skeptics, or a too critical examination by keen-sighted scientific professors determined not to be deceived. Their communications, oral or written, from the pretended spirits of distinguished authors,

poets, philosophers, statesmen, are by no means creditable to Satan as a scholar or a gentleman. Then again, the spirits really tell us nothing that amounts to anything of the spirit-world. Their representations make it a dim and shadowy region, in which the spirits of the departed wander about hither and thither, without end or aim, apparently worse off than in the Elysian fields of the ancients, which resemble more the Christian hell than the Christian's heaven. There is an air of unreality about them. They are the umbrae of heathen philosophy, not living existences. Their region, or, more properly their state, would be distressing, if one believed at all in the representations given by them. One thing is evident—the spirits know or can say nothing of the beatific vision, which proves that they are not blessed angels. They do not see God, and are clearly banished from his presence. He forms not the light nor the blessedness of their state. They seem like troubled ghosts, to linger around the places where they lived in the body, pale, thin, shadowy, miserable, anxious to communicate with the living but only occasionally permitted to do so, and even then only to a feeble extent. Friends and acquaintances in this life may recognize, we are told, each other in the spirit-world, but whether with pleasure or pain, it is difficult to say. The picture of their disembodied life is very sad, and the Christian soul finds it dark, hopeless, cheerless, and depressing; as the condition of those doomed to take up their abode with the devil and his angels must be.

The doctrines the spirits teach and confirm with lying wonders are what the apostle calls "the doctrines of devils." They are unanimous in declaring that there is no devil and no hell. God may not be absolutely denied, but His personality is obscured, and He appears only in the distance, as an infinite abstraction, being only in the sense in which Hegel might say, being and not-being are identical—remote from all contemplation, indifferent to what is going on in the world below Him,

asking neither prayers nor worship, love nor veneration, praise nor thanksgiving, and receiving none. The spirits echo the dominant sentiments of the age, and especially of the circle with which they communicate. They are, when they are not held in check by the lingering respect of the circle for Christianity, furious radicals, great sticklers for progress without divine aid, and of development without a created germ. Yet the doctrines they teach are such as they find in germ, if not developed, in the minds of their mediums. They sometimes deny every distinctively Christian doctrine, and, are sure to pervert what of the faith they do not expressly deny. In general, they assert that the form of religion called Christianity has had its day, and that there is a new and sublimer form about to be developed, and that they come to announce it, and to prepare the way for it. The new form of religion will free the world from the old church, from bondage to the Bible, to creeds and dogmas, the old patriarchal systems and governments, and place the religious, social, and political world on a higher plane, and moved by a more energetic spirit of progress. This is the mission of Spiritism. That is, it is destined to carry on and complete the work commenced by Christ, but which He left unfinished and inchoate.

The special object of the spirits, it is pretended, is to convince the world of the immortality of the soul; but in what form, what condition, what sense? The immortality of the soul, or its survival of the body, was generally believed by the heathens however addicted to demon-worship they might be; but the life and immortality brought to light by the Gospel they did not believe, and the spirits do not teach it or affirm it. The spirits seem to know nothing of immortal life in God, and into which the sanctified soul enters when it depicts this life, and is purified from all the stains it may have contracted in the flesh.

The only immortality they offer is the immortality of evil demons or the angels who kept not

their first estate. But even of such an immortality for the human soul, they offer no proof. They are lying spirits, and their word is worthless, and their identity with human souls once united to human bodies which they personate, is not and cannot be established. They deny the resurrection of the dead, which St. Paul preached at Athens, and they give as we have seen, no proofs that the soul does not die and perish with the body. Their doctrines are simply calculated to deceive the unwary, to draw them away from their allegiance to the Lord of heaven, and to drag them down to the region where dwell the angels that fell.

The ethical doctrines of the spirits are as bad as can be imagined. It matters not that the spirits give, now and then, some good advice; and say some true things; for the object of Satan is to deceive, and his practice is usually to lie and decieve by telling the truth. The truth he tells gains him credit, and secure confidence in him as a guide. But he takes good care that the truth he tells shall have all the effect of falsehood. He gives good moral advice, but he removes all motives for following it, and takes away all moral restraints. He wars against authority in matters of faith and morals, as repugnant to the rights of reason, and in political and domestic life as repugnant to liberty and the rights of women and children. All should do right and seek what is good, but no one should be constrained; only voluntary obedience is meritorious; forced obedience is no virtue. The sentiments and affections should be as free as the air we breathe, and to attempt to restrain them is to war against nature herself. They are not voluntary either in their origin or nature, and therefore are not and should not be subjected to a outward law. Love, the Apostle tells us, is the fulfilling of the law, the bond of perfection. How wrong, then, to undertake to put gyves on love, to constrain it, or to subject it to the petty convenionalities of a moribund society, or the rules of an antiquated morality! Taking no note of the distinction between

the supernatural love, which Christians call charity, and love as a natural sentiment, and as little of the distinction between the different sorts of love even as a natural sentiment, as the love of parents for children and children for parents; the love of friends; the love of country; the love of truth and justice; and the love of the sexes for each other, or simply sexual love; Satan lays the foundation, as we can easily see, if not blinded by his delusions, for the grossest corruption and the most beastly immorality.

Hence the spiritists very generally look upon the marriage law as tyrannical and absurd, and assert the doctrine of free love. The marriage is in the love, and when the love is no more, the marriage is dissolved. None of our sentiments depend on the will; hence self-denial is unnatural, and immoral. Prostitution is wrong for no love redeems and hallows it; and for the same reason it is immoral. for a man and woman to live together as husband and wife, after they have ceased to love each other. It is easy to see to what this leads, and so we cannot be surprised to find conjugal fidelity not reckoned as a virtue by spiritists. To find wives leaving their husbands, and husbands their wives. To find the wife choosing a new husband as often as she pleases or wills, and the husband taking a new wife when tired of the old one, or an additional wife or two, Mormon-like, when one at a time is not enough. Indeed, Mormonism is only one form, and the most strictly organized form, of contemporary spiritism, and woman's rightsism, is only another product of the same shop, though doubtless many of the women carried away by it are pure-minded and chaste. But the leaders are spiritists or intimately connected with them. The animus of the woman-movement is hostility to the marriage law, and the cares and drudgery of maternity and home life. It threatens to be not the least of the corrupting and dangerous forms of spiritism.

Mr. Grant gives an adequate authority, a sketch

of the immorality of spiritists which should startle the community. We make an extract:

"We pass to notice some further facts relative to the moral tendency of Spiritualism. We have read its claims, and found them very high; but there is abundant proof to show that, instead of its being 'ancient Christianity revived,' it is the worst enemy Christianity ever had to meet. We believe it to be Satan's last grand effort to substitute a false for the true Christianity. His snares are laid most ingeniously; and unless very watchful, ere people are aware of it, they will be caught in some of his traps. Thousands and millions are already his deluded victims, and, like a terrible tornado, he is sweeping with destruction on every side. Occasionally we hear a warning voice from one who has escaped from his power, like a mariner from the sinking wreck; but most, after the once get into the spiritualist 'corcle,' are like the boat-man under the control of the terrible whirlpool on the coast of Norway—destruction is sure.

"The next witness we introduce is the editor of the *New York Pathfinder*. He was formerly a warm advocate of Spiritualism and published much in its favor. He says: 'Now after a long and constant watchfulness, seeing for months and years its progress and its practical workings upon its devotees, its believers, and its mediums, we are compelled to speak our honest conviction, which is, that the manifestations coming through the acknowledged mediums, who are designated as rapping, tipping, writing, and entranced mediums, have a baneful influence upon believers, and create discord and confusion; that the generality of these teachings inculcate false ideas, approve of selfish

individual acts, and endorse theories and principles which when carried out tend to debase them.' He says in conclusion: 'We desire to send forth our warning voice; and if our humble position as the head of a public journal, our known advocacy of spiritualism, our experience, and the conspicuous part we have played among its believers; the honesty and the fearlessness with which we have defended the subject, will weigh anything in our favor, we desire that our opinions may be received, and those who are moving passively down the rushing rapids to destruction, should pause, ere it be too late, and save themselves from the blasting influence which those manifestations are causing.

"One of their leading women supporters, speaking at their convention some years ago, on a resolution re marriage, as reported in their paper, *The Banner of Light,* said: 'I am aware that I have chosen almost a forbidden subject: forbidden from the fact that any one who can or dare look the marriage question in the face, candidly and openly denouncing the institution, as the sole cause of woman's degradation and misery, are objects of suspicion, of scorn, and opprobrious epithets.'

"She further said: 'She must demand her freedom; her right to receive the equal wages of man in payment for her labor; and her right to have children when she will and by whom she will.' "

Much more to the same effect, and even more startling, we might quote. We might give the account of the spiritist community at Berlin, Ohio; but this is enough for our purpose. It is sufficient to prove to all, not under the delusion that spiritism is of satanic origin, and is to be eschewed by all who wish to remain morally sane,

and to lead honest and upright lives. We are not disposed to be alarmists, and like the majority of our countrymen, are more likely to err on the side of optimism than of pessimism. But we cannot contemplate the rapid spread of spiritism, without feeling that a really great danger threatens the modern world, and that there is ample reason for all who do not wish to see demon-worship supplanting the worship of God throughout the land, to be on their guard. Mr. Grant, who seems to be well informed on the subject, tells us that spiritism "has become worldwide in its influence, numbering among its ardent supporters many of the first men and women of both continents. Ministers, doctors, lawyers, judges, congressmen, governors, presidents, queens, kings and emperors, of all religions, are bowing to its influence, and showing their sympathy with its teachings."

Unquestionably, the spread of spiritism has been prodigious, and proves not only the power and cunning of Satan, but that the way for his success had been prepared, and that no small portion of the modern world were in the moral condition of the old world at the epoch of the reat gentile apostacy, and ready to return to the heathen darkness and superstition, the vice and corruption, from which the gospel had rescued them, or at least, had rescued their ancestors. We know not the number of spiritists in our country. We have seen it stated that they reckon their numbers by millions. There can be no doubt that they include a very large portion of our whole population. It might be asked, has this fact anything to do with the astounding increase of vice and crime in our country, the undeniable corruption of morals and manners, and the growing frequency of murder and suicide? One of our Senators some time ago, stated in his place in the Senate of the United States, that our country is morally and politically more corrupt than any other country in the civilized world. We hope he is mistaken, but we are afraid that he is not wholly wrong. It is idle to attribute this corruption to the

influence of war, and still idler or worse than idle, to attribute it as some do, to the heavy influx of foreigners. For though among those, are many old-world criminals, the great body of the foreigners, when they land here, are far more moral, honest, upright, and conscientious, than the average of native Americans. And though they soon prove that "evil communications corrupt good manners," much of the patriots hope for the future depends on them, if in due season, their children can be brought under the influence of the church, and receive a proper Catholic training.

Unhappily, the simple natural virtues of former times, have to a fearful extent, been lost with us. But though the danger is great and pressing we are not disposed to think, with Mr. Grant, that we are in what he calls the "world's crisis." The power of Christ, or His patience is not yet exhausted. Too many of the sentinels have slept at their posts and there has been a great lack of vigilance and alertness of which the enemy has taken advantage. The sleepers in Zion are many. But these Satanic knocks and raps, and these tipping of tables, and this horrid din and racket of the spirits to indicate their presence can hardly fail to awaken them, unless they are really sleeping the sleep of death. The Church is still standing, and if her children will watch and pray, she can battle with the enemy as successfully as she has done, so many times before. The spirit-manifestations of which the spiritists make so much, and in which they fancy they have a new inspiration and revelation, are nothing new in history, and are not more frequent now than they have been at various other epochs. They were more common amongst the polished Greeks and Romans than they are in any really or nominally Christian nation now. They are nothing new or peculiar to our times. The Church has in every age encountered them, been obliged to deal with them, and she has uniformly ascribed them to Satan and his angels. She has had from the first, and still has, her forms of excorism

against them, to cast them out, and relieve those who are troubled by them. Every day, she in some locality, even now exorcises them, compels them to acknowledge the power of the name of Jesus, and sends them back discomfited to hell.

FREE RELIGION.

The Free Religious Association appears to be composed of men and women who some thirty years ago, were, or would have been called Come-Outers in Boston and its vicinity, but who are now generally called radicals, a name which they seem quite willing to accept. They are universal agitators. They see or imagine grievances everywhere, and make it a point wherever they see or can invent a grievance to hit it, at least to strike at it. They were conspicuous in the abolition movement, are strenuous advocates for negro equality—or rather negro superiority—stanch women's righters, in a word, reformers in general. They claim to have a pure and universal religion, and though some of them are downright atheists, they profess to be more Christian than Christianity itself, and their aim would seem to be to get rid of all special religion, so as to have only religion in general. They say in the first article of their Constitution:

> "This association shall be called the Free Religious Association—its objects being to promote the interests of pure religion; to encourage the scientific study of theology; and to increase fellowship in the spirit; and to this end all persons interested in these objects are cordially invited to its membership."

Nothing can be fairer or broader, so far as words go. Ordinary mortals, however, may be puzzled to make out what this religion in general, and no religion in particular really is. Also to understand how there can be pure religion and scientific theology without God. Our radical friends are not puzzled at all. They have only to call man God, and the scientific study of the physiological and psychological laws of human nature, the scientific study of theology, and every difficulty vanishes. Whoever believes in himself believes in God, and whoever can stand poised on himself has in himself the very essence of religion. According

to them, the great error of the past has been in supposing that religion consists in the recognition, the love and the service of a superior power. But the merit of Free Religion is, that it emancipates mankind from this mother error, discards the notion that they owe obedience to any power above humanity, and teaches that man is subject only to himself. Hence the Emersonian maxim, "obey thyself," which translated into plain English, is, live as thou listest.

The aim of the association, the president—whom we remember, as a handsome, light-complexioned, bright-eyed school-boy—tells us in his opening address, is Unity. He says:

> "Our aim, let it be understood, is unity; not division, discord, conflict—but unity. We are not controversialists. We carry no sword in our hands. We wear no weapons concealed about our person. Our one word is peace—the word which is always most heartily responded to by earnest men. Religion means unity; the very definition of it signifies the power that binds men together; that binds all souls to the divine. The communion of saints—that is the religious phrase; and yet you will pardon me if I say that religion at present is the one word that means division. As interpreted by the religious world, it means war and discord. Subjects are debated on other platforms—social questions, political questions; they are debated and discussed. In the religious world the discussion goes on more persistently, more bitterly than on any other field; but the issues are always the same, the venue is never changed, conclusions are never reached, and we lack the benefit that comes from the reconciliation of perpetual discussion.
>
> "Religion as organized is organized division. The communion is a communion-

table, the Christ is a symbol of the sects, the unity is a unity made up of separate departments and families. The ancient religions of the world still hold their own. Christian missionaries, Catholic and Protestant, have gone out with hearts of fire, and souls that were all one solid single piece of consecration, and have dashed themselves in hosts with the utmost heroism against those ancient lives of faith; and their weapons have dropped harmless at their feet. Here and there a few hundred or a few thousand, or a few tens of hundreds or thousands, may have shifted from one faith to the other; but the solid substance of these great religions still endures. The vast aggregates of millions are unaffected. Christianity holds its own and no more. What shall we say to this? Does religion mean unity? . . . . Christianity itself is a bundle of religions. There is the vast Greek church with its patriarchs; there is the enormous Catholic Church, with its pope; here are all the families of the Protestant Church, with their clergy. They hold the same relative position. Protestantism does not subdue Romanism; Romanism will never subdue Protestantism. The Roman church and Protestant church have stood face to face for centuries; and thus they will continue to stand, as long as the populations have the genius that God gave them. What is Christendom but an army divided against itself? What is Protestantism but a mingling of warring sects?—each sect falling in pieces the moment it becomes organized for work. Unitarianism does not gain on Orthodoxy; Orthodoxy does not gain on Unitarianism.

"Our word then is Unity. But how shall we get it? Not by becoming Catholics;

> not by making another order of Protestants; not by instituting another sect; but by going down below all the sects—going down to faith. For faith, hope, aspiration, love, charity, worship, we believe, are inherent, profound, indestructible elements of human nature."

The rhetoric is not bad; but in what does the unity aimed at consist, and how is it to be obtained? Religion, by the speakers who addressed the association, is assumed to be a sentiment, and faith, hope and charity are, we are told, indestructible elements of human nature. Then since human nature is one, what unity can the free religionists aspire to that they and all men have not already or have not always had? Pass over this. Whence and by what means is the unity, whatever it consists in, to be obtained? The answer to this question is not very definite, but it would seem the association expect it from below, not from above; for the president says, we are to obtain it only by "going down below all sects—going down to faith." A Catholic would have said, we attain to unity only by rising above all sects, to a faith which is one and universal, and which the sects rend and divide among themselves. But the radicals have outgrown Catholicity, have outgrown Christianity, and very properly look for faith and unity from below. But when they get down, down to the lowest deep, will they find them? What faith or unity will they find in the lowest depths of humanity in addition to what all men have always had? If, notwithstanding the unity of nature, sects and divisions prevail, and always have prevailed, how, with nothing above nature or in addition to it, do you expect to get rid of them, and establish practical unity, or to obtain the charity that springs from unity?

The radicals deny that they are destructives, or that they make war on any existing church, religion, sect, or denomination. They will pardon us then, if we are unable to conceive what they

mean by unity, or what unity there can be or is, except the physical unity of nature, among those who divide on every subject in which they feel any interest. Does the association propose to get rid of diversity by indifference, and of divisions, simply by bringing all men to agree to differ? We certainly find only unity in denying among the individuals associated, who agree in nothing except that each one holds himself or herself alone responsible for his or her own personal views and utterances. Some of them would retain the Christian name, and others would reject it. Mr. Francis Ellingwood Abbott argues that it is not honest to hold on to the name after having rejected the thing. By professing to be a Christian a man binds himself to accept Christianity; and whoso accepts Christianity, binds himself to accept the Catholic Church, which embodies and expresses it. We make an extract from his address:

> "As I look abroad in the community, I see two extreme types of religious faith. One is represented in the Roman Church, the great principle of authority. That church has been and I think will always be, the grandest and the greatest embodiment of Christianity in social life. It is worthy of profound respect; and I for one, yield it profound respect. It took an infidel, Auguste Comte, to portray fairly the service done to the world by the Christian Church—the great Catholic Church—of the Middle Ages; and we radicals are false to our principles, if we do not do homage to everything that is great and good and serviceable in its season, although we think its day of usefulness may have passed. The fundamental principle of the Roman Church is authority, pure and simple. The theology of Rome carries that principle out to the extremest degree. Its hierarchy embodies it in an institution; and from beginning to end, from centre to periphery,

the Roman Catholic Church is consistent with itself in the development of that one idea in spiritual and social and ecclesiastical life.

"At the other pole of human thought and experience, I see a very few persons —indeed so few that I might count them on the fingers of one hand.— who plant themselves as the principle of liberty alone; who want nothing else; who stand without dogma, without creed, without priesthood, without Bible, without Christ, without anything but the Almighty God working in their hearts. These two principles of authority and freedom have thus worked out for themselves, at least, consistent expression. Here are the two extremes—Roman Christianity and Free Religion; and between these two extremes we see a compromise—Protestant Christianity—the compromise between Catholicism and Free Religion. Every compromise is weak because it contains conflicting elements. Protestant Christianity is like the image with head of gold and feet of clay. It cannot stand forever. Either Christianity, as embodied in the Roman Church is right, or else Free Religion is right."

Mr. Abbott is not quite exact in his phraseology, and does not state the Catholic principle correctly. The principle on which the Catholic Church rests, and out of which grow all her doctrines and precepts, is not authority, but the mystery of the Incarnation, or the assumption of human nature by the Word. Nor is he himself, quite honest according to his own test of honesty. To be consistent with himself he must reject not only the term Christian, but also the term religion, and put the alternative, either Catholicity or no religion. The word religion—from religare—means either intensively to bind more firmly, or iteratively, to bind again, to

bind man morally to God at his last end, in addition to his being physically bound to God as his first cause. Free Religion, is a contradiction in terms, as much so as free bondage. Religion is always a bond, a law that binds.

Ralph Waldo Emerson differs from Mr. Abbott and would retain the name Christian, though without the reality. We quote a long passage from his not very remarkable speech, out of deference to his rank, as one of the originator's of the movement:

> "We have had not long since, presented to us by Max Muller a valuable paragraph from St. Augustine, not at all extraordinary in itself, but only as coming from that eminent father in the church, and at that age in which St. Augustine writes: 'That which is now called the Christian religion existed among the ancients, and never did not exist from the planting of the human race until Christ came in the flesh, at which time the true religion, which had already subsided, began to be called Christianity. I believe that not only Christianity is as old as the creation—not only every sentiment and precept of Christianity can be paralled in other religious writings—but more, that a man of religious susceptibility and one at the same time conversant with many men—say a much travelled man— can find the same idea in numberless conversations. The religious find religion wherever they associate. When I find in people narrow religion, I find also in them narrow reading.
>
> "I object of course to the claim of miraculous dispensation—certainly not to the doctrine of Christianity. This claim impairs, to my mind, the soundness of him who makes it, and indisposes us to his communion. This comes the wrong way; it comes from without, not within. This

positive historical authoritative scheme is not consistent with our expectations. It is something not in nature, it is contrary to that law of nature which all wise men recognized, namely, never to require a larger cause than is necessary to the effect. George Fox, the Quaker, said that, though he read of Christ and God, he knew them only from the spirit in his own soul. We want all the aids to our moral training. We cannot spare the vision nor the virtue of the saints; but let it be by pure sympathy, not with any personal or official claim. If you are childish and exhibit your saint as a worker of wonders, a thaumaturgist, I am repelled. That claim takes his teachings out of logic and out of nature, and permits official and arbitrary senses to be grafted on the teachings. It is the praise of our New Testament that its teachings go to honor and benefit of humanity—that no better lesson has been taught or incarnated. Let it stand beautiful and wholesome with whatever is most like it in the teaching and practice of men, but do not attempt to elevate it out of humanity by saying: 'This was not a man,' for then you confound it with the fables of every popular religion; and my distrust of the story makes me distrust the doctrine as soon as it differs from my own belief. Whoever thinks a story gains by the prodigious, by adding something out of nature, robs it more than he adds. It is no longer an example, a model; no longer a heart-stirring hero, but an exhibition, a wonder, an anomaly, removed out of the range of influence with thoughtful men."

Mr. Emerson cannot be very deeply read in patristic literature, if he is obliged to go to Max Muller for a quotation from St. Augustine, and

CANISIUS COLLEGE STUDENT LIBRARY

he proves by his deductions from the language of this great doctor and father, that he knows little of the Catholic Church. St. Augustine was a Catholic and taught that though times vary, faith does not vary, and that as believed the patriarchs so believe we, only they believed in the Christ who was to come, and we in the Christ who has come; and the Church teaches through her doctors that there has been only one revelation, that this was made, in substance, to our first parents in the garden. She teaches us that Christianity is not only as old, but even older than creation; for creation with all it contains was created in reference to Christ the incarnate Word, and consequently Christianity, founded in the Incarnation, is really, the supreme law according to which the universe was created and exists. It precedes all other religions, and the various heathen or pagan religions and mythologies are only traditions, corruptions, perversions, or travesties of it. To the question, "How is the church Catholic?" the very child's catechism answers, "Because she subsists in all ages, teaches all nations, and maintains all truth." How otherwise could she be Catholic,

That "every sentiment (doctrine?) and pre cept of Christianity, can be paralleled in other religious writings" (religions, for Christianity is not a writing) may be true in part, if taken separately and in an unchristian sense; but certainly not as a conected and self-consistent system, in its unity and integrity. But suppose it, what then? It would only prove that all religions have retained more or less of the primitive revelation, which all men held in common before the gentile apostacy and the dispersion of the race conquest on the attempt to build the Tower of Babel; not that all religions have had a common origin in human nature. What we actually find in pagan religions and mythologies that is like Christianity, is no more than we should expect on the supposition of a primitive revelation held out of unity, and interpreted by pride, folly, and ignorance, the characteristics of every pagan people. But

Mr. Emerson is true to the old doctrine which he chanted years ago in The Dial:

"Out from the heart of nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old;
The litanies of nations came
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
Up from the burning core below—
The canticles of love and woe."

Nothing can roll out of the heart of nature but nature itself. Hence in order to derive Christianity from within, Mr. Emerson eliminates whatever is supernatural and external and reduces it to simple nature, which every man from the beginning to the end of the world carries within him, and of which he cannot divest himself. He unchristianizes Christianity, makes it an element of human nature, confounds it with the natural laws of the physicists, and then tells us it as old as creation, which is about as much as telling us man is as old as—man, or nature is as old as—nature. Well may Mr. Emerson be called the Sage of Concord, and be listened to as an oracle.

All the speakers, with three exceptions, seemed anxious to have it understood that the Free Religious Association has some great affirmative truth which is destined to redeem and save the world. Colonel Higginson the successof of Theodore Parker, tells us with great earnestness:

"If this movement of ours means anything, it means not a little petty denial, not a little criticism, not a textual discussion, not a sum in addition or subtraction, like Bishop Colenso's books, not a bit of historical analysis, like Strauss or Renan. These are trivial things; these do not touch people; these do not reach the universal heart. The universe needs an affirmation, not a denial; and the religious movement that has not for its centre the assertion of something, would be condemned already to degenerate into a sect by the time it had the misfortune to get fairly born."

And again:

"Affirmation! There is no affirmation except the belief in universal natural religion; all else is narrowness and sectarianism, though it call itself by the grandest name, compared with that. It impoverishes a man; it keeps his sympathy in one line of religious communication; it takes all the spiritual life of the race, and says, 'All of this that was not an effluence from Jesus you must set aside; and so it makes you a member in full standing of some little sect, all of whose ideas, all of whose thoughts, revolved in the mind of some narrow-minded theologian who founded it. It shuts you up there, and you die, suffocated for want of God's free air outside."

But the reverend colonel here affirms nothing not affirmed by Christianity, nor anything more than belongs to all men. Natural religion is simply the natural law, the moral law, prescribed to every man through his reason by the end for which he is created, and is included in the Christian religion as essential to the Christian character. What the free religionist does is not to affirm anything not universally insisted on by the Catholic Church, but to deny all religion but universal natural religion; that is, he simply denies supernatural revelation, and the supernatural order, or that there is any reality broader than nature, or above it. Free Religion as such, is then not affirmative, but purely negative; the negation of all religions in so far as they assert the supernatural. The real thought and design of the men and women composing the association is to get rid of everything in every religion that transcends or professes to transcend nature. They make no direct war on the church or even on the sects, we concede; for they take it for granted that when people are once fully persuaded that nature is all, and that only natural religion is or can be true, all else will gradually die out of itself.

Mrs. Lucy Stone agrees in this with the others, and does not disguise her thought. She says:

"We come into the world, I believe, every one of us, with all that is needful in

ourselves, if we will only trust it—all that is needful to help us on and up to the very highest heights to which a human being can ever climb; but we have covered it over by dogma and creed and sectarian theory, and by our own misdeeds, until these angel voices that are in us cease to be heard; not totally cease—I do not believe they ever totally cease—but they become less audible to us. But if we learn to heed their faintest whisper, reverently and obediently, I believe that there is no path where the soul asks you to go that you may not safely tread. It may carry you to the burning fiery furnace, but you will come out, and the smell of fire even will not be on your garments. It may compel you into the lion's den, but the wild beast's mouth will be shut. You may walk where scorpions are in the way of duty, and you will not be hurt. It is this 'inner light'; it is not a text, it is not a creed, but it is this in ourselves which, if trusted, will lead us into all truth.

"I said I did not believe this voice was ever lost in the human soul. I do not forget that men grow very wicked, and women too, for that matter; I do not forget that men and women sometimes appear to us so lost and fallen that it seems as if no power in themselves, or any human power, could help them up; and yet to these worst men and women, in some hallowed moment, is the word given, 'This is the way; walk ye in it.' And if, at the side of this man or woman, at that very moment, is some helping hand, some voice wise enough to counsel, he or she may be started to walk in that way."

If Mr. Abbott is the logician of the association, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is decidedly the wit. In the essay she read to the meeting, she, with her keen

woman's wit and her hard common sense, shows up in admirable style the ridiculousness and absurdity of the whole movement. She is not herself indeed free from all taint of radicalism, and much she says may be due to her facility in detecting and satisfying the follies and absurdities of her friends rather than those of her foes. Her essay proves that she has a soul, and knows that it has aspirations, that go beyond nature, and wants which only a supernatural religion can satisfy. She evidently has glimpses of a truth higher, deeper, broader, than any recognized by any other radical who spoke. She disposes of Free Religion in a single sentence.

"He is not religious who does not recognize the obligations of religion." We have space only for the concluding paragraph of her not very logical self-consistent, but witty, shrewd, and satirical essay on Freedom and Restraint in Religion:

> "But friends a sudden reaction comes over me. I determine to profess and practice the new religion. I have learned at the free religious club that I possess the first requisite for this, having never studied any theology at all. The ex-divines whom I have met there have so bewailed the artificial ignorance which they acquired in their divinity—school training, that I presume my natural knowledge to be its proper and desired antithesis. I have read the Bhavadgheeta and Mr. Emerson's poems, the psalms and gospel of the new faith. To be no Christian is the next important desideratum; and I believe that I shall find this, as most people do, easier than not. The three hundred incarnations of bishnu, far more imposing in number than the single excarnation of which the old theology has made so much, shall be preached by me both as precept and example. The Confucian moralities, as illustrated by California experience, shall replace the Decalogue. Mr. Emerson's crown-

ing sentence 'that he who commits a crime hurts himself,' will of course, suffice to convert a whole society of criminals and reprobates. I will introduce the Joss into prisons and give the myth of the Celestial Empire a literal interpretation. Our rail road and steamboat system will greatly facilitate the offering of children to the river, with the further advantage of offering the parents too. The strangling of female infants will relieve the present excess of female population in New England, and postpone the pressure of woman suffrage. The burning of widows alone will save the country no small outlay in pensions.

"But as Archimedes asked to get out of the world in order to move it, we shall be forced to go outside of Christendom in order to accomplish this revolution. And if I may believe my friends of the Free Religious Association, the surest way to do this will be to keep closely in their midst. For elsewhere, between steamboat and missionaries, we cannot be sure of meeting people who shall be sure of not being Christians.

"Perish the jest, and let the jester perish, if in aught but saddest earnest she exchanged the serious for the comic mask. Laughter is sometimes made to convey pathos that lies too deep for tears. I have but faintly sketched the scene-painting that would have to be done today, if religion could slip back and miss the sacred and indispensable meditation of Christianity. Take back the English language beyond the noble building of Shakespeare and Milton; take back philosophy beyond the labor of the Germans and the intuition of the Greeks; take back mathematics beyond Laplace and Newton; take back poli-

tics from the enlargement of republican experience—you will have yet a harder task when you shall carry religion back to its ante-Christian status and interpretation.

"Lastly and to sum up. The freedom of religion is the satisfaction of obeying the innermost and highest impulses of the human soul, to the disregard of all secondary powers and considerations. I find this freedom inseparable from the constraint which obliges the man toward this highest effort, as the laws of the tidal flow, force the wave to high-water mark. Our human dignity consists in the assertion of this freedom, the acknowledgment of this obligation. Intellectual freedom is found in study and the progress of thought, which is ever substituting enlarged and improved, for rude and narrow progress. But the liberal heart presedes the liberal mind and conditions it. To be careless as to authority and rash in conclusions, is not to be free; to be strict in logic and scrupulous in derivation, is not to be unfree. Let me end my discursive remarks with one phrase from a dear, melancholy, Calvinistic poet, who passed his life in damning himself and blessing others, repenting of a thousand sins he was never able to commit:

'He is the freeman whom the truth
makes free,
And all are slaves beside.' "

An Evangelical minister then took up the defense of Christianity, but he was too ignorant of the Christian faith, and too far gone himself in radicalism, to be able to effect much. An Orthodox Jew sent an essay, and a liberal Jew spoke. A professor of Spiritualism made a speech, and several radicals spoke, whose speeches we are obliged

to pass over, though as good as those we have noticed.

We have refrained as far as possible from ridiculing the proceedings of the association, which is no association at all, since it is founded on the principle of free individualism; for we wish to treat all men and women with the respect due to ourselves, if not to themselves. The chief actors in the movement we have formerly known, and some of them intimately. We have no doubt of their sincerity and earnestness. We readily acknowledge that the pretensions of these radical men and women are very great, but they show no great intellectual ability and are painfully narrow and superficial. The ministers and ex-ministers who figured on the occasion exhibited neither depth nor breadth of view, neither strength nor energy of mind. They proved themselves passable rhetoricians, but deplorably ignorant of the past and the present, of the religions they believed themselves to have outgrown, and especially of human nature, and the wants of the human soul. They appeared to know only their own theories projected from themselves, and which are as frail and as attenuated as any spider's web ever rendered visible by the morning dew. They pretend to have studied, mastered, and exhausted all the past systems, religious and mythologies. They pride themselves on the universality of their knowledge, and their having lost all bigotry, intolerance, or severity toward any sect or denomination. They speak even patronizingly of the church, and are quite ready to concede that she was good and useful to humanity in her day, in barbarous times, and in the infancy of the race. But humanity having attained its majority, has outgrown her, and demands now a more manly and robust, a purer and broader and a more living and life-giving religion. Their self-conceit is sublime. The tallest and stoutest among them is a dwarf by the side of a Luther or a Calvin, or even of the stern old Puritan founders of New England.

Take the Reverend Colonel Higginson, a man

of good birth and rich natural gifts, one who, if he had had his mind elevated and expanded by the study of Christian dogmas could hardly have failed to be one of the great men, if not the greatest man of his age. He has naturally true nobility of soul, rare intellectual power, and genius of a high order; yet he is so blinded, and so dwarfed in mind by his radicalism, that he can seriously say, "there is no affirmation except the belief in universal natural religion; all else is narrowness and sectarianism." He has then, no views broader than nature, no aspirations that rise higher than nature, and labors under the delusion that men, reduced to nature alone, would really be elevated and ennobled. He has never learned that nature is not self-sufficing—is dependent; that is, it has both its origin and end as well as its medium in the supernatural, and could not act or subsist a moment without it.

None of these radicals get above second causes. For them all, God and nature appear to be identical, and indistinguishable; and this appears to be their grand and all-reconciling doctrine. Hence the religion which they propose has no higher origin than man, and no higher end than the natural development and well being of man, individual and social in this earthly life. It is the religion of humanity. Socialism secures always its own defeat. The happiness of this life is attainable only by living for another. Restricted to this life and this world, man has play for only his animal instincts, propensities, and powers. There is no object on which his higher or peculiarly human affections and faculties can be exerted, and his moral, religious, rational nature must stagnate and rot, or render him unspeakably miserable by his hungering and thirsting after a spiritual good which he has not, and which is nowhere to be had. The happiness of this life comes from living for a supernatural end, the true end of man, in obedience to the law it prescribes. When we make this life or this world our end, or assume with Mr. Emerson, that we have it within, in our own impersonal nature, we deny the

very condition of either individual or social happiness, take falsehood for truth; and no good ever does or can come from falsehood. Whosoever has received any religious instruction knows, that it is not in ourselves, but in God that we live and move and have our being, and that, not without supernatural assistance can we attain true beatitude. God is more than man, more than nature, and never faileth. Christ the God-man, at once perfect God and perfect man, two distinct natures in one divine person, is the way, the truth, and the life; and out of Him there is not salvation, no true life.

THE WORKS OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

This is a much more complete edition of Mr. Webster's works than has heretofore appeared, but it does not embrace the entire series of his writings. "Such a series," the editor tells us, "would have required a larger number of volumes than was deemed advisable with reference to the general circulation of the work. A few juvenile performances have accordingly been omitted, as not of sufficient importance or maturity to be included in the collection. Of the earlier speeches in Congress, some were either not reported at all, or in a manner too imperfect to be preserved without doing injustice to the author. No attempt has been made to collect from the contemporaneous newspapers or congressional registers the short conversational speeches and remarks made by Mr. Webster, as by other prominent members of Congress, in the progress of debate, and sometimes exercising greater influence on the result than the set speeches. Of the addresses to public meetings it has been found impossible to embrace more than a selection, without swelling the work to an unreasonable size. It is believed, however, that the contents of these volumes furnish a fair specimen of Mr. Webster's opinions and sentiments on all the subjects treated, and of his manner of discussing them. The responsibility of deciding what should be omitted and what included has been left by Mr. Webster to the friends having charge of the publication, and his own opinion on details of this kind has rarely been taken.

The volumes before us should, therefore, be entitled—A Selection from the Works of Daniel Webster. However, it is but simple justice to the editor to say, that the selection has been made with taste and judgment, and we are aware of no omission that any of Mr. Webster's friends will seriously regret, unless it be some of his earlier speeches in Congress, especially the speech on the Conscription Bill. The speeches, addresses, law arguments, and diplomatic and state papers, on which his fame must rest, and

which exhibit his character as a scholar, orator, lawyer, statesman, and diplomat, are all included.

The editor himself, one of our most distinguished scholars and an eminent publicist, has preceded the collection by an admirable Biographical Memoir of the author, written with great judgment and delicacy. It is no easy task to write the life of an eminent man while he is still living, and yet the editor has done it in a manner to satisfy the partialities of friendship, without offending the modesty of the illustrious subject, or the fidelity of history. The tone of the memoir is, of course, laudatory, but it is subdued, and probably says no more in praise than posterity will ratify. Some few shades may be necessary to render the portrait a perfect likeness, but the judgments passed upon the talents, opinions, and services of the author are, in general, solid and just, such as time will confirm, not reverse.

Mr. Webster is of Scottish extraction, and was born in Salisbury, New Hampshire, January 18, 1782. He pursued his preparatory studies at Phillips Academy, Exeter, and graduated August, 1801, at Dartmouth College, in his native state. He immediately entered the office of a Mr. Thompson, the next-door neighbor of his father, as a student of law, and subsequently studied a while in the office of the Hon. Christopher Gore in this city. He was admitted to the practice of the law for the court of common pleas of the County of Suffolk, Boston, in 1805, and as an attorney and counsellor of the superior court of New Hampshire in 1807, when he removed to Portsmouth, where he appears to have been immediately and eminently successful in his profession. In 1812 he was elected a member of Congress, and again in 1815. In 1816 he removed from Portsmouth to Boston, which has continued to be his home ever since, although, when not called away by his official duties, he for a few years past has usually resided on his farm in Marshfield, in the Old Colony. In 1820 he was chosen a member of the convention called to revise the Constitution of this commonwealth, and in the autumn of 1822 was

elected a member of the eighteenth congress, from Boston. Since then, with scarcely an interval, he has been connected with the general government, as representative, senator, or secretary of state, and has, during the whole period of nearly forty years, been identified with the public history of his country, and exerted a large share of influence on our public policy.

It is not our purpose, in the remarks we propose to offer on the occasion of a new edition of Mr. Webster's works, to speak at much length of his character as a lawyer, or as a statesman. As a statesman, we have often spoken of him, and perhaps enough has been said. He has proved himself one of the very few American statesmen who are able to compare favorably with the higher class of European statesmen, and his views are such as may be honestly commended, with very slight exceptions, for their patriotism, comprehensiveness, and practical wisdom. It is rare that we should now, whatever may have been the case formerly dissent from his domestic policy; but his foreign policy, although more in accordance with the general sentiment of the great body of his countrymen than the one we should approve, appears to us, in some respects, narrow and illiberal, wrong in principle and dangerous in tendency. In his judgment of the continental monarchical states he is still a disciple of the eighteenth century, a believer substantially, in the Contrat Social, and what is called a liberal. He is not intentionally a Jacobin, or a red-republican, and would most likely, had he been old enough at the time, have sided with Burke in his denunciation of the old French Revolution; but he would nevertheless have denounced it in its excesses, rather than in its principle.

Mr. Webster is, perhaps, not vehemently opposed to what may be called a parliamentary or representative monarchy—we say not, as he would, constitutional monarchy, for every monarchy that governs by laws is a constitutional, even a limited monarchy—but he evidently understands by a con-

stitutional monarchy a representative or parliamentary monarchy, and recognizes the strict legality of no monarchical government unless it is, to use the expression of Lafayette, a monarchy surrounded by republican institutions, or a monarchy compelled to govern in conjunction with a parliament, in one or both of its branches chosen by popular suffrage. No government that does not recognize in some form the democratic element, or rather the sovereignty of the people, in the Jacobinical sense, is, in his view, a strictly legal or legitimate government. Hence, without sympathizing with the socialistic tendencies of the age in their developments, and without wishing in the least to weaken the foundations of law and order, he is the determined enemy of all the monarchical governments of Europe which are not based on popular sovereignty, and do not rule by means of parliaments or representative assemblies; and he holds it the duty of our government to exert all the influence it can, on and through public opinion, in encouragement and aid of the party, in all monarchical countries, exerting themselves to revolutionize them, and establish popular institutions in their place. We need not say that we regard this policy as repugnant to the laws of nations, and as founded upon a false theory of the origin and principles of government. The sovereignty of the people, in the Jacobinical sense, is not a truth, and can be consistently asserted by no man who does not deny the existence of God. Its assertion is the assertion of atheism in politics, and hence every system of policy which presupposes it, must be condemned by every one who believes in God, and understands himself.

When Mr. Webster speaks as a lawyer, according to the principles and maxims of the common law, what he says is remarkable for its good sense, its profound truth, and its practical wisdom; for then he speaks in accordance with the teachings of the Catholic religion, which forms the basis of that common law; but when he leaves that, and undertakes to discuss questions which lie further back, he

proceeds from principles which he did not learn from the law, and which are repugnant to it. He evidently adopts the policy of the English statesman Canning, which was adopted and pursued by Mr. Canning's pupil, Lord Palmerston when foreign secretary of the British government with such disastrous success—the policy of intervention, if not by armed force, at least by diplomacy, and public opinion, by exertions to create and foster a public opinion everywhere hostile to strictly monarchical governments, and by encouraging the subjects of such governments to make illegal efforts to subvert them.

We own that we admire the English Constitution as it originally existed,, but we do not admire it in its present state. In the original Constitution of England the democratic element in the modern sense, or rather the Jacobinical element, had no place, and the sovereign people were simply the king and parliament. The excellence of the system consisted in its being a government of estates. The House of Commons did not represent the people of England, but the commons estate, with a negative on each of the other estates. The positive power was in the crown, which had the initiative of all measures, and the power of the lords and commons was, properly, only a negative power, or the veto which each could place on those measures of the positive power—the lords by refusing to advise them or to assent to them, and the commons by refusing to vote the supplies. Thus the unity and efficiency of the government were preserved, while ample security against its power to oppress either the nobility or the commonality was provided. But parliament has now virtually usurped the positive power of government, and indeed formally; for, if we mistake not, the initiative of measures is no longer the exclusive prerogative of the crown, and the House of Commons has very nearly become a representative assembly in the democratic sense—representing not simply an estate, but the people of England. It may not do this perfectly as yet, but

the clamor and agitation for reform will be continued till it does, and then, when the House of Commons represents, not the commons estate, but the English people, the King and peers will be found to be mere excrescences on the body politic. They will then be lopped off, and Great Britain will become a pure democracy, and thence a pure anarchy. The tendency to a pure democracy is now fearfully strong, and a democratic revolution in that country is not an improbability, perhaps not a distant event.

We sympathize fully with Mr. Webster in his love of liberty, and perhaps we should be found, in case of trial, a more unflinching enemy than he of despotism of every kind; but we think he falls into the common mistake of identifying liberty with popular institutions. It is a narrow and unstatesmanlike view to suppose that liberty is possible only where the people are represented in parliament, or have a positive power in enacting the laws under which they are to live. Liberty we grant, is not possible under a despotism, that is, a government of mere will, but it is possible under any and every government, that is a government of laws, where the sovereign governs only by a fixed code, or in accordance with laws previously enacted and promulgated, as is the case with every Christian or nominally Christian government in Europe. Laws prejudicial to individual liberty, may be enacted and promulgated by and under governments constituted like the English, or even our own, as we may see in the "Ecclesiastical Titles Bill," enacted by the British parliament, and in the "Maine Liquor Law," recently enacted by several of the states of the Union and among the rest by the free and liberty-loving Massachusetts. You shall search in vain the archives of the most despotic states of Europe to find enactments more repugnant, at least in principle, to the liberty of the subject, or more really arbitrary in their nature. Parliamentary governments with a king, as in Great Britain, or without a king as with us, are a clumsy and very expensive sort of government, and it is perhaps

chiefly prejudice on our part, that makes us regard them as necessarily superior, in themselves considered, to all other governments. Whether the state of our country, and the habits of our people, which unquestionably demand such government, and render every other unwise and impracticable for us, be a real advantage, or, in fact, only a disadvantage, is a question on which something may be said on both sides. Perhaps the fact that none but a republican government, resting for its basis an universal suffrage, is practicable or to be thought of for our country, is not after all, any conclusive proof in itself, that we are so much in advance of other nations as we commonly suppose. A nation's rank in the scale of civilization is determined, not by the mere form of its government, but by the wisdom and justice of its laws, and the alacrity and fidelity with which they are obeyed. In encouraging the subjects of the European continental states to rebel against their sovereigns, for the purpose of introducing parliamentary or representative governments, whether in the English or American form, it is far from being certain that we are encouraging them to effect a change for the better. God, in his providence, gives to each people the political constitution that is best adapted to its character and wants, and experience as well as philosophy makes it pretty certain that every fundamental change in that constitution invariably becomes a prolific source of evil. Mr. Webster's policy, that our government should take its stand on the side of modern liberalism, and exert itself officially to create, throughout the world, and in monarchical states, a public opinion hostile to monarchy, and through that public opinion to cherish movements for popular institutions, is not in our judgment, a policy likely to serve either the cause of good government, or that of true liberty.

Mr. Webster is a lawyer, and we are surprised that he should attribute the freedom and prosperity of our citizens to our political institutions, instead of attributing them, as should be done, to the

common law, or the system of jurisprudence brought here by our fathers, and inherited from the England that was before the reformation. It is the common law, with the independent judiciary under it, which Mr. Webster has on more occasions than one, so nobly and so powerfully defended, that constitutes the real ground and support of our liberties. Take away the common law, either by substituting a written code for it, or by suffering its principles to be tampered with by the legislatures of the several states, as has been done in those that have adopted the Maine liquor law, for instance, and destroy the independence of the judiciary by rendering the judges elective for a brief term of office, and re-eligible, and you will soon find that your political forms are impotent to preserve the freedom and prosperity of the citizen. Yet an independent judiciary is discovered to be anti-democratic, and the tendency is now everywhere to sweep it away. Public opinion is setting in with a strong tide against the common law, and it is discovered to be democratic to abolish it, and substitute for it an inflexible code written, with new and inept systems of practice, which while they increase litigation, render justice generally unattainable except by mere chance.

But be all this as it may, the policy which Mr. Webster has adopted from the English statesman, Mr. Canning, is in our judgment unjust and repugnant to the laws of nations. It assumes for us a sort of dictatorship, or at least supervisorship over other nations, wholly incompatible with their dignity and independence. We will not say that the government is not free to express officially its opinion, whatever it may be, on a fact accomplished in a foreign independent nation, but it has no right to express an official opinion for the purpose of bringing about a violent change in its form of government, except in those cases in which, if it deemed it expedient it would have the right to support its opinion by an armed force, or a declaration of war. It is an admitted principle in interna-

tional law, that every independent nation has the right to choose its own form of government, and to determine its own domestic institutions, without the dictation or interference of its neghbors. Also that nations exist to each other only in their supreme government, or political sovereign. There can be no right, then, on the part of one independent nation, to intervene in any way in the domestic affairs of another, for the purpose of revolutionizing or changing its government. It has no right officially to address the people of a foreign state, or to hold any official communication with them, save through its sovereign and it gives just cause of complaint whenever it attempts to do so.

This rule is founded in natural justice, and is necessary for the peace and happiness of mankind. It is as much for our interest to observe this rule, as it is for that of any other nation. We cannot assert the right of rebellion, and encourage the subjects of other states to conspire against their sovereign, without weakening the loyalty of our own citizens, and paving the way for a revolution at home, that is, such a revolution as is possible with us. A rebellion against the constituted authorities, except in certain localities and for a brief moment, is not possible in this country, because the power is already in the hands of the people, and the government is subject to their will. A revolution here must necessarily assume the form of removing the restrictions imposed by the law of the land as the exercise of the popular will, or in other words, of destroying the independence of the judiciary, and abolishing the common law. The common law, which we have inherited from our English ancestors, is the law of the land, and the law that regulates the relations not only between individual and individual, but to some extent between the citizen and the state. It is our rule of justice, and as no constitution or legislative enactment has, or can have, the force of law, if contrary to justice, it follows that any constitutional provision or legislative enactment repugnant to the

principles of the common law, is ipso facto null and void, and may be declared so, and set aside by the common law courts. This Mr. Webster has himself proved, if we understand him, in a most triumphant manner, in his masterly argument in the supreme court of the United States, in the Dartmouth College case,—an argument which does him the highest honor; and which ought to be read and meditated upon, at least once a year by every American citizen. The revolution we have to dread is not a revolution avowedly for the purpose of overthrowing the government, or changing its form, but a revolution which abolishes the common law, and leaves us no restraints on lawless power, and no standard of justice but the will or caprice of the majority for the time being. This revolution has commenced, and is in process amongst us, and every word we utter in encouragement of revolution abroad becomes a still greater encouragement to this silent, and as yet bloodless revolution going on here at home. Liberty here, no more than anywhere else, is possible without the sacredness of law, and that sacredness is struck here, whenever we strike it abroad. A false principle, asserted for the accomplishment of a foreign purpose deemed desirable, is sure, sooner or later, to return and effect a domestic purpose not desirable. There is a moral order in the government of the world, and nations no more than individuals, can transgress it with impunity and nations, as individuals, will find that they are generally punished in that wherein they have sinned, or that their sins prove to be their punishment.

We have dwelt the longer on this point, because it is almost the only thing in Mr. Webster's course as a statesman, that we find to disapprove. In almost every other respect we can admire and honor his public life. It is the only instance in which we have found his general policy unjust or dangerous in principle, however we might dissent from it some of its details. Yet we ought in justice to say, that in this, he has but followed the public

sentiment of his country, and of a powerful party in Great Britain. We, ourselves, at one time applauded him for it, but at that time nobody in the country, to our knowledge questioned the justice of the policy, however some might doubt its expediency.

We need not say that Mr. Webster is a great man, for that everybody concedes or asserts. But his greatness does not lie in the original apprehension or discovery of first principles. He takes his principles as he finds them in the common sense and age of his country, and where that errs he errs. His mind is English, and is practical rather than speculative. His reading has been principally in the ancient Roman and the modern English classics, while his chief study has been history and the common law, with the ordinary writers on government. His views have, perhaps, been formed more by the principles of the common law than by any other study, and hence are in general sound, and remarkable for their practical wisdom. But in a large class of questions, not immediately solved by these principles, he has taken the principles ordinarily adopted by the old English Republicans, and the modern English Whigs; and consequently, along with these principles that are excellent, true for all times and countries, he has another class of principles borrowed from modern innovators. These are invariably unsound, and such as he himself would be as ready to condemn as we are, if he were to subject them to the independent action of his own powerful mind, in the light of those principles along with which he has received them. The modern English mind, therefore modern English literature, is compounded of the traditional wisdom inherited by Englishmen from their ancestors, and of the innovations of modern reformers. The two elements exist side by side, but they will not coalesce. Consequently the Englishman lacks unity of moral and intellectual life. When he speaks according to the traditional wisdom of his country, no man speaks with more truth, justice, or practical

wisdom. When he leaves this traditional wisdom—the good sense of his countrymen, for which no people are more remarkable—and speaks according to the principles of modern innovators, he becomes false, impracticable, and absurd. It is somewhat the same with Mr. Webster. Ordinarily, he speaks from the wisdom of our ancestors, for ordinarily the topics he treats are such as lie within the range of that portion of tradition which has been generally retained by Englishmen and Americans. But now and then he neglects it, and takes his principles from the modern innovators, or, what is the same thing, from ancient gentilism, and thus falls into the errors so rife and dangerous in our times—errors which in principle warrant the most extravagant conclusions of the Jacobin, or the red-republican.

Of Mr. Webster's rank as a lawyer, compared with the more eminent members of the legal profession in Great Britain and the United States, we have no occasion to speak, and, not being a lawyer by profession, we shall not attempt to speak. He is generally considered as having long stood at the head of the legal profession in his own country. But of his professional labors devoted to what is termed constitutional law, or the application of the common law to the constitutionality of legislative enactments, we must say a word or two. This department of law had, when he entered upon his professional career, been but imperfectly cultivated. "It fell to his lot," says his accomplished biographer, "to perform a prominent part in unfolding a most important class of constitutional doctrines, which, either because occasion had not drawn them forth, or the jurists of a former period had failed to deduce and apply them, had not yet grown into a system. It was reserved for Mr. Webster to distinguish himself before most, if not all, of his contemporaries, in this branch of his profession."

The first occasion on which Mr. Webster laid down what he took to be the principle of the common law, as applicable to the constitutionality of legisla-

tive enactments, was in the celebrated case of Dartmouth College, already referred to." In the months of June and December, 1816, the legislature of New Hampshire passed acts altering the charter of Dartmouth College (of which the name was changed to Dartmouth University) enlarging the number of the trustees and generally reorganizing the corporation. These acts, although passed without the consent and against the protest of the trustees of the college, went into operation. The newly created body took possession of the corporate property, and assumed the administration of the institution. The old board were all named as members of the new corporation, but declined acting as such, and brought an action against the treasurer of the new board for the book of record, the original charter, the common seal, and other corporate property of the college." This action was decided in the superior court of New Hampshire in favor of the validity of the state laws, and was carried up by writ of error to the supreme court of the United States, where on the 10th of March, 1818, it came on for argument before all the judges, who in the term of the court holden the next February, declared with only one dissenting voice, the acts of the legislature unconstitutional and invalid, and reversed the opinion of the court below.

The question for the supreme court to decide, was, no doubt, whether the acts of New Hampshire did or did not contravene the constitution of the United States; but Mr. Webster in his argument for the plaintiffs in error, in order to facilitate the decision of that question by determining the real character of those acts, opened up the whole question of common law involved, and contended that the acts were invalid because against the common right, and the constitution of New Hampshire. He showed that the college was a private corporation, and that the legislature has no power to divest a private corporation, without its consent, of any of its corporate rights, maintaining that those rights can be taken away only in case of abuse or forfeit-

ure, of which the court, not the legislature, is the judge. The principle on which his argument rests, if we have rightly seized it, is, that all chartered eleemosynary institutions founded and endowed by private liberality, are private corporations; and that all the rights of private corporations, or rather that all private rights, whether of persons or of things, or rights of private individuals, whether personal or corporate are determined or defined by the common law, and are inviolable, so that any legislative enactment which infringes them is for that reason alone unconstitutional and invalid. This is certainly a most important principle, and if sound—and that it is, would be temerity on our part to doubt—it proves that we do really live under a government of laws, and not a government of mere will, and that ours is really a free government, or rather a government that recognizes and guaranties freedom. Deny this principle, maintain that private rights, whether of persons or things, are creatures of the political power and subject to the will of the legislature, and you convert the government at once into an arbitrary government, under which there is no real liberty, no solid security for either person or property, and this just as much where the will that obtains, is the will of the majority, as where it is the will of only one man—just as much where the form of the government is democratic, as where it is monarchical.

The real excellence or glory of our institutions, we take it, lies in this principle. If we have not misapprehended Mr. Webster, the common law in its principles, maxims, and definitions, is with us, both logically and historically anterior to our political constitutions, as well as the legislative bodies instituted under them, and is to be regarded as common right, or, in a word, as law for the convention in framing what we call the constitution, and for the legislature in its enactments. It is for us really and truly the "higher law," and in the temporal order the most authoritative expression,

which we as a people have, of the divine law, from which all human laws derive their legality. It is the supreme civil law of the land, and although the legislature may undoubtedly modify or abrogate such of its special provisions as are temporary or local in their nature, or depend on time or circumstances for their wisdom and justice, or utility, and therefore such as are not essential to it as a system of law, yet no special enactment, whether by the convention or the ordinary legislature, that is repugnant to any one of its essential principles, is or can be law for an American citizen. The common law is the fundamental constitution of the country, older than the political constitutions, and able to survive them. The political constitutions presuppose it, must conform to it, and be interpreted by it; for what we call our political constitutions are in their essence only a part—the more fundamental part if you will—of our written law, not that which creates and sustains us as a living people. They are the source of our political rights or franchises, but all our other rights, what we call our natural rights, but the rights of persons and the rights of things, are prior to and independent of them, and exist and are determined by the common law. They cannot be touched by the political power without usurpation, tyranny, and oppression, from which the common-law courts, if suffered to remain in their legitimate independence, are competent to relieve us. Thus Mr. Webster contends that the courts of New Hampshire ought of themselves to have declared the law essentially modifying the original charter of Dartmouth College invalid, and unconstitutional. It would follow from his doctrine, too, that no state in our Union would have the right to pass a law impairing the obligation of contracts, even if not forbidden to do so by the constitution of the United States. It is enough that such laws are repugnant to the common law.

Such we understand to be the principle of law in all the states of the Union in which the common law obtains, and it is only in this principle, admin-

istered by an independent judiciary, that there is under our system of government, any more than under the most despotic governments of the Old World, any reliable support for the rights of persons or property. Mr. Webster has labored long and earnestly to bring out and establish this doctrine, and the services in this respect which he has rendered the country deserve even a far higher appreciation than they have yet received, and entitle him to the warmest gratitude of his countrymen. Their importance may be judged of by the efforts of all our radicals and experimenters in politics and law to get rid of the common law, and to destroy the independence of the judiciary. These men follow their instincts, which are all in favor of anarchy on the one hand, and despotism on the other. And the simple fact that they are hostile to an independent judiciary and to the common law, proves of itself that these are essential alike to the maintenance of order and of liberty.

The distinguishing excellence of the common-law system is, that it is lex non scripta, unwritten law, that is, a living tradition, in the reason, the conscience, the sentiments, the habits, the manners, and the customs of the people, and therefore in some sense independent of mere political organizations and capable of surviving even their most virulent changes, and of preserving a degree of order and justice among individuals, when the political authority is for the moment suspended or subverted. It is probably owing chiefly to the fact that the common law is an unwritten law, a living tradition preserved by the people themselves, and administered by an independent judiciary, that political revolutions in England and in this country preserve a character of sobriety and reserve in comparison with those of the continent of Europe. The continental nations have inherited the civil law, the old Roman law, which is a system of written law, and theoretically in the keeping of the prince, beginning and ending with the political sovereign. Under this system of law the sovereign is the foun-

tain of justice, as he must be under every system of mere written law. The people are trained for the sovereign and have no established law to guide or regulate their conduct where he fails to express in a formal manner his will. The state everywhere takes the initiative, and the people without it are incapable of any orderly or regulated civil activity. Hence, whenever the political power receives a shock, all law is suspended, and the judiciary can perform legitimately none of its functions. Consequently political revolutions in the continental nations throw the whole of society into disorder, and subvert all social as well as political relations. The people receiving the law immediately from the sovereign, or written codes promulgated by him, and not having it in their own life, traditions, habits, manners and customs, are destitute of these habits of thought and action which would restrain them within moderate limits, and so are left liable to run into every imaginable excess.

But the common law, living in the manners and habits of the people gives them a sort of self-subsistency independent in a degree of the mere politi cal power, and as long as the people remain in any sense a living people, the law survives and preserves among them, in the midst of the most violent political convulsions, the elements of liberty and social order. England has gone through many changes, religious and political, but we have never seen English society wholly dissolved, or the main current of private and domestic life wholly interrupted, or even turned far aside from its ordinary channel. She has survived all her changes, and amid them all she has preserved her private and domestic life, social as distinguished from political order, but slightly impaired. Much the same may be said of this country during what we call our revolution. There was a time when our political constitutions were suspended, when the political authority was, as we may say, in abeyance, latent, undeveloped, potential, not actual; yet we did not fall into complete social disorder. Irregularity there certainly

was, but the courts and the common law remained, and justice still continued to be administered, in the way and in the sense with which our people were familiar, and to which from time immemorial they had been accustomed. Between the written civil law and the unwritten common law, or between the Roman and the English systems, there is a fundamental difference. The Roman law extends only to cases foreseen and provided for; the common law extends to all cases not taken out of its jurisdiction; the former is of gentile origin simply modified by the Christian emperors so as not to exclude Christian faith and worship; the latter is of Christian origin, and grew up among the Anglo-Saxons as they were converted from paganism and entered under the guidance of the church upon the career of Christian civilization. The common law starts from the principle that society and the state are for man. The Roman law starts from the heathen principle that man is for society, and society is for the state. A nation that has been trained under the common-law system may become an orderly republic. A nation trained under the Roman law system can never be other than monarchical in effect, whatever it may be in name and pretention. That the advantages are all on the side of the common law, or English system, we think must be obvious to every lawyer, and every well-informed statesman. The common law, as an essentially unwritten law, living in the traditional life of a people, can never be introduced into a nation whose character is already formed. Consequently, when once eliminated from the life of the people it can never be replaced. Once gone, it is gone forever. It was born with the birth of England as a Christian nation, and grew up with it as the civil part of its Christian life. It became the public reason, the English common-sense, and to it must we attribute the marked superiority of England and her institutions in the Middle Ages, and even in modern times, over the continent of Europe. A richer legacy, aside from the Christianity which

gave it birth, we could not even wish to bequeath to future generations.

But we had no intention, on setting out, to enlarge as we have on either of the topics we have taken up. It was not our intention to speak of Mr. Webster either as a statesman, or a lawyer, for his merits in both respects have been dwelt upon till the public, perhaps, are growing tired of hearing them extolled, and some may be beginning to feel with the poor Athenian, who would ostracize Aristides because tired of hearing him always called the Just. No man can question Mr. Webster's attachment to the Union, or his ardent love of country. His patriotic addresses prove this, no less than the general character of the measures to which he has always given his support during his connection with the general government. In his masterly speech on the basis of representation, in the convention called for amending the Constitution of this state in 1820, and in his address at Plymouth, December 22nd of the same year; in commemoration of the landing of the Pilgrims, and the first settlement of New England, he discusses at great length, and with rare sagacity the importance, in a political point of view, of laws regulating the descent and distribution of property, and shows that, with our laws on the subject, monarchy becomes an impossibility.

But leaving the field of politics, it may not be unpleasant to meet Mr. Webster in the department of literature. It was mainly of his works in a literary point of view that we intended to speak when we set out, and probably we should have done so, only we have lost, if ever we possessed, the faculty of treating any man's works as mere literary productions. We are forced to admit to ourselves, which by the by we will not do to the public, that we have ourselves very little of what is called literary taste or literary culture. We do not mean to say that we have not read the chief literary works of modern, if not of ancient times; but we cannot understand literature for its own sake, or say much

of the form of a literary work without reference to its contents. This is no disqualification for writing essays, but it is very likely, a serious disqualification for writing literary reviews, that will pass for such with our contemporaries, and hence we seldom have much to say of books, except as to their principles. The principles of literature, or which should govern the literary man in the production of literature, we can understand. We can appreciate the principles of art. We can even endure a work of art, whether a poem, a symphony, a picture, a statue, a temple, or an oration; but we never could describe a work of art, or even our raptures on beholding it. We can enjoy it, take in its full effect, and thank God for the genius and talent that has created it. Perhaps we could in a homely way tell what it is, in it, that we enjoy. In some instances tell why we enjoy or ought to enjoy it. But we cannot tell it so as to reproduce in our hearts our own emotions, or rather, so to make them fancy they feel very much as they would on beholding it, which is, if we understand it, the great aim of the modern critic on art. We have not enough of German subjectivity for that, and we always find it difficult to express what we do not distinctly apprehend as objective, and independent of our own subjective state. We cannot pass off our own emotions for criticism, nor for the object criticized, and consequently are unable to aspire to a rank among our modern approved literary critics.

The artist, whether orator or poet, painter or sculptor, musician or architect, must have an end in whatever he does beyond the mere doing, and also a good end. When we have ascertained the end of a literary production, and ascertained it to be one which a wise and just man can approve, we may proceed to consider the literary taste and beauty with which the author has sought to accomplish it. As detached from its end, the work is no proper subject of criticism. A correct literary taste, a lively sensibility to the fit and the beautiful, the command of an easy and noble style, of

appropriate, expressive, and graceful diction, are matters of great importance, and which no man who writes at all is at liberty entirely to neglect. Here we prize literary taste and culture, as highly as anyone can, for here they are not for themselves, but for a legitimate purpose beyond themselves, and are prized as means to an end.

Tried by the standard implied, if not distinctly exhibited, in these remarks, we shall look in vain in the whole range of American secular literature for works that can rival these six volumes before us. In general, the end is just and noble, and, with fewer exceptions than we could reasonably expect, the doctrines set forth are sound and important. No man has written amongst us who has given utterance to sounder maxims on politics and law, and no one has done more to elevate political and legal topics to the dignity of science, to embellish them with the charms of a rich and chaste imagination, and to enrich them with the wealth accumulated from the successful cultivation of the classics of ancient and modern times. The author has received from nature a mind of the highest order, and he has cultivated it with care and success. We see in every page, every sentence of his writings, vast intellectual power, quick sensibility, deep and tender affection, and a rich and fervid imagination; but we see also the hard student, the traces of long and painful discipline under the tutelage of the most ancient and modern masters. Nature has been bountiful, but art has added its full share in making the author what he is, and the combination of the two has enabled him to produce works which in their line are certainly unrivalled in this country, and we know not where to look for anything in our language of the kind really superior to them. As an orator Mr. Webster has all the terseness of Demosthenes, the grace and fullness of Cicero, the fire and energy of Chatham, and a dignity and repose peculiarly his own. In these times a man is to be commended for the faults he avoids, as well as for the positive excellence to which he at-

tains. Mr. Webster is free from the ordinary faults of even the more distinguished of the literary men of his country. Irving and Hawthorne have good taste, are unaffected, natural, simple, easy and graceful, but deficient in dignity and strength. They are pleasant authors for the boudoir, or to read while resting one's self on the sofa after dinner. No man who has any self-respect will read either of them in the morning. Prescott is gentlemanly, but monotonous and occasionally jejune. Bancroft is gorgeous, glowing, but always straining after effect, always on stilts, never at his ease, never natural, never composed, never graceful or dignified. He has intellect, fancy, scholarship, all of a high order, but no taste, no literary good-breeding. He gesticulates furiously, and speaks always from the top of his voice. In general, we may say of American literature that it is provincial, and its authors are uncertain of themselves, laboring, but laboring in vain, to catch the tone and manner of a distant metropolis. They have tolerable natural parts, often respectable, scholarship, but they lack ease, dignity, repose. They do not speak as masters, but as forward pupils. They take too high a key for their voice, and are obliged in order to get through to sing in falsetto. You are never quite at your ease in listening to them. You are afraid they will break down, and that the lofty flights of oratory they promise you, will turn out to be only specimens of the bathos. They fail to give one confidence in their strength, for they are always striving to be strong, and laboring to be intense. From all faults of this kind, Mr. Webster is free. He inspires you, whether you are listening to his words as they fall from his lips, or read them as reproduced by the reporter, with full confidence in his ability to get through without any break-down, and he seldom disappoints you. He appears always greater than his subject, always to have the full mastery over it, and never to be mastered or carried away by it. In him you see no labor to be strong or intense, no violent contortions or unnatural efforts to escape

being thought weak, tame or common-place. He is always himself collected, calm, and perfectly at his ease. He is so, not only because he really is a strong man, and has thoroughly mastered his subject, but because he is also a modest man, and is not disturbed by a constant recurrence of his thoughts to himself. He has, through his natural modesty which is one of the most striking traits in his character, and through cultivation, the power of forgetting himself, and of not thinking of the impression he is making on others with regard to himself, and consequently is able to employ the whole force of his intellect, imagination, and learning in stating, illustrating, and embellishing his subject. Being at his ease, having all his powers at his command whenever he rises to speak, and naturally a delicate taste, chastened and refined by the assiduous study of the best models, ancient and modern, he, without difficulty, avoids the ordinary faults of the orators of his country, and reassures, pleases, instructs, and carries along with him his whole audience.

We know not how Mr. Webster compares as an orator with the great orators of other times or other countries, for mere descriptions of oratory are rarely reliable; but he comes up more nearly to our ideal of the finished orator for the bar, the senate, the popular assembly, or a patriotic celebration, than any other to whom our country has given us an opportunity of listening. His elocution and diction harmonize admirably with his person and voice, and both strike you at once as fitted to each other. His majestic person, his strong, athletic frame, and his deep, rich, sonorous voice, set off with double effect his massive thoughts, his weighty sentences, his chaste, dignified and harmonious periods. Whatever we may say of the elocution, the rhetoric is always equal to it. Mr. Webster is perhaps the best rhetorician in the country. No man better appreciates the choice of words, or the construction or collocation of sentences, so as to seize at once the understanding, soothe the passions, charm the imagination, and captivate the af-

fections. He is always classical. His words are pure English, and the proper words for the occasion, the best in the language. His sentences are simply constructed, never involved, never violently inverted, but are straightforward, honest, sincere, and free from all modern trickery. We know in the language no models better fitted than the orations and speeches in these volumes for the assiduous study of the young literary aspirant who would become a perfect rhetorician, or master a style at once free and natural, instructive and pleasing, pure and correct, graceful and elevated, dignified and noble. Mr. Webster's artistic skill is consummate, and evidently has been acquired only by great labor and pains, but you must study his works long and carefully before you will detect it. Such writing as we have here comes not by nature, and no genius however, great, can match it without years of hard labor in preparatory discipline.

The casual reader may be apt to underrate Mr. Webster's merits as a logician, and we recollect hearing a distinguished senator who ought to have known him well, characterize him one day as "a magnificent declaimer, but no reasoner." He is not of a speculative turn of mind, nor does he appear to have devoted much time to the study of the speculative sciences, though he evidently has not wholly neglected them, and he seldom reasons, as we say, in form; but he gives full evidence of possessing the logical element in as eminent a degree as he does any other element of the human mind. His style of expression and habits of thought, are strictly logical, and his conclusions always follow from his premises. The only thing to be said is, that very often one of his premises is understood and not expressed, and sometimes rests on the prejudice, conviction, or actual common sense of his countrymen, not on a true ontological principle. His defect is not a defect of logic, but a defect of original apprehension, resulting from the neglect to go back from the common sense of his countrymen to first principles. In consequence of this, his conclusions

are sometimes unsound, not because they do not follow from his premises expressed or understood, but because one or the other of his premises is unsound. This is more or less necessarily the case with all Englishmen and Americans, who follow what is called common sense. The common sense of Englishmen and Americans, as we have already remarked, is made up from modern innovations, as well as from the traditions of our ancestors, and is therefore on one side untrue. But where his principles are sound, as in his law arguments and in the greater part of his speeches in congress, and in several of his diplomatic letters, his logic is sound and invincible, although it is presented in a popular form, the most suitable for his purpose.

Some readers again will regard Mr. Webster as chiefly remarkable for his pure intellectual power, and be disposed to deny him much power of imagination. But this would be in the highest degree unjust. He possesses an uncommonly strong and vivid imagination. Take up any one of his speeches, if but tolerably reported, on any subject, no matter how dry and uninteresting in itself, and you find that he at once informs it with life, elevates it, and invests it with a deep interest. This no man destitute of imagination can ever do. The test of imagination is not a florid style, abounding in tropes and figures. Such a style indicates fancy, not imagination, and, in fact, it is the general tendency of our countrymen, nay of our age to mistake fancy for imagination. Irving and Hawthorne have imagination though not of the highest order. Bancroft has fancy, a rich and exuberant fancy, but very little imagination. To test the question whether a man has imagination or not, let him take up a dry and difficult subject, and if he can treat it so that without weariness, and even with interest, you can follow him through his discussion of it, although he uses always the language appropriate to it, and seems to employ only the pure intellect in developing it, you may be sure that he has a strong and fervid imagination, so strong and active

as to impart life and motion to whatever he touches. Mr. Webster has an exceedingly rich and active imagination, but he does not suffer it to predominate. He makes it subservient to his reason, and so blends it with the pure intellect, that you feel its effect without being aware of its presence. No matter how apparently dry and technical the subject he has in hand, the moment he begins to unfold it, and to indicate its connections with other subjects, and through these its high social or moral relations, his hearers' or readers' attention is arrested, fixed, and held till he closes. He no sooner speaks, than the dry bones of his subject assume flesh, move and stand up, living and breathing, in proper human shape, well formed and duly proportioned, not misshapen monsters that frighten by their hideous or disgust by their grotesque appearance.

What we most admire in the style of Mr. Webster is its simplicity, strength, and repose. The majority of our writers who study to be simple in their manner, are plain, dry or silly. They are simple in a sense in which simplicity is not a compliment. Those who wish to escape this charge become inflated, bombastic, and unable to say anything in an easy and natural manner. They select high-sounding words, pile up adjective upon adjective, and send their fancy over all nature, and through all its departments, animal, vegetable, and mineral, over all nations, and through all times to cull flowers and collect images to adorn and illustrate some poor, commonplace thought, or some puny conceit, that might have proved stillborn without in the least affecting the flux and reflux of the ocean tides, interrupting the course of nature, or changing the general current of historical events. Mr. Webster avoids both extremes, and speaks always in accordance with the genius of his native idiom, and in his natural key. Take for instance, the opening paragraph of his speech on the completion of the Bunker Hill Monument:

"A duty has been performed. A work

of gratitude and patriotism is completed. This structure, having its foundation in soil which drank deep of early Revolutionary blood, has at length reached its destined height, and now lifts its summit to the skies."

Or this from the same speech:—

"The Bunker Hill Monument is finished. Here it stands. Fortunate in the high natural eminence on which it is placed, higher, infinitely higher in its objects and purpose, it rises over the land and over the sea; and visible at their homes, to three hundred thousand of the people of Massachusetts, it stands a memorial of the last, and a monitor to the present, and to all succeeding generations. I have spoken of the loftiness of its purpose. If it had been without any other design than the creation of a work of art, the granite of which it is composed would have slept in its native bed. It has a purpose, and that purpose gives it its character. That purpose enrobes it with dignity and moral grandeur. That well-known purpose it is which causes us to look up to it with a feeling of awe. It is itself the orator of this occasion. It is not from my lips, it could not be from any human lips, that stream of eloquence is this day to flow most competent to move and excite the vast multitudes around me. The powerful speaker stands motionless before us. It is a plain shaft. It bears no inscriptions, fronting to the rising sun, from which the future antiquary shall wipe the dust. Nor does the rising sun cause tones of music to issue from its summit. But at the rising of the sun, and at the setting of the sun; in the blaze of noon-day, and beneath the milder effulgence of lunar light; it looks, it speaks,

it acts to the full comprehension of every American mind, and the awakening of glowing enthusiasm in every American heart."

With the exception of the phrase "the milder effulgence of lunar light," which we cannot much admire, this is simply and naturally said, and yet it is in the highest strain of genuine oratory, and we shall not easily forget the emotion with which we heard Mr. Webster, standing in front of the monument, pronounce it, or the deep and prolonged applause it received from the some two hundred thousand of our citizens assembled in honor of the occasion. All true greatness is simple and sedate. It affects no display, for it is satisfied with what it is. Take another passage of a different description indeed, but illustrating the same simplicity of style and expression. The extract is from the opening of his speech on the trial of the Knapps for the murder of Captain Joseph White of Salem:

"I am little accustomed, gentleman, to the part which I am now attempting to perform. Hardly more than once or twice has it happened to me to be concerned on the side of the government in any criminal prosecution whatever; and never, until the present occasion, in any case affecting life.

"But I very much regret that it should have been thought necessary to suggest to you that I am brought here to 'hurry you against the law and beyond the evidence.' I hope I have too much regard for justice, and too much respect for my own character, to attempt either; and were I to make such attempt, I am sure that in this court nothing can be carried against the law, and that gentlemen, intelligent and just as you are, are not by any power, to be hurried beyond the evidence. Though I could well have wished to shun this occasion, I have not felt at

liberty to withhold my professional assistance, when it is supposed that I may be in some degree useful in investigating and discovering the truth respecting this most extraordinary murder. It has seemed to be a duty incumbent on me, as on every other citizen, to do my best and my utmost to bring to light the perpetrators of this crime. Against the prisoner at the bar, as an individual, I cannot have the slightest prejudice. I would not do him the smallest injury or injustice. But I do not affect to be indifferent to the discovery and the punishment of this deep guilt. I cheerfully share in the opprobrium, how greatsoever it may be, which is cast on those who feel and manifest an anxious concern that all who had a part in planning, or a hand in executing, this deed of midnight assassination, may be brought to answer for their enormous crime at the bar of public justice.

"Gentlemen, it is a most extraordinary case. In some respects, it has hardly a precedent anywhere; certainly none in our New England history. This bloody drama exhibited no suddenly excited, ungovernable rage. The actors in it were not surprised by any lion-like temptation springing upon their virtue, and overcoming it, before resistance could begin. Nor did they do the deed to glut savage vengeance, or satiate long-settled and deadly hate. It was a cool, calculating, money-making murder. It was all 'hire and salary, not revenge.' It was the weighing of money against life; the counting of so many pieces of silver against so many ounces of blood.

"An aged man, without an enemy in the world, in his own home, and in his own bed, is made the victim of a butcherly

murder; for mere pay. Truly, here is a new lesson for painters and poets. Whoever shall hereafter draw the portrait of murder, if he will show it as it has been exhibited, where such example was last to have been looked for, in the very bosom of our New England society, let him not give it the grim vissage of Moloch, the brow knitted by revenge, the face black with settled hate, and the blood-slit eye emitting livid fires of malice. Let him draw rather, a decorous smooth-faced, bloodless demon; a picture in repose, rather than in action; no so much an example of human nature in its depravity, and in its paroxysms of crime, as an infernal being, a fiend, in the ordinary display and development of his character.

"The deed was executed with a degree of self-possession and steadiness equal to the wickedness with which it was planned. The circumstances now clearly in evidence spread out the whole scene before us. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and all beneath his roof. A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet, the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace. The assassin enters, through the window already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half-lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges without noise; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him. The room is uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper is turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his

aged temple, show him where to strike. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion from the repose of sleep to the repose of death! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he plies the dagger, though it is obvious that life has been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse.! He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder. No eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and it is safe!

"Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye, which pierces through all disguises, and beholds everything as in the splendor of noon, such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that 'murder will out.' True it is, that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of Heaven by shedding man's blood seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially, in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a

thousand excited minds dwell intensely on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or rather it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment, which it dares not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance, either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murder possesses soon comes to possess him; and like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarass him, and the net of circumstance to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, it will be confessed; there is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession."

We continue the extract from the same speech, for the sake, not only of the style, but of the sentiment it expresses with regard to the detection of crime, and the merited rebuke it quietly gives to our romantic philanthropists, whose sympathies are all for the criminal, and who would deem it very low and illiberal to make any account of the suffer-

ings of the innocent which his crimes inevitably occasion. The community in which we live is coming to a strange pass. Crimes are daily and hourly multiplying in our midst, both in frequency and magnitude, and yet the great study is to mitigate punishment, and to convert the criminal into a hero. Virtue goes unhonored and we are doing our best to have crime go unpunished.

"Much has been said, on this occasion, of the excitement which has existed, and still exists, and of the extraordinary measures taken to discover and punish the guilty. No doubt there has been, and is much excitement, and strange indeed it would be had it been otherwise. Should not all the peacable and well-disposed naturally feel concerned, and naturally exert themselves to bring to punishment the authors of this secret assassination? Was it a thing to be slept upon or forgotten? Did you, gentlemen, sleep quite as quietly in your beds after this murder as before. Was it not a case for rewards, for meetings, for committees, for the united efforts of all the good, to find out a band of murderers conspirators, of midnight ruffians, and to bring them to the bar of justice and law? If this be excitement, is it an unnatural or an improper excitement?

"It appears to me gentlemen, that there are appearances of another feeling, of a very different nature and character; not very extensive, I would hope, but still there is too much evidence of its existence. Such is human nature, that some persons lose their abhorrence of crime in their admiration of its magnificent exhibitions. Ordinary vice is reprobated by them, but extraordinary guilt, exquisite wickedness, the high flights and poetry of crime seize on the imagination, and lead them to forget

> the depths of the guilt, in admiration of the excellence of the performance, or the unequalled atrocity of the purpose. There are those in our day who have made great use of this infirmity of our nature, and by means of it done infinite injury to the cause of good morals. They have affected not only the taste, but I fear also the principles, of the young, the heedless, and the imaginative, by the exhibition of interesting and beautiful monsters. They render depravity attractive, sometimes by the polish of its manners, and sometimes by its very extravagance; and study to show off crime under all the advantages of cleverness and dexterity. Gentlemen, this is an extraordinary murder, but it is still a murder. We are not to lose ourselves in wonder at its origin, or in gazing on its cool and skilful execution. We are to detect and punish it; and while we proceed with caution against the prisoner, and are to be sure that we do not visit on his head the offences of others, we are yet to consider that we are dealing with a case of most atrocious crime, which has not the slightest circumstance about it to soften its enormity. It is murder; deliberate, concerted, malicious murder."

Other extracts in abundance we might make, full of interest in themselves, and illustrating the several features of Mr. Webster's style and manner which we have indicated; but we must refer our readers to their own recollections, or, where these fail, to the volumes themselves. The extracts we have made will serve to illustrate, not only the simplicity of his language, but the strength of his expressions, and the repose of his manner. The quiet majesty of his style in the more felicitous moments of the orator, or when the reporter has been the more competent to his task of reporting his speeches word for word as delivered, has sel-

dom been surpassed, if equalled, by any American, or even English writer. Burke is the English writer with whom we most naturally compare him. As an orator he is far superior to Burke; as a profound and comprehensive thinker, perhaps he falls below him; as a writer he is as classical in his style, as cultivated, and as refined in his tastes, and simpler and more vigorous in his expression. In many respects Burke has been his model, and it is not difficult to detect in his pages traces of his intimate communion with the great English, or rather Irish statesman, who perhaps, taken all in all, is the most eminent among the distinguished statesmen who have written or spoken in our language. We have no thought of placing Mr. Webster above him; but he surpasses him in his oratory, for Burke was an uninteresting speaker. Burke is full, but his fancy is sometimes too exuberant for his imagination, and his periods are too generous and too overloaded. Now and then he all but approaches the inflated, and is simply not bombastic. His work on the French Revolution is a splendid work, a vast treasure-house of historical lore, of sound political doctrines and wise maxims for the statesman, but it frequently lacks simplicity, and is sometimes a little overstrained in its manner. The effort of the author to sustain himself at the height from which he sets out is now and then visible, and his voice, in executing some of the higher notes of his piece, well-nigh breaks into falsetto. Our countryman appears to us to possess naturally a stronger and more vigorous mental constitution, and to carry himself more quietly and more at his natural ease. The only modern writers, as far as our limited reading extends, who in this respect equal or surpass Mr. Webster, are the great Bossuet and Goethe, though we must exclude Goethe's earlier writings from the comparison. The simple, natural majesty of Bossuet is perhaps unrivalled in any author, ancient or modern and in his hands the French language loses its ordinary character, and in dignity, grandeur, and strength becomes able to compete suc-

cessfully with any of the languages of modern Europe. Goethe is the only German we have ever read who could write German prose with taste, grace and elegance, and there is in his writings a quiet strength and a majestic repose which are surpassed only by the very best of Greek or Roman classics. Mr. Webster may not surpass, in the respect named, either of these great writers, but he belongs to their order.

We have dwelt the longer on these features of Mr. Webster's style, because they are precisely those which our authors and orators most lack. The American people have no simplicity, no natural ease, no repose. We are always striving to be great, sublime. We must be inflated, grandiloquent, or eccentric. Even in our business habits, we strive after the strange, the singular, or the wonderful, and are never contented with old fashions, quiet and sure ways of prospering. We must make or lose a fortune at a dash. We have no repose, are always from the moment we are breeched till wrapped in our grave—clothes, in a state of unnatural excitement, hurrying to and fro, without asking or being able to say why or wherefore. We are all afloat upon a tumultuous ocean, and seem incapable of enjoying ourselves save amid the wildness and fury of the storm. Our authors and orators, as was to be expected, partake of our national character, and reproduce it in their works. The best thing we can do is to give our days and nights to the study of the volumes before us, which present us admirable models of what we are not, but of what we might and should be.

But we have exhausted our space, and must bring our remarks to a close. We have intended to be fair and just towards Mr. Webster, and our readers will readily perceive that we have written on the principle of saying the best we can, and not the worst, without violating the truth. We have done so, because we have never been one of Mr. Webster's partisans, and have on more occasions than one expressed in strong language our dissent

from his particular measures, or the line of policy he has recommended. We have also done so, because Mr. Webster is really a great man, and our country is not so rich in great men as to permit us to overlook or to deal harshly with one so eminent as he unquestionably is. He is one of the few survivors of a generation of distinguished men who are passing away without leaving any successors.

We love our country and delight to honor her really great men. What we have censured in Mr. Webster he owes to his age and country. What we have commended he owes to himself. What we tional wisdom of our ancestors, and we honor him all the more that he is one of the very few of our countrymen who respect that wisdom, and do not believe that whatever is novel is true, and whatever is a change is an improvement. We have read his writings from time to time, and as here collected, we would fain hope not without profit, for which we owe and would willingly pay him a debt of gratitude. If not all that we could wish, they are among the best things which our country has given us. The author has done something, more than any other man in our day, to sustain and enhance the true glory of the American name, and while we live we shall cheerfully honor him, and we shall delight to see him honored by his countrymen. We would willingly see the laurel that binds his brows remain green and fresh, for the honor it bestows is identified with our common country, and is a patrimony to be inherited by our children.

———o———

VINCENZO GIOBERTI

Vincenzo Gioberti was born in Turin, Italy, in the year 1801 and was educated in the University of his native city. His parents were respectable, but apparently not wealthy. They brought up their son for the priesthood, and at a suitable age he received orders and became one of the chaplains to the king, Carlo Alberto. He was a most diligent student, and devoted himself most assiduously to the study of theology, philosophy, history, and literature, both ancient and modern. At an early age, whether before or after receiving orders, we are unable to say, he had his period of doubt, as have most young men of generous mind and liberal studies, with sufficient seriousness ever to think in regard to the grounds of their faith, and so was induced to study profoundly the foundations not merely of the Catholic Church in whose communion he had been brought up, but of Christianity itself, nay, of all religion. The result of his studies was a firm and unwavering conviction, which never deserted him to the hour of his death, not of the truth and utility of all that passes for religion even among Catholics, but of Christianity, the Catholic Church, and the real Catholic dogmas. He studied the terrible questions raised by his doubts, not professionally as a lawyer studies his brief, but seriously, earnestly, in order to arrive at truth for himself, for his own mind and his own conscience, and with a science, an ability, and a genius for grappling with the profoundest and most abstruse philosophical and theological problems, never surpassed, if equalled, since the great St. Augustine. He has especially investigated the relation of reason and revelation, faith and science, church and state, religion and civilization, and attempted to determine scientifically the real ground on which the antagonism existing between them disappears, and their dialectic harmony is founded, and practically preserved. His genius as well as his learning is encyclopædic, and his works may be studied with equal

advantage by the scholar, the artist, the philosopher, the theologian, and the cultivators of the so-called exact sciences.

Gioberti was a patriot, an Italian, and, an ardent lover of his country, and of liberty, though not precisely in the sense of European democrats. He had the indiscretion one day to say in the presence of a friend, that he thought "the people might, without danger to the state, be admitted to a liberal share in the government." His words were reported to the police, and on that very night he was ordered to leave, within twelve hours, the Sardinian territory. He belonged to none of the secret societies which were then plotting Italian insurrections, and does not appear to have had any political relations with the Italian Revolutionists of the time. He was a student, and an exemplary priest, not at all mixed up with political affairs. But he had in private conversation given utterance to a liberal thought or sentiment. That was enough, and he was exiled. Exiled from his native country, he thought first of going to South America, but was induced by a friend to go to Paris. He found himself there, a stranger in that center of the best and the worst influences of the age, poor, destitute of friends, suspended from his priestly functions and without means of support, but the scanty and precarious pittance to be gained from ill-appreciated literary labors. He remained not long in Paris, but soon went to Belgium, and took up his residence at or near Brussels, where he remainel during the greater part of his exile, finding employment and the means of living, as a teacher in a private literary institution. Here he composed and published the greater part of all his works published during his lifetime, while living in comparative obscurity, loved and honored by a few friends with whom he kept up an affectionate correspondence, and especially the poor, whose wants he freely and lovingly relieved to the full extent of his means. He was eventually recalled from his exile, and restored to his native country. He visited Rome where he was cordially received by the

Holy Father, who gave him his blessing, and permission to celebrate Mass, and where he was honored by all that was distinguished in the city. For a few short months he was made prime minister and wielded the Piedmontese government. As a practical statesman he was not successful. He failed, for he was guided by principle rather than expediency. He flattered no party, and favored the peculiar prejudices of no class or faction. It is not as a statesman that he will live in the memory of his countrymen. A statesman, as well as the commander of an army to be remembered must succeed. He who fails, the world always holds to be without merit. He must live, if at all, as the thinker, the erudite scholar, the classic writer, the profound philosopher, the acute theologian, the Catholic reformer. His works, it is said, have been placed on the Index, and we certainly cannot cite them as the works of an approved and unsuspected Catholic author. But we say frankly that we have never found them maintaining any proposition censured by the Church.

The circumstances attending the death of Gioberti at Paris, at the age of fifty-one years, in the prime of his life, and the full vigor of his intellect, while engaged in completing works of vast extent, profounder and more important than any he had published, are variously related, and the exact truth will, perhaps, never be known, or if known, will never be acknowledged. It seems agreed on all hands that his death was caused by a fit of apoplexy, brought on by too intense study and over exercise of his brain, with too little rest and too little sleep. He is said by some to have died suddenly, alone in his room, and without the last sacraments, or the presence of a priest. This is the more common version. Others report that he so far revived as to receive the visit of his confessor and the last rites of his church, and that he finally expired with the most edifying marks of firm faith and tender piety. Which is the true account we know not, although we believe it is conceded that he received Christian

burial in consecrated ground, which would seem to imply the more favorable account. He was a man naturally of strong passions, but his life was morally irreproachable. He was remarkable for his temperience, his purity, and his charity to the poor. He is described to us by those who knew him well, to have been a very handsome man, above the medium size with head, hair, and features of the English, rather than of the Italian type. From a bust executed at Rome in 1847, which we have seen, and which is said to be a capital likeness, we could not say that the representations of his character by his enemies are necessarily false. The head is large, the features are regular, classical and finely chiselled, but they lack that open, frank, genial expression that at once inspires confidence, and wins the heart. They have the air of a man too conscious of his own superiority, and too well satisfied with himself. It is the bust of a strong man, but of one against whom you feel it is no lack of charity to be on your guard.

As a writer, Vincenzo Gioberti, for classic purity, elegance, clearness, force, and dignity of style, has no superior, if any equal, in the Italian language. His taste is correct and his judgment sound, his diction is pure, choice, and exact, and his style, noble, grand, majestic; calm, equal, natural and graceful, fitted to the grand and lofty subjects on which he writes. He is a perfect master of his own language, and knows the exact value of every word he uses, its exact meaning, even to its finest and most delicate shade; and you cannot change a single word in any sentence he writes without changing its sense; or take a sentence out of its connection without impairing its meaning, and doing the writer great injustice. Yet he is never dry, stiff, or stilted. He moves with an easy natural grace, and passes on through the most difficult and abstruse problems of theology and metaphysics without relaxing his gait, without the slightest apparent effort, or consciousness that he is not dealing in the ordinary way with the most ordinary

topics. He has never to stop and take breath. is never labored, involve, obscure or difficult. His march is even, easy, and unrestrained, and if you cannot follow him, it is because you have no genius for the topics he discusses, or are fettered by your false training, and have your natural understanding perverted by absurd and incomprehensible systems. He is always master of his language and of his subject, and the Italian is flexible to his purpose, and proves in his hands equal to the expression of the deepest and loftiest thought, and the nicest shades of meaning. He is never obliged to force into it any unnatural or unusual forms, to adopt any unidiomatic or unfamiliar locutions, or to disfigure it by the introduction of new and barbarous terms, as the scholastics were in their use of Latin, and as the recent English and Scottish writers are, or imagine they are, in the use of our own language. The metaphysicians of Oxford and Edinburgh write in a sort of jargon which has only a remote affinity to genuine idiomatic and classical English. They are as far from being masters of their mother tongue as they are from being masters of true philosophic thought.

Vincenzo Gioberti may not have the fervid eloquence we meet in the philosophical Lecons of our old master, Victor Cousin, nor his genial warmth, but he surpasses him in depth of thought, in ease, in sustained elegance and dignity of expression, and nobility, and grandeur of style. He is master of what the French rhetoricians call "the grand style," which we need not say is infinitely remote from the pompous, met with so often in Italian, Spanish and Irish writers, who affect it, and fail ridiculously. Among French writers Bossuet stands first and almost alone as master of the grand or majestic style, and he succeeds only by sometimes forgetting to be French. Even he lacks the repose, the calm strength and the easy, natural, and graceful gait of Gioberti. We see as in his Elevations, or Meditations on the Mysteries, that he does not rise easily and by his native strength to the height he aims at,

and is obliged to work himself up, to make an effort, to strain and tug, as if in need of help. Gioberti's strength is always equal to his demands, and he rises easily and without effort to the highest possible regions of human thought, and possesses himself of the sublimest truths revealed to the human understanding. Among philosophers, Plato is the only one with whom in this respect, it would not be unjust to compare him. He is clearer, more distinct, more exact in his thought and expression than Plato, equally profound and sublime, with a wider field of truth, and a firmer grasp, but is inferior to him in the poetic charm of his imagination. He is as witty as the old Greek, but has less of that modification of wit which the Latins called urbanitas, and less of that good-natured raillery which exposes the error without wounding its defender, so conspicuous in the Athenian. His wit, is apt to express itself in sarcasm, is a little bitter, is too superb, and seldom fails to wound. The Athenian laughs at you, makes you confess yourself a fool, but without offence, or forfeiting your friendship; you love him all the better for it. But if in this respect he has the advantage of the Italian, it is the only advantage. In philosophic genius, in intellectual strength, in the wonderful mastery of language, the Italian yields nothing to the Athenian, while in grasp of thought, in natural grandeur, in science, erudition, penetration, intuition, he surpasses him, and has been able to correct and complete his philosophy.

The great defect in Vincenzo Gioberti's character is an excessive pride, and a manifest lack of what is called the humility of the cross. His private correspondence, and even here and there a passage in his published writings as well as the testimony of his friends prove that he did not lack tenderness of heart, and that he was susceptible of sincere and lasting friendship. But in his finished writings his air is too superb, his manner towards his opponents too disdainful. He seems always too conscious of his own immeasurable superiority. But

in all this we may misread his real character, and do him great injustice. Genuine humility is always unconscious of itself, and what passes under its name is often only the most offensive form of pride. The studious effort which many writers make to conceal pride always betrays its existence. There is often less egotism in using, than in avoiding the pronoun I. We know from experience that authors are accused of exorbitant pride when that is the last vice with which they should be charged. Christian humility is the root of every Christian virtue, but it does not consist in hanging down one's head like a bulrush, or in proclamations of one's own unworthiness. It has no relation with self-abasement or servility of spirit or manner. It is compatible with magnanimity nay is the very basis of true magnanimity of soul. Its manner is always open, frank, manly. The humble man does not depreciate himself any more than he depreciates others; he simply forgets himself and acts ingeniously, naturally, always according to the true relations of men and things. The humble man is a gentleman from an innate sense of truth and justice, from good feeling and good nature, what others are by artificial training. Still, we should like Gioberti better if he was more human, and less bitter and sarcastic, if the smile on his lips was less self-complacent, less sardonic, more genial and warmer, more evidently a smile of the heart. The irony of Plato charms us, and binds us to him as our brother, even when we feel that we are its subject. He is roguish, but not malignant. His wit is playful and good-humored, a little of the bon diable, but never satanic. But Gioberti's wit, though delicate and keen, is felt, and the victim winces under the operation, and grows indignant at the wound it leaves. Yet he may be after all, really as good-natured as the old Athenian, but simply graver and more in earnest, and less conscious of the wounds he inflicts, or the pain he gives.

Since Gioberti's death his friends have published, at Turin, eight volumes in octavo of unedited

manuscripts, consisting of treatises blocked out, but unfinished, and selections from his correspondence. These with the works he published during his life, embrace all science in its principle, method, unity, and universality, whether natural, revealed, metaphysical, theological, cosmological, political, ethical, physical, or æsthetical.

The difficulty which so many feel in accepting revelation as an element in philosophical science, is much lessened, if not completely removed by Gioberti's doctrine of the supernatural, which distinguishes it from the superintelligible, and unites or identifies the natural and the supernatural in the creative act of God, thus making the supernatural as intelligible to us as the natural. The difficulty has grown out of supposing revelation to be the revelation of an order distinct from, above, and intrinsically unconnected with the order intelligible to our natural reason. He asserts for the human mind the faculty of superintelligence. By it we know not what the superintelligible is, but that there is a superintelligible, a reality transcending not only what we know but even what without revelation we are able to know. It springs from the soul's counsciousness of her own potentiality, and of her present impotence to know and possess all reality. By it the soul is advertised that she has been created with powers which are unfulfilled, and for an end, an infinite reality, which by her own powers alone she is impotent to possess. Hence she is satisfied with no finite knowledge, and however far she may roll back the clouds of her ignorance and enlarge the field of her science, she feels that there is an infinitude beyond, which she longs for as the lover for the absent beloved, and sorrows in her heart till she finds it present and sees God face to face, in his very essence, as he is in himself. This faculty of superintelligence is in the soul a premonition, a fore-feeling of revelation, a craving for it, and an aptitude to receive it. It is the psychological basis of faith,, that by which man is rendered a creditive subject. It will perhaps relieve

some minds prejudiced against recognizing supernatural revelation as an element or condition of science, to know, that Gioberti holds that the revelation was made in the beginning, that it is coeval with the race, and was infused into man by his Creator along with language, which is the medium of its transmission, and from which it is taken.

Nothing is more certain with regard to man than this faculty, as Gioberti calls it, of superintelligence, or the consciousness of the soul of its own inability to suffice for itself, and its need of attaining to that which transcends its natural ability. Nothing is more certain, than that the soul is conscious of capacities not fulfilled, of a potential knowledge not yet attained to, of a potential happiness not yet realized, of the capacity of eternal progress, and an unbounded good. Hence the soul's unrest, its dissatisfaction with its present state, and hence hope and effort:

> "Hope springs eternal in the human breast,
> Man never is, but always to be blest."

———o———

LITERATURE, LOVE, AND MARRIAGE

The question we raised in our last Review, as to what works are to be called literary works, may receive a more restricted answer than we gave it. Literature is frequently taken by modern writers in the sense of polite literature, or what the French call belles-lettres. In this more restricted sense, it does not include professional works, or works devoted specially to science or the sciences. It must express something universal, and be addressed to the common understanding and common sentiments of all cultivated readers. There is, if we may so speak, a certain universal mind in all men who think, and certain sentiments common to all men who feel. It is to these common sentiments and this universal mind that polite literature is addressed, and these it must aim to embody or express in its creations. Not that the literary man is not free to express individualities, or to describe local manners, usages, habits, and customs, but he must do it always under some relation to the common and the universal. These common sentiments, and this universal mind embrace what goes ordinarily under the name of common sense, good sense, taste, or good taste. To determine their basis, their existence, or their authority beyond human nature as we find it, is the province of science, not of general or polite literature.

The philosopher knows that in this universal mind, and in these common sentiments, there is the intuition of an ideal that transcends human nature, that transcends all created nature identical with Him who is "First True, First Good, and First Fair;" without which the human mind could neither exist nor operate, the human soul neither feel nor aspire, neither know nor love. But the literary man as such, takes no account of this, and is contented to express human nature and its ideal without looking beyond it, and to embody the best he can the intuition, the sentiments, the beliefs, the convictions which he finds to be common to all men. He prac-

tices art without giving its philosophy. He who is truest to this common and universal human nature, and expresses it with the most vividness, clearness, distinctness, vigor, and energy, is the prince of literature, as the homage rendered by all men who read them, to Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare, amply testifies.

As this common and universal nature is in every living and full-grown man, the true artist whether he writes or paints, sings or sculptures, pronounces an oration or designs a temple, is he who best expresses what is truest, deepest, richest, and broadest in his own human nature. He who only copies the convictions, sentiments, or ideal of others, without having found them in himself, or made them his own, by his life and experience is unworthy of the noble name of artist, however successful he may be as a copyist or an imitator. He must draw from the well within himself, from his own inspiration, his own life and experience, his own ideal, or an ideal that he has really assimilated and made his own. So of the literary man. A literature which is simply copied or imitated from a foreign model is no literature at all in its artistic sense.

It is not meant by this, that the literary man, to be original, must say nothing that has been said before him, for that would imply that no modern can be original. It is doubtful if there remains anything to be said that has not been said a thousand times over already, and better said than anyone can now say it. The author often finds, on extending his reading, that even in the very passages in which he honestly believed that he was saying something new, he had been anticipated ages ago. You can find little even in Shakespeare that is not, in some form, to be found in his predecessors. Originality does not consist in saying things absolutely new, or which no one has said before, but in expressing in our own way, from our own mind, what we ourselves have really thought, felt, or lived.

Our American literature wants, generally speak-

ing, originality, freedom and freshness. It lacks spontaneity, is imitative, and, for the most part, imitative of the English. We, as a people, are educated up to a certain point, better educated up to that point, perhaps, than any European people, but we are not a highly educated nor a highly cultivated people. A certain number of our scholars, historians, poets, and novel writers have a mental and social culture that places them on a level with the cultivated men of Europe; but in general, our easy classes have more instruction than cultivation; while our poorer classes, excluding those of European birth, if better informed, are less well trained than those even of England. In literature and art we are provincials, striving to ape metropolitan fashions. Hence our literature is constrained and stiff, and has a certain vulgar air and tone. Like the American people themselves, it lacks free, manly, independent thought. It is licentious enough at at times, in doctrine and speculation, but there is all the difference in the world between license and freedom. In many sections we can find impudence enough, not infrequently taken for independence. But as a people, we have very little real independence of character. What will they say? has more influence with us than with any other people on earth. My wife has constantly the fear of Mrs. Grundy before her eyes, and is afraid to consult her own taste, convenience, or means in furnishing her house, or in selecting and shaping her dresses. In politics we go with our party, and never dare think beyond it or differently from it; and hence it would be difficult to find a civilized nation on earth so destitute of scientific and thoroughbred statesmen as our own. In religion we believe, or do not believe, with our sect, denomination, or church, accept or reject its symbols alike without thought, without reason, and without any perception of their meaning. In literature we copy, or try to copy, the English, the French, or the German, seldom venturing to give free play to our own original powers, or even suspecting that we have any. There is even in our

best literature a constant effort to conform to a foreign standard, to write or sing, not as we want to write or sing, but as somebody else has written or sung. Ralph Waldo Emerson is almost the only original writer of distinction that we can boast.

We have any quantity of fictitious literature, fictitious in all the senses of the term, produced chiefly by women, and therefore weak, sentimental, preventing instead of aiding, high national culture. We prize women as highly as do any of our contemporaries, but we have no great liking for feminine literature, whichever sex has produced it. Woman has a noble and important intellectual mission, but she performs it by her conversational rather than by literary gifts. Her genius may emit flashes which penetrate even further into the surrounding darkness than the slower intellect of man, but the light is not steady enough, and is too transient, to enable us to see even the outlines of the objects it momentarily illumines. Man can penetrate further and rise higher by her aid than without it. Yet even the light she flashes, and which is so serviceable to him, has been struck out by her collision with the masculine intellect, and the problems she helps to solve she could never have conceived, if man had not first suggested them, and prepared her to grasp them. She can aid man, but can do nothing without him. She was made for him, and in herself is only an inchoate man. The effort of our strong-minded women, to raise their sex from the position of drudge, plaything, or an article of luxury, is praiseworthy and well deserving our sympathy and cooperation. But when they go further, and attempt to make her as independent of man as he is of her, they forget the respective provinces of the sexes, and simply attempt to reverse the laws of nature, and assign to the female of the species the office of the male. It is not conventionalism, but God, that has made the man the head of the woman, and not the woman the head of the man, and every day's experience proves that the men who lend themselves to the silly woman's rights movement are

precisely the men least acceptable to women. A woman wants a man, not a woman, for her husband, and a man wants a woman, not a man for his wife.

The curse of the age is its feminity, its lack, not of barbarism, but of virility. It is the age of woman-worship. Women are angels; men are demons. Our modern literature, not our brave old English tongue, makes all the virtues feminine and all the vices masculine. A well-formed, fair-faced, sweet-tempered and gentle-spoken woman, if young and accomplished is an angel. Her sentimental tears, are angel's tears, though her heart is cold, selfish, incapable of a single generous emotion or heroic virtue—an angel, though utterly regardless of the misery she needlessly inflicts on an accepted lover, if her caprice only calls her to suffer also. Sweet angels are the dear creatures, if we may believe modern literature, though they make all connected with them thoroughly wretched, if they have gentle manners, pretty faces, and sweet voices. Yet it must be conceded that we have no class of writers who draw so much from themselves, in their writings, as our literary women. They draw from themselves, and draw themselves, and present women, under the veil of pretended female modesty, which prevents her from being open, frank, truthful, honest, as self-willed, capricious passionate, rash, artful, artificial, false, servile, tyrannical, exaggerating mole-hills into mountains, and seeing everything through the distorting medium of a morbid sensibility. Their fault, a feminine fault is, that they exaggerate, and write themselves down infinitely worse than they are. Though moderately well read in feminine literature, we cannot call to mind a single heroine, drawn by a female hand, that is really frank and truthful, unless it be Jane Eyre, and Dinah, in Adam Bede, and no one that a sensible man could love, or wish for his wife.

But literature is the exponent of the life and character of the people who produce it. The stream cannot rise higher than its source or fountain. Our authors, whether male or female, have la-

bored, and still labor, under many disadvantages. The American people have the germs of romance in them as have every people, but they have not as yet developed. Our country is new and our people, as a distinct, free and independent people, have hardly as yet attained to a consciousness of their own existence. The materials of romance have not yet been furnished us. We are removed from the old homestead, have lost its legends, traditions and associations, and have too recently settled in the wilderness to have created them anew for ourselves. There is little mystery in our ordinary life, and we have, save in the southern Atlantic states, acquired no deep attachment to the soil, and are, if not a nomadic race, at least a moving and a migratory, rather than a sedentary people. We have rich, varied, and magnificent natural scenery, though rarely equalling that of Europe, Mexico, or South America; but no human memories hallow it, and render it either poetical or romantic, and as a people we are not nature-worshippers. We have not that intense love of external nature which the English have, or affect to have. We are too familiar from our childhood up with woods and fields, pastures and meadows, winding brooks, water-falls, precipices, sheep-feeding, lambs frolicking, cattle browsing, partridges whirring, quails whistling, birds singing, to go into ecstasies over them. If we are capable of being impressed by them, we have seen and felt more than the poet can express in his song, or the romancer seize and embody in his description.. We have our rivers, our lakes, our forests, our mountains; but these, to serve the purpose of literature, must be associated with man, and consecrated by human joy or sorrow, human affections, or the fierce struggle of human passions. The wild Indian was a resource, but it has been exhausted by Cooper; and besides, the Indian is himself the least romantic of mortals, and the memory of his treachery, his cruelty, and the fierce struggle for life which our pioneer settlers have had to sustain with him is too recent to be poetical or romantic. We have a glor-

ious nature, no doubt, but it is barren of legends, traditions and human associations, unpeopled with fairies, even with dwarfs. Descriptions of it, soon become wearisome to the mind, fatiguing to the soul, as do our immense and treeless prairies to the eye. In traversing these prairies, we long for a hill, a tree, or anything that can break the monotony. Nature without man, or human association, as Byron well maintained, is not poetical, and cannot sustain a literature that does not soon become fatiguing and repulsive. We have never been able to admire Cole's picture of The Voyage of Life; for though the human is there, it is dwarfed and crushed beneath the wild and massive nature overhanging. The human is too feeble to transform it, or to clothe it with the bright and unfading lines of its own immortal spirit.

Most of us even, who live in cities, have been born and brought up in the country, and our cockney class, to whom nature is a novelty, is very small. Our cities themselves are mostly huge market-towns, where people congregate to trade, not to live. They are, with two or three exceptions—of which New York is not one—provincial in their tastes, manners, and habits; looking to some foreign city, chiefly London or Paris as their metropolis. The commercial spirit dominates, and the commercial spirit is always and everywhere the most positive spirit in the world, so positive and hard, that it is only by a figure of speech that we can call it a spirit at all. The commercial classes engrossed in business, intent on making, increasing, or retrieving their fortunes, have little leisure, and less taste for general literature, and absorb whatever of poetry or romance they may have in their nature, in business operations, or hazardous speculations. Our country residents are mostly country people. They have some education, but the mass of them, even when great readers, though characterized by much natural shrewdness and quickness of apprehension, have not much mental culture, or intellectual development or refinement. Their tastes are crude and coarse, and after the journals—become a necessity

of American life—they crave yellow-covered literature, what are called "sensation novels," or works addressed specially to the sentiments, emotions, or passions. The more cultivated, but much smaller portion, who have wealth, leisure, and taste for polite literature of a higher order, rely principally on the supply from England, France, Italy and Germany, or content themselves with reperusing the classics.

The Americans as a people are colonists, and parvenus. We have never felt that we are a nation, with our own national metropolis. Washington is only a village where are the government offices and where congress meets. It gives no tone to our literature, and only partially even to our politics. Boston is more of a literary capital than Washington, but it is the capital of New England rather than of the nation. New York and Philadelphia are great book-manufacturing cities, but no great literary centers like London or Paris. New York especially is the Leipsig of America, but the population of which it is the business center is hardly counted by the trade in their calculations of the sale of a book. New York subscribed for just one-eighth as many copies of Agassiz's great work on the Natural History of the United States, as Boston. In our cities so numerous and so wealthy, and so marked by their hurry and bustle, luxurious taste, and frightful extravagance, the great majority of the wealthy citizens have become rich by their own exertions, and successful speculations. They had sometimes, and sometimes had not, a good business education to begin with, but in general as little mental culture or refinement as wealth. Engrossed in money-getting, they have had little time and less disposition to supply their early deficiencies. Their brains exhausted in their business pursuits, they cannot find relaxation in a literature that makes any demand on their intellects. They must seek their relaxation either in light, flashy, emotional novels or in sensual pleasures. As parvenus, we seek rather to forget than to recall our own past. We are in a position which we were not born to, which we were not brought up

to, and which we feel that we may at any moment lose. We have no freedom, no leisure to cultivate the mind, to develop and purify our tastes, to find enjoyment in intellectual and spiritual pleasures. With fine original mental constitutions, with an unequalled cerebral activity, which unhappily tells on our bills of mortality, save in special or professional studies, there is perhaps no civilized people that is not above us in the higher intellectual culture, and in the development of thought. We are in this respect below Great Britain, and Great Britain is below most of the continental nations. Even the Irish and German peasants who migrate hither, soon come to leave our old American population in the lurch, and to govern the country.

Some of these disadvantages are, no doubt, common to all modern society, so universally pervaded by what the late Emperor Nicholas justly stigmatized as the "mercantile spirit" which makes all things venal, and estimates a man by what he has, not by what he is. Worth, now-a-days, means hard cash, or what can be exchanged for hard cash. But this "mercantile spirit," which turns even religion into speculation, and coins genius into money, is more rife in our country, and finds less to counteract, or temper it than elsewhere. Here it coins the blood of our brave and heroic defenders, the widow's desolation, the mother's grief, and the orphan's wail into money, which our shoddy nabobs display in the form of silks, laces,and jewellery, with which they deck out their wives and daughters, as we are learning by an experience that will, in the end, be as bitter as it has hitherto seemed sweet. It is hard for genuine literary men to be formed in such a medium, and still harder for them to find a large appreciative audience, or public. Nevertheless our literary artists must not despair. They must struggle manfully against the false taste and false tendencies of the age and nation, not by preaching against them and scolding them, as we do in our capacity of critic; but by laboring to produce fitting and attractive examples of what literature should

be, by careful self-culture, by acquiring habits of independence, and by avoiding all servile imitation —not study—of foreign models, whether ancient or modern. No man writes well, unless he writes freely from his own life. Above all, let them bear in mind that a literature destined to live, and to exert an ennobling influence on the national character, must entertain the ideal, be replete with thought, inspired by an earnest purpose, and addressed to the understanding as well as to the affections, passions and emotions. Truth has a bottom of its own, and can stand by itself. But beauty cannot. It exists only in the relation of the true to our sensibility or imagination, as a combination of intellect and sense. The form of ancient classic literature is unsurpassable, but that literature finds its vital principle, that which preserves it as a living literature to-day, chiefly in its thought, in the truth which it expresses to the understanding, though under the form of the beautiful to our sensitive nature. Hence all efforts to exclude the study of the classics from our schools and colleges have failed and will fail. The neglect of the ancient classics marks simply the advance of barbarism.

Some of the remarks we have made have been suggested by reading Hannah Thurston, a story of American life, by Bayard Taylor, late secretary of the American legation at the court of St. Petersburg. Mr. Taylor enjoys a high reputation as a literary man. He is said to be a poet. Whether so or not we are unable to judge, for to our loss no doubt, we have read only two or three of his occasional songs, of which we did not think much. He has been a great traveller, has seen much, and relates well what he has seen. But we really know him only by his Hannah Thurston and can judge him only as the author of that work. As the author of Hannah Thurston, he has most of the faults of American writers in general, and very few of the merits of such writers as Irving, Cooper, and Hawthorne; and he even ranks below several of our female writers, such as Miss Sedgwick, and the author

of "Miriam and Husks." He strikes us as a feminine man. The virile element in him, apparently, is weak, and he writes more as a man of sentiment than as a man of thought. His story is well conceived and is conducted with artistic skill to its conclusion. His intention has been good and he deserves high praise for it. His book may be read once, if not with intense interest, without fatigue; but we broke down in our attempt to read it a second time. It is unlike Thackeray's novels, which interest more on a second than on a first perusal. His book shows some experience of life, fine powers of observation, some humor, and now and then unobtrusive wit, but it lacks strength—free vigorous masculine thought. It is called "A Story of American Life," and American it is, and none but an American could have written it; for none but an American could have shown us the same evident effort to write like an Englishman, without ever attaining to the real English manner. The American who does not try to write like an Englishman, and is contented to write as a man whose mother tongue is English, will catch more of the English manner than the one who does.

Mr. Taylor is unmistakably American. His style has the peculiarly nasal twang. We Americans lack the English aplomb, the English round and full pronunciation. We do not feel ourselves full-blooded Englishmen, are afraid to be ourselves, and seldom speak out, like men, our own mother tongue in a full round voice. We speak through the nose, in a thin sharp voice, as if afraid to speak with an open mouth. This is especially true of us in the Northern states; in the South and West we find more individual independence. As a rule we both write and speak our common language with more grammatical correctness than do the English, but rarely with the same ease, fluency, and idiomatic grace. Our writers have as much genius, ability, and knowledge, as the English, but less mental culture and less self-confidence, as any can feel who compares the North American with the Quarterly, or the Atlantic with Blackwood. There

is almost always something of the plebian and the provincial about us, and we act as if afraid of committing some solecism, or of neglecting some conventional usage which we have heard of but are unfamiliar with. This is easily explained by the fact that English writers themselves had, at the epoch of the founding of the Anglo-American colonies, very little of that high-bred and metropolitan air which the better class of them have now; and by the further fact that the first settlers of the colonies were chiefly provincials, plebians, and dissenters from the national church, to which adhered the aristocratic and ruling classes of the mother country. The American people have sprung, in so-far as of English blood, chiefly from the middle and lower classes of England, for, as Mr. Bancroft has justly remarked, royalty and nobility did not emigrate, and the larger portion of the colonial gentry, such as we had, abandoned the colonies when they declared their independence of Great Britain. The objections to the air and tone of our literature apply more especially to New England, and the middle states. The writers of the Southern states have the temper and tone of a slaveholding community, are independent enough, but are too florid, too wordy, and incline to the pompous. Western writers are free enough, but inflated, turgid, bombastic, and neglectful of the graces and proprieties of our mother tongue. Indeed, we are daily losing throughout the Union the purity, the simplicity, and directness demanded by the English genius, as is also the fact in England, owing to the extraordinary development of journalistic and periodical literature, and to the influence of Hibernian and feminine writers. The writers for our leading journals are in no small proportion Irishmen and for our popular magazines women, or what is far worse, feminine men, who have great fluency and little thought.

Mr. Taylor has a touch of the nasal twang, of the middle states, which is very distinguishable from that of New England, but not a whit more agreeable or manly. The real "Down East" ver-

nacular has been rendered classic by our excellent friend Seba Smith, in his famous Jack Downing letters, the only man who has yet written it. Haliburton, in his Sam Slick, and Professor Lowell of Cambridge in his Bigelow Papers write it as a language they have learned, as many Americans, ourselves especially, do English, never as their mother tongue. With Mr. Seba Smith the language of "Down East" is really vernacular, and he writes it as naturally, as gracefully, as idiomatically as Burns or Scott writes broad Scotch, or Gerald Griffin, the Munster brogue. We ought to be a good judge in this matter, for the Down East dialect was our mother tongue, and we never heard any other spoken till we were a right smart lad. Mr. Taylor writes English, very correct English, but with an American twang, all the more remarkable, for he evidently tries to write English as an Englishman. We find no fault with any writer for writing according to his own national character. Americans are not inferior to Englishmen, and the inferiority of our literature is due to our fear to be ourselves. Human nature is as broad, as rich, as living in us as in Englishmen. Their mother tongue is ours, and we can write it as well as they, if we only write as they do, from our own minds and hearts, and learn to express our own thoughts and sentiments in our own way, with frankness, directness, naturalness, and simplicity. Mr. Taylor's fault is, being an American, in trying to play the Englishman.

Mr. Taylor is a practised writer, and writes with much facility, but he is neither a profound, nor a vigorous writer. Still he is a shrewd observer, and if he does not go to the bottom of things, he skims gracefully over their surface. His satire is free from malice. He is pleasant bright, good-humored, and never ruffles your temper, or offends your taste. There are passages even, in his book which indicate that he has a deeper nature than he displays, and has thought more than he pretends. It is after all, only the smallest, and that not the best part of the man, that the author is able to express,

and there are few men or women whose experience is not deeper and richer than can be found in the pages of the truest, deepest, and richest romance. Never yet has fiction been able to match the romance of real life. Mr. Taylor is unquestionably far superior to his book, but he does not after all, strike us as a man of deep feeling or of original and far-reaching thought. He designs well, constructs not unhappily the outlines of history, gives us its dry bones, properly arranged, and proves himself a good literary anatomist. But he succeeds not in clothing them with living flesh, nor in breathing a soul into the body, and bidding it live which Heinrich Heine says is the grand defect of English literature in general. The English nature has more heart than soul, and is more remarkable for a deep sensibility, which it masks under a rough and bluff exterior, than for spirituality, and Americans in this respect, especially in the free states, share largely in the English nature.

Mr. Taylor lays the scene of his story in the interior of the state of New York in the pleasant village of Skaneateles—Ptolemy as he calls it— on the borders of the beautiful Skaneateles Lake, one of the most charming lakes in a state that should be callel the Lake State. His design has been to satirize gently, very gently, yet keenly, effectively, certain faults and follies into which our Anglo-Saxon nature betrays us. He points his wit and humor at several classes of philanthropists and world-regenerators, far more numerous and rampant before the outbreak of the rebellion than they are now. He laughs and bids us laugh, moderately, at sewing-societies, and tea-parties, among our spinsters, and some not spinsters, to make dresses for a pupil or two of the missionary schools in India, or to clothe half a dozen negro children in the interior of Africa, as yet unvisited by any traveller, European or American, though in this he has been preceded and surpassed by Dickens in his Bleak House. He takes off admirably the one-sidedness of the original abolitionists, the folly of Fourierism, the vain preten-

sions and immoral tendencies of Mesmerism, modern Spiritism, and free-loveism, and discourses at length, philosophically, politically, economically and æsthetically on woman's rights, all of which had numerous advocates in the village named, and in or near which was founded an experimental establishment or community for the general and particular improvement of the human species and giving the finishing stroke to the Creator's work. This part of his novel is happily conceived and well-executed, and deserves for the author the warm gratitude of the public.

But we cannot say as much of the love-story. Hannah Thurston, who gives her name to the book, is the daughter of Quaker parents, has herself been brought up a Quaker, but has strayed beyond the limits prescribed, by George Fox and Robert Barclay, and can hardly be said to be a Quaker at all. She has made humanity her God and philanthrophy her worship. She has devoted herself, body and soul, to the assertion of woman's rights, and insists that woman has the right to be treated as a man, to enter public life, or upon any public career, as a man, and to vote and be voted for as a man. She is, or wishes to be, a man-woman, and to force all men to recognize and respect her manly claims, which would be very well, if she were a man, and not a woman. She is tall, well-formed, very handsome, intellectual, passably educated, and on some subjects well instructed, refined in her tastes and feelings, liberal, generous, benevolent, but intolerant and unyielding where her principles and sense of justice are not acknowledged. She is about thirty years of age, has had several offers of marriage, which she has rejected, because she wishes to remain free to devote herself to the cause of humanity, so grossly and shamefully outraged in the degraded position in which society places her sex. The hero and lover is a certain Maxwell Woodbury, an American gentleman just returned from India, at the age of thirty-seven, where he has acquired wealth, or at least independence. He becomes acquainted at a

tea party with Hannah, whose views on woman's-rights he combats. We have no space to follow the sharp and protracted discussions which took place between them. The author manages them passably well on both sides, but, so far as the logic goes, he gives the advantage decidedly to Hannah, who proves herself the better man. Indeed she argues her cause bravely, and maintains her ground firmly, successfully, and makes more progress in converting him than he does in converting her—which is the best possible argument against her side of the question. They quarrelled almost from their first meeting, and for a long time quarrel as often as they meet, each obstinately refusing to see the other's side. The quarrels, at first, excite mutual dislike, then they excite mutual interest, and end in each falling desperately in love with each other. Hannah triumphs in the argument as women always do, but is vanquished by love. Her head is strong but her heart is weak. Maxwell promises to inquire, to look closer into the question, and she is sure if he does, he will agree with her. They, in fact, both inquire—into the state of their own hearts, find they have great "harmony of sentiment," and a true "union of hearts," and conclude the best thing they can do is to marry, and the great question is settled in the way women and feminine men settle all great questions, not by reason, but by love, the grand conciliatory. He, poor man, lets her have her own way, and she, proud woman, loves him, and when in due time, she adds to her love as wife, her love as mother, she does his pleasure, for she finds that in pleasing him she best pleases herself.

There is much truth to nature, especially to woman's nature in all this, but not to the nature of Hannah Thurston, who has lived to the age of thirty totally ignorant of the first motions of what is called love. The Hannah Thurston whom we knew, and we knew her well, though under another name, and when she was some years younger, never betrayed such weakness. She was more beautiful, as well as more majestic than Mr. Taylor has de-

scribed her. She was tall, well formed, graceful in all her motions, and dignified in her whole deportment. Her features were large, but of the purest classical type. Her complexion was the fairest and richest that we have ever seen, and her large deep blue eyes expressed rare sweetness, strength, and energy. Her manner was gentle, quiet, self-possessed, proud, commanding, not haughty or disdainful. She had tenderness, but no sentimental effusion, and never dissolved in tears. She appeared to be above all human weakness, self-poised, and self-sufficing, and conscious of ability to govern a household or an empire. You never thought of her as lovely, but regarded her as queenly. She married when about twenty-five, not because she loved, but because she wanted a servant, and was willing to pay him his wages. Love in Mr. Taylor's sense of the word, she could not, and obey any will but her own she would not, even were it the will of Heaven. Such was the real Hannah Thurston of our acquaintance, from whom Mr. Taylor has modelled his heroine and therefore we insist that her falling in love with Maxwell Woodbury, and marrying him as her husband, her lord, not as a servant, is a fiction. The real Hannah Thurstons are ideal, not sentimental, and sentiment in their vocabulary does not mean love, and though they may sometimes fall through the senses, through the sentiments, never. They are born with lofty natures, the choice souls of their sex. If they love at all it is only in the ideal, with that sublime affection of the soul which Plato discourses of with so much eloquence, or unfolds with that poetic charm which takes captive even the most unwilling of his readers.

People laugh at Plato's love, which, according to him, is one of the two wings on which the soul soars to the empyrean. But it is very real, and all love into which it does not enter is an intoxication of the senses, or weak, variable, and transitory sentiment. Hence that admonition to husbands to love their wives, and wives their husbands "in the Lord" and hence the benediction which the church bestows

on Christian spouses. But as this mystic love does not necessarily nor always prove a guaranty against the movement of the senses, it is always dangerous to cultivate it between the sexes where the marriage relation does not exist, and is out of the question. Hence the justice of the warnings of all moralists against so-called Platonic attachments. Mr. Taylor's mistake is, in giving us a Hannah Thurston of this high ideal character, who can love only with this ideal love, and then making her succumb to sentiment, and fall in love with Maxwell Woodbury, and marry him as an ordinary woman, or a sentimental girl, just out of the nursery. This is not true to Hannah's nature. Women of her caste may sometimes be moved through the senses, and become the slaves as well as the tyrants of men they loathe, but there is no moving and binding them through the sentiments. They have sense and reason, body and soul, flesh and spirit. Their souls aspire to the highest ideal, which they find and can find in no man. They have no sentimental illusions and in their love either rise to heaven or sink to hell.

The author makes the same mistake with regard to his hero, in whom are the types of two very different classes of men. To be what the author wished to represent him, Maxwell Woodbury should be a man of high moral principle, who acts always from faith and duty, and never from mere sentiment. He should be as little sentimental as sensual. Yet though he has honorable instincts, elevated and generous feelings, good sense, and good breeding, he is sentimental rather than ideal. And if to a certain extent, independent in his views, with the courage, in spite of village associations, to smoke his hookah, and take his glass of old sherry with his dinner or a friend, he has no religious principles, no positive convictions, and acts from no high moral or ideal motives. When Mrs. Merryfield leaves her husband, and runs off with a scamp to join the free-love community, he insists on her return, indeed, but not from a sense of duty, or reasons addressed to her conscience. She must do it to

avoid scandal, to prevent the village gossip, and because her husband loves her, is a more agreeable man than she thinks, and there is less incompatibility of temper between them than she has suffered herself to believe. She would miss her husband and her children, and at her age, and with her memories and associations, she would not find the society of the free-lovers as agreeable as she fancies. Her husband is a worthy man, and she can never be happy in reflecting that she left him desolate, and her children worse than motherless. He so well manages her self-love, that she fancies that it is she who shows herself generous and self-sacrificing in returning to the home she has abandoned; not her husband in receiving and reinstating her in her position as wife and mother, without a word or look of reproach.

Governed by a sense of propriety, by his good taste and generous feeling, by sentiment, rather than by reason, wealthy, independent in his position, a returned East Indian, comparatively young, in the full vigor of his manhood, endowed with robust health and true manly beauty, Maxwell Woodbury could never have contracted a sentimental marriage, or what is called a marriage for love, with Hannah Thurston, who is older as a woman, than he is as a man, and all whose associations, habits, tastes and sentiments are at variance with his own. He might have dispensed with wealth, but not at his age, with youth. That he could have done only as a youth himself. He could no more have married for love a woman thirty years old, who from early youth had mingled with all sorts of men, sat with them on the same platform, and, throwing aside the veil of her modesty addressed public meetings in defense of political, social, and domestic changes, all of which offended his taste or convictions, and some of which he regarded even as immoral, than he could a cast-off mistress or a notorious courtesan. He could at best have married her only to get a housekeeper, or some one to make his tea and coffee, to bring him his slippers and light

his pipe. If they had had the high ideal character the author wished to give them, they would have been above all sentimental illusions, and if they had married, it would have been for other reasons, and with other views than those assigned. Taken as they are represented, as sentimentalists, and above all mercenary motives, their marriage was simply impossible.

Mr. Taylor, and nearly all our popular writers on love and marriage, commit the mistake of placing the highest ideal of love in the sentimental order, and of expecting the happiness of the married life from the sentimental union of hearts. The most unhappy marriages are usually sentimental marriages, and we have never heard of a love-match that was not an unhappy match. A real union of hearts there may be, and there often is, but not a sentimental union. The harmony of sentiment the author speaks of is an illusion, and never yet existed between two individuals of the same sex or of opposite sexes. It sometimes appears to exist between two young lovers, and they are persuaded that it does exist, but they are deceived in themselves and in each other, for they heed only the sentiments which tend to unite them, and take no account of those which are naturally repellant, and which not seldom gain the mastery before the end of the honeymoon if not suppressed by a sense of duty and a strong effort of the will. Then nothing is more uncertain, variable, and fickle, than sentiment. It depends more on physical than rational causes, and the finest imaginable sentimental union may be sundered forever by a rainy day, a fit of indigestion, a nervous headache, an idle word heedlessly dropped by an idle friend or acquaintance, a misapprehended jest, look, or gesture, or any assignable cause whatever. All sentiments taken alone are purely selfish and in sentimental love we love only our own sentiments. Sentiments are the affections of the sensitive soul, merely modes of our own interior life and never go out of it. We attain to a reality out of us by sense and reason, never by sen-

timent, and therefore in sentiment we love never another, but simply ourselves, or our momentary state of feeling. The feeling changed, the union is dissolved and the love gone.

The necessity of woman's nature, and equally so of man's nature, is to love. But all love is worship. The fine or high-sounding talk of the woman, that she would be loved as for herself alone, and of the man that he wants to be loved for what he is in himself, when it is not simply a protest against a purely mercenary marriage, proceeds from the sentiment of pride, and is a demand that each shall regard the other as God. Two young lovers under the illusion of the sentiment of love when it first becomes conscious of itself, may, in the intoxication of the moment, regard each other as divine, but they both become, in each other's estimation very mortal after the intimacy of married life. Men and women, say what we will, are imperfect creatures, and love can tolerate no imperfection in its object. No woman is worthy to be loved in and for herself alone, and no man is in himself, and for himself alone worthy of love. Men and women, the great no less than the small, being creatures do not suffice for themselves. How then can a love which stops with the creature, which on the part of the man stops with the woman, and on the part of the woman stops with the man, suffice for itself? Husband and wife may and should be all in all to each other, in relation to other men and other women, but they never in themselves alone suffice for their own mutual love.

The error of supposing love as a sentiment suffices for the basis of a happy marriage is productive of much misery in our modern society. Women, save in the lower classes, are very generally educated, and intellectually as well as sentimentally. Their education has raised them above a mere instinctive life, and developed in them wants which cannot be satisfied in the sentimental order. They can satisfy their craving to love and to be loved only in an order that transcends the finest and most generous

sentiments as well as the senses. Yet their education does not supply the ideal wants it develops. It makes them aware of the necessity of the ideal to their happiness, and then sends them to seek it in the sentiments, where it is not to be found. The young girl is hardly out of the convent, or the boarding school before her sentimental illusions are dispelled, and, supplied with a clear understanding of nothing higher, she becomes cold, dry, hard, unloving and unlovely. She looks upon marriage as a purely mercenary thing, and coolly calculates for how much she can afford to sell herself or consent to be sold. Once married, she insists on receiving her price, which she proceeds to spend in such dissipations as she has a taste for, or as are within her reach, always in search of a new sensation. Or if the illusion continues till after marriage, the result is no better. Married in the expectation of finding happiness in the union of hearts and the harmony of sentiments she soon finds that she has wants that these pretty things do not satisfy—ideal wants which they cannot meet—and she either suffers from the interior craving to love with no object to love, the most lively image of hell that the human imagination can form, or she tries like her sister, who married without love, or expecting love, to find relief or forgetfulness in some sort of sensual dissipation. The evil is not confined to women. Men suffer from it hardly less than women. The need as well as the power of loving and being loved in man is even greater than in woman, and hence the chief reason why she almost always controls him, never yielding her will to his, and seldom failing to make him yield his to her. Woman's nature is lighter, more superficial than man's, and she is incapable of the strong, deep, and abiding affection which he experiences. Hence she can always, if she chooses gamble on his love, and be his tyrant. A great deal of needless commiseration is bestowed on woman, as if they were always the victims of man's tyranny or brutality. What women most love is their own will and they generally contrive to have it. Men

suffer more than women, but they do not make so much fuss about it.

The age does not err in its demand for the ideal; its error is in confounding the ideal with the sentimental. Love-matches are, we have said, usually unhappy, and however parents may have abused their power in individual cases, we have no doubt that in former times, and in countries where the old custom continues, the average of happy marriages, arranged by parents and guardians, was and is much higher than with us, where the young people take the matter into their own hands, barely condescending to inform their parents of the fact, or going through the formality of asking consent when it is too late to withhold it. But a good custom become obsolete can never be revived, for it becomes obsolete because the course of events has left it behind. The age again does not err in setting a high value on sentiment, for the sentimental has its place in human nature, especially Anglo-Saxon nature, and its function in human life. The error is in supposing that it does or can suffice for itself. In supposing that love is fatal, is destiny, uncontrollable by intelligence and will. In not understanding that all love is worship, and that the creature can be safely loved only in the ideal, in the Creator. To love the creature in the Creator; or one another in God, in whom we live and move, and have our being, is not to love one another less, but is to give to love, a rational and solid basis, a real substance to complete it, and render it constant, abiding, and immortal as the human soul itself.

The age craves the ideal, suffers for the want of it, but does not know that in the nature of things it can be supplied only by Christian faith, hope and charity. The soul is spiritual, and the sensible and sentimental can satisfy it only as it integrates them, or sees them integrated in the ideal, in God, the beginning and end of all things. The Christian religion is the revelation of the ideal, and it places it within the reach of all who are not turned away from it by false doctrines or a false education. The

age misconceives both religion and its necessity. It patronizes religion, asserts its utility, its necessity even, for savage and barbarous tribes, for nations in the infancy of civilization, for the lower classes, for the simple, the illiterate, the ignorant, and for women and children, even in our old civilized communities; but by no means for the enlightened, the cultivated, the highly civilized, the learned, the scientific, and the strong. It comprehends not that the nearer we approach to the animal world, the less do we feel the need of religion. That the higher we rise in the scale of civilization, the more educated and enlightened we become, the deeper and more pressing are the wants developed in us, which cannot be satisfied either with the sensible or the sentimental. These wants imperatively demand the ideal order, which transcends them and brings us into immediate relation with the origin and end of all things. Religion does not recede as science advances. The more we know of the universe, the intenser becomes our consciousness of the need of knowing and loving it in its principle and cause. Ignorance and barbarism are the greatest of all obstacles to religion. It is almost impossible to get savages and barbarians to accept any religion but a gross and debasing superstition founded on fear or dread, not on intelligence and love. The ignorant fear the wrath of the angry gods, and seek to appease them with costly presents, and painful, often cruel, sacrifices. This sort of religion, rather of superstition, no doubt recedes as science advances; but not true religion, the religion founded on love, and which meets the soul's craving. The greater the advance of civilization, the less can men and women enjoy themselves, find interior peace and serenity, without religion.

No doubt the age in words, insists on religion, and formally teaches it in its schools, but as something foreign to the human soul, imposed from abroad, enjoining a round of duties only arbitrarily connected with human life, and not needed or fitted to satisfy the wants that education has developed

in the soul, and of which we are so painfully conscious. Our popular authors have learned that all worship is love, and all love is worship. But they teach us to love the Creator in the creature. They do not understand that when we love God only in loving creatures, we are simply idolaters. That all idolatry is not only sin, but slavery, that degrades and debases, instead of purifying and elevating the soul. They should reverse their doctrine. The unsatisfactory nature of the love which seeks to love the creature in itself, is due to the fact that in itself, or out of God, the creature is nothing, and presents no object to love. The love therefore is necessarily an empty sentiment, a simple interior craving which finds only itself to feed upon.

This lovmg of creatures in God is a love which has a real object. It is unfailing and unbounded, for the creature in God is perfect, complete, infinite, and may receive the full love or supreme homage of the soul. Marriage based on this love is sacred, holy, and can never, whatever the imperfections of the spouses, be utterly miserable, because it can never leave the mind utterly empty, and the soul to devour herself. In this sense all love— the sensible, the sentimental, the ideal—is holy, and marriage, in all its mysterious rites and relations, is as pure, as high, as laudable as virginity; for in all the soul offers her supreme homage to her Maker. The whole meaning of all this is, that in love and marriage, reason or the ideal is primary, and the happiness is sought from the cheerful and faithful performance of the duties which belong to the married state, and to the state of the married in life. The faithful and loving performance of these duties secures repose and serenity of soul, even where the sentiments of the spouses do not happen to be perfectly harmonious. That delicate young girl just from school, who from a sense of duty and filial piety, marries in obedience to her parents' wishes, a man whose sentiments, tastes, and habits, are by no means accordant with her own, may at first recoil, but she is not necessarily miserable, and the

marriage may turn out a happy one, because nothing not within the power of good-will is necessary to make it so. The affections do not precede it, they follow it. The fine sentiments, the deep gushing feeling, the French woman's grande passion, is not necessary to the happiness of married life, and indeed would never answer for every-day life. It would wholly unfit us for the ordinary duties of our state, and we suspect that the truest and noblest Christian wives and mothers, they who have been dearest to their husbands, and are held in the most grateful and touching recollections by their children have never felt it. We think the less one knows of it the better. Sentiments at best are only the condiments. They can never be substantial pieces of the feast, which must be good sense, intelligence, and duty. A man would soon starve on curry, or London Club sauce.

We have said here nothing new. The parson, in his sermon has said it all, my dear, a hundred times. I have only given you the philosophy of his sermon, and shown you that it accords with the nature of things, save in accordance with which neither you nor I, however wise I am, or beautiful and angelic you are, can be happy, married or unmarried. So take what I have said kindly, for if I am old now, I have been young, and remember too well the follies of my youth.

———o———

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

Those of our readers who have not read this beautiful little volume—"The Vision of Sir Launfal"—by J. R. Lowell, from the University Press, Cambridge will be able to form some idea of its general purpose and character from the author's "Note," which we copy, as its most appropriate introduction.

> "N*95.—According to the mythology of the Romancers, the San Grail or Holy Grail, was the cup out of which Jesus partook of the Last Supper with his disciples. It was brought into England by Joseph of Arimathea, and remained there, an object of pilgrimage and adoration, for many years, in the keeping of his lineal descendants. It was incumbent upon those who had charge of it to be chaste in thought, word, and deed; but one of the keepers, having broken this condition, the Holy Grail disappeared. From that time it was a favorite enterprise of the Knights of Arthur's court to go in search of it. Sir Galahad was at last successful in finding it, as may be read in the seventeenth book of the Romance of King Arthur. Tennyson has made Sir Galahad the subject of one of the most exquisite of his poems. The plot (if I may give that name to anything so slight) of the following poem is my own, and to serve its purposes, I have enlarged the circle of competition in search of the miraculous cup in such a manner as to include not only other persons than the heroes of the Round Table, but also a period of time subsequent to the date of King Arthur's reign."

Mr. Lowell may be right in calling the Holy Grail the cup from which our Lord communicated his disciples at the Last Supper, but properly speaking, the Holy Grail, or San Greal, was not the cup, but the blood from the side of our Lord, when on the cross, which the legend asserts was received into the cup, and preserved in it. The name is a cor-

ruption of the Latin Sanguis realis, or of the French Sang reel. Mr. Lowell has materially changed the character of the old legend. In the original legend, the Knight, after performing his devotions and preparing himself for the search, went forth in pursuit of the Holy Grail, and the poet simply narrated his adventures, and his success or his failure. Mr. Lowell dispenses with the devotions, with the actual pursuit and adventures, and contents himself with making his knight see a vision. This alteration is characteristic of the difference between the early romantic age and our own. The old knights of romance, whatever the defects of their lives—and they were rarely perfect models—were always devout, always retained and loved the faith, and if they sinned, were ready to do penance—the next best thing to not sinning; and they really did go abroad, were active, ready and able to encounter danger and to endure fatigue. They lived and acted in the open world, out of doors, among real objects. But the modern, stay for the most part indoors, repose on soft couches, and dream. Their adventures all pass in their sentimental reveries; their heroic deeds and knightly conduct are visions.

Mr. Lowell has not only modernized the external character of the old legend, but he has entirely changed its internal character. The moral of the old legend was the merit of chastity, in thought, word, and deed; and chastity not merely in relation to one passion, but in relation to all the passions—chastity of the entire body and soul. Mr. Lowell dispenses with this as with the devotion, as foreign to the ideas and habits of tthe moderns, and more likely to offend than to interest. He makes the moral, turn, not on the motives from which, but on the feelings with which one acts. Thus he sings:

"As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate,
He was ware of a leper, crouched by the same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate;
And a loathing over Sir Launfal came,
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
The flesh 'neath his armor did shrink and crawl,

And midway its leap his heart stood still
Like a frozen waterfall;
For this man so foul and bent of stature,
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn,
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

"The Leper raised not the gold from the dust:
'Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door;
That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight
That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all invite,
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before.'"

This giving of alms from a sense of duty will not do. The vision continues:

"'For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms';
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees naught save the grewsome thing,
The leper, lank as the rain-blanched bone
That cowered beside him, a thing alone
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas
In the desolate horror of his disease.

"And Sir Launfal said—'I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side.
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me.
Behold through Him, I give to thee!'

"Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise
He had flung an alms to leprosie,
When he caged his young life up in guilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust;
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,

And gave the leper to eat and drink;
'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
'Twas water out of a wooden bowl,
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

"As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate,
Himself the gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.

'His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine,
And they fell on Sir Launfaul as snows on the brine
Which mingle their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;
And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
'Lo, it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes without avail,
Thou has spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold, it is here—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need,
Not that which we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who bestows himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me.

Sir Launfal awoke as from a swound;
'The Grail in my castle here is found.
Hang my armour up on the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet hall;
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail.'"

Here is the moral; no matter what we give, if we give from a sense of duty, we merit nothing; we are truly charitable and meritorious in our alms only when we give with them our feelings, or rather when we give them without motive, from the simple impulse of love. Mr. Lowell is either a bad psychologist or a mad moralist. Love, as distinguished from the sense of duty, is an affection of the sensible instead of the rational nature. He who acts

from a sense of duty acts from the highest and noblest love of which man is capable. He who acts only from what we may term sensible love acts from his lower nature—that which he possesses in common with many animal tribes. For our own pleasure and convenience in acting, it is always desirable that our emotions should harmonize with our sense of duty. But for the meritoriousness of our actions, it is not at all necessary. He who performs a duty which is repugnant to his nature, and which demands great self-denial and self-command, is far more meritorious than he who performs an act, in itself considered of equal worth, to which he feels no repugnance. To throw alms in scorn to a beggar is, indeed, not meritorious, because there is no virtuous intention, and because scorn of a brother-man, however low or however loathsome his appearance, is always wrong. But it is clear, from the author's comment, that the "scorn" he charges upon Sir Launfal, was simply giving from a sense of duty, and therefore no scorn at all.

> "He gives nothing but worthless gold
> Who gives from a sense of duty."

In fact, the author shows through his whole poem, that he has never made his philosophy, and is ignorant of the first principles of ethical science. This detracts from his merit as a poet no less than from his merit as a moralist. The poet aims, and should aim, at the expression of the beautiful, but the beautiful is the form of the true, and cannot be found where the true is wanting. We are not so unreasonable as to ask of the poet a system of metaphysics or a code of ethics. We do not ask the artist to leave his own proper department, and to enter that of science. We understand the distinct sphere of art, and highly appreciate it—more highly perhaps than we get credit for—but we do contend that no man can be a true poet, or artist, who has in his mind a false speculative system. His mind must be informed with ideal truth, or he can never apprehend or express true beauty of form,

and all ideal truth pertains to the department of speculative science. The poet must know as well as feel and know principles, the eternal verities of things, in their normal order and relations, or, his expression will be broken, confused, the ebullition of lawless passion, the extravagances of a wild and inconstant fancy, or the incoherent ravings of folly and madness.

Here is a point on which, in these times there are many erroneous and mischievous opinions afloat. Everybody knows that the great poets, the great artists, have never flourished, save in epochs and countries marked by severe discipline, and ennobled by serious and solid studies. The flourishing period of true art is always immediately preceded or accompanied by a flourishing period of philosophy, of moral science, and of religious truth. Just in proportion as men lose sight of the great and eternal truths of religion, of the discoveries and teachings of a sound philosophy—that is, of the ideal truth in the supernatural order and in the natural—their artistic productions become mean and contemptible. It is not that art must dogmatize, speculate, or indulge in didactic teaching, but that the truths of religion and philosophy must be received into and form the mind of the artist. In ages that are serious, earnest, enlightened, when men do not scorn the ideal truth and fritter away their powers on merely external and sensible objects, these truths are generally recognized. They form the basis of all moral and intellectual culture, and are taken in with ordinary speech or language, in which they are embodied—so to speak, incarnated. The man endowed with artistic genius—that is, one who has received from nature the gift, when they are presented to his mind, of apprehending and distinguishing these truths under the form of the beautiful—is furnished with the requisite conditions of art, and can give birth to expressions which all men shall admire; for then he has present to his mind and soul ideal truth, which is always universal and eternal.

But in other epochs, when religion and philosophy, which supply the artist with his materials,, are lost sight of or obscured; when the truths of revelation and speculative science no longer preside over education, and form the basis of moral and intellectual culture; when the mind and the heart are turned to the external, and become intent only on sensible and material objects—there can be no genuine art; for the ideal truth is no longer apprehended, and, when no longer so apprehended, it can no more be expressed under the form of the beautiful than under the form of science itself. Hence it is—though for the last two hundred years, there has been no lack of aspirants to artistic creation—there has been no art. The divine idea, supernatural truth, was obscured by the reformers, and has been pretty much lost sight of by their descendants. There has appeared no philosopher and there has been no philosophy since the middle of the seventeenth century. The ideal truth, which was embodied by our Creator in language has remained undistinguished. Serious studies, unless in some of the physical sciences, have been despised. The mind has been turned outward to sensible objects, and the heart and soul have been wasted on the material, the ephemeral, and frivolous. Art has therefore languished, and its cultivators have been able to copy only imperfectly the old masters. If we except, and we are hardly willing to except, Alfieri, there has been no poet since Milton. Goethe and Schiller had poetical genius of a high order, but the former was ruined by sensism and pantheism—both equally opposed to ideal truth—and the latter by his lack of religious faith, and his Kantian philosophy, which even in the practical reason obscures and enfeebles the truth which the poet must seize and express. Byron had the subjective power of a great poet, but had present to his mind, as the material of art, far less of ideal truth than either Goethe or Schiller. France has never yet excelled in art, for her genius is not philosophical, does not aspire to the higher order of truth, is

turned to objects of sense, to the outward world, and seldom rises above secondary ideas. The first American poet is probably not yet born.

Mr. Lowell has a lively fancy, a quick eye for material beauty, or, as we say, the beauties of nature, and considerable facility of expression. He can see and express the beauty of a daisy, of the bee collecting honey, of cows feeding in the pasture, of the cock clapping his wings and crowing, and even something of the life of a spring morning, the sultriness of a summer noon, and of the golden hues of an autumnal sunset; but beyond or above he does not appear able to go. When he aspires, he falls. When he seeks to express the beauty of moral truth, he only proves that he has never clearly and distinctly beheld it. His glory is, that he believes in moral truth. He believes that there is the divine and eternal idea back of the ever-changing appearances which flit past his vision; but his misfortune is, that he has never beheld it. That he has at best, caught only a partial and transient glimpse of the objects around him, in the night, when a sudden flash of lightning for an instant furrows the darkness which envelops them. With solid training under the direction of religion and sound philosophy, which should have given elevation to his soul, clearness to his view, firmness to his will, and sanctity to his aims, he would have been a poet. He has no complaint to bring against nature. He has, if we may so speak, genius enough potentially, and artistic genius. But he has neither been subjected to the discipline, nor has he submitted himself to the serious and patient labor of thought, necessary to reduce the potentiality of his nature to act. Alas! we must say this, not alone of Mr. Lowell, but of nearly all our contemporaries, in this superficial and frivolous age.

We have touched cursorily on several points in these brief remarks, which we regret that we have neither the time nor the space at present to develop. We love art, and, of the various species of art, we love poetry the best. But we have too high an ap-

preciation of its character and office to receive with favor the light and frivolous productions of our modern race of poetasters and versifiers, however beautiful their print and paper, or rich and tasteful their binding. Puerile conceits, flimsy sentiments, fake philosophy, bad morality, even delicate and truthful descriptions of merely material objects, though expressed in flowing numbers and harmonious verse, we cannot honor with the name of poetry. We have no wish to treat harshly our young aspirants to poetic fame, to wound their feelings or to damp their courage. But, for the honor of our age and the interest of modern civilization, we feel that it is necessary to raise our voice, feeble though it is, against the miserable trash which under the name of literature, is inundating Europe and America, and threatening the extinction of what little virtue and manliness may yet remain. Would that there were amongst us a strong masculine voice, that could make itself heard amid the din and chatter of the age, and, with mingled kindness and severity, recall our youth to the antique depth of thought, greatness of soul, and energy of will. To impress upon their yet ductile minds the solemn truth that they must aim higher, submit to longer and more rigid discipline, and devote themselves for years to those solid studies which task all their faculties, and call forth all the potentialities of their souls, before venturing to appear before the public, either to instruct or delight it. No one who would deserve well of his countrymen,, leave his mark on the age, or live in the memory of his race, should entertain for a moment that silly doctrine now prevalent, that the great and enduring in art must be a spontaneus production, and that a work is worthless in proportion to the labor of intellect and will that its creation has cost. Poetry is not the instinctive and unpremeditated utterance of the spontaneous emotions and conceits of the poet. It might do to say:

Ich singe wie der Vogel singt
Der in dem Zweigen wohnet.

if man were a blackbird. But it will not do unless we are careful to understand it in Goethe's sense, now since man is man, and must find his glory in the cultivation and exercise, under the will and by the aid of his Maker, of his proper humanity.

We do not ask the poet to encroach upon the province of the theologian, or of the philosopher. We do not ask him to make his poem a sermon, a didatic lecture. We do not wish him to be careful to tack a formal moral on to its end as is done in Æsop's Fables. But we do ask that he feed his mind and his soul with the highest order of religious and speculative truth, and that he discipline himself to express this truth under the form of the beautiful. We would have him eminently religious, because eminently true and eminently moral, because eminently religious. We would have him serious, earnest, great, sublime, by virtue of the universal, and eternal verities of things with which he holds intercourse. We have no inclination to restrict his sphere, to trammel the freedom of his mind, or to forge shackles for his genius. What we desire for him is freedom, elevation, greatness, manliness, a clear and lofty intelligence, and a robust virtue, which are absolutely impossible in the nature of things without a severe and thorough discipline, and the possession of the highest order of truth, both natural and supernatural.

"Our readers will understand from these remarks, why it is we have been severe on the light literature of the day, and why we have treated with so much harshness the young brood of religious novels with which we are threatened. We condemn not art in any of its forms. We condemn not poetry. We oppose not even works of fiction. We object not to the cultivation of man's whole nature, to the employment of any of his faculties, or to pressing into the service of religion even sentiment and imagination. On the contrary, we approve and call for them all, only let the mind that writes be fed, and the heart that admires be filled, with the truths of religion and philosophy. The man who has been right-

ly nurtured, whose faculties have been rightly disciplined, whose mind has been enlightened, will strengthened, and soul elevated by profound study of ideal truth, and possession of the eternal verities of things, may appeal to all nature and express himself in what forms he pleases. His expressions will be true and beautiful, his influence will be moral, will favor a robust civilization, and manly virtue, which in the saint will rise to heroic sanctity, and command the veneration of all good men.

THE ORIGIN OF CIVILIZATION

Sir John Lubbock, though his name is not euphonious, is, we understand, an English scientist, highly distinguished and of no mean authority in the scientific world, as his father was before him. He certainly is a man of large pretensions, and of as much logical ability and practical good sense as we have a right to expect in an English scientist. He of course, adopts the modern theory of progress and maintains that the savage is the type of the primitive man. That man has emerged from his original barbarism and superstition to his present advanced civilization and religious belief and worship, by his own energy and persevering efforts at self-evolution or development, without any foreign or supernatural instruction or assistance.

Sir John contends, one has only to study and carefully ascertain the present condition of the various contemporary savage tribes, or what he calls the "lower races," to know what was the original condition of mankind, and from which the superior races started on their tour of progress through the ages. One needs only to ascertain the germs of civilization and religion which were in their original condition, to be able to comprehend the various stages of that progress, and the principles and means by which it has been effected, and may be carried on indefinitely beyond the point already reached. Hence, in the volume before us—"The Origin of Civilization and the Primitive Condition of Man: Mental and Social Condition of Savages"—the author labors to present a true picture of the present mental and social condition of contemporary savages as that of the primeval man. He assumes that the mental and social condition is that of the infancy of the human race, and by studying it we can attain to the history of "pre-historic" times, assist as it were, if we may be pardoned the gallicism, at the earliest development of mankind, and trace step by step the progress from their first appearance on the

globe upward to the sublime civilization of the nineteenth century—the civilization of the steam engine, the cotton spinner and weaver, the steamboat, the steam plough, the railway, and the lightning-telegraph.

This theory, that finds in the savage the type of primitive man, is nothing very new. The facts Sir John adduces in the support of his theory, as far as facts they are, had been adduced long ago, and were as well known by us before we abandoned the theory as untenable, as they are by Sir John Lubbock or any of his compeers. They may all, so far as they bear on religion, be found summed up and treated at length in the work of Benjamin Constant, La Religion consideree dans sa Source, ses Developpements, et ses Formes, published in 1832, as well as in a mass of German writers. Sir John Lubbock, has told us nothing of the mental and social condition of savages that we had not examined, we had almost said, before he was born, and which we had supposed was not known by all men with any pretension to serious studies. In fact, we grow rather impatient as we grow old, of writers who, because they actually have learned more than they knew in their cradles, imagine that they have learned so much more than all the rest of mankind. No men try our patience more than our scientific Englishmen, who speak always in a decisive tone, with an air of infallibility from whch there would seem to be no appeal, and yet utter only the veriest common places, old theories long since exploded, or stale absurdities. We have no patience with such men as Herbert Spencer, Huxley and Darwin. We are hardly less impatient of the scientists who in our own country hold them up to our admiration and reverence as marvellous discoverers, and as the great and brilliant lights of the age, We love science, we honor the men who devote their lives to its cultivation, but we ask that it be science, not hypothesis piled on hypothesis, nor simply a thing of mere conjectures or guesses.

The modern doctrine of progress or develop-

ment, which supposes man began in the lowest savage, if not lower still, is not a doctrine suggested by any facts observed and classified in men's history. It is not a logical induction from any class of known facts, but is a gratuitous hypothesis invented and asserted against the Biblical doctrine of Creation, of Providence, of Original Sin, and of the supernatural instruction, government, redemption, and salvation of men. The hypothesis is suggested by hostility to the Christian revelation, prior to the analysis and classification of any facts to sustain it. The scientists who defend it are simply investigating nature, not in the interests of science properly so-called, but, consciously or unconsciously, to find facts to support an hypothesis which may be opposed to both. Any facts in nature or history, natural or civil, political or religious, that seem to make against Christian teaching, are seized upon with avidity. They are distorted or exaggerated, paraded with a grand fan-faronade, sounding of trumpets, and waving of banners, as if it were a glorious triumph of man to prove that he is no better than the beasts that perish; while the multitude of facts which are absolutely irreconcilable with it are passed over in silence or quietly set aside, as of no account, or simply declared to be anomalies, which science is not yet in a condition to explain, but no doubt soon will be, since it has entered the true path, has found the true scientific methods, and is headed in the right direction. Science is yet in its infancy. In its cradle it has strangled frightful monsters, and when full-grown, it will not fail to slay the hydra, and rid the world of all its "chimeras dire." But while we do not complain that your infantile or puerile science has not done more, we would simply remind you, men of science, that it is very unscientific to reason from what you confess science has not yet done, as if it had done it. Wait till it has done it, before you bring it forward as a scientific achievement.

We confess to a want of confidence in this whole class of scientists. Their investigations are not free

and unbiased. Their minds are prejudiced. They are pledged to a theory in advance, which makes them shut their eyes to the facts which contradict it. They close their intelligence to the great principles of universal reason which render their conclusions invalid. There are other scientists who have pushed their investigations as far into nature and history as they have, perhaps even further, who know and have carefully analyzed all the facts they know or ever pretended to know, and yet have come to conclusions the contrary of theirs, and find nothing in the facts or phenomena of the universe that warrant any induction not in accordance with Christian faith, either as set forth in the Holy Scriptures or the definitions of the church. Why are these less likely to be really scientific than they? They are biassed by their Christian faith, you say. Be it so. Are you less biassed by your anti-Christian unbe lief and disposition? Besides are you able to say that these have not in their Christian faith a key to the real sense or meaning of the universe and its phenomena which you have not, and therefore are much more likely to be right than you? Do you know that it is not so? There is no science where knowledge is wanting.

The un-Christian scientists forget that they cannot conclude against the Biblical Christian doctrine from mere possibilities or even probabilities. They appeal to science against it, and nothing can avail them as the basis of argument against it that is not scientifically proved or demonstrated. Their hypothesis of progress, evolution, or development is unquestionably repugnant to the whole Christian doctrine and order of thought. If it is true Christianity is false. They must then before urging it, either prove Christianity untrue or an idle tale, or else prove absolutely, beyond the possibility of a rational doubt, the truth of their hypothesis. It is not enough to prove that it may, for aught you know be true. You must prove that it is true, and cannot be false. Christianity is too important a fact in the world's history to be set aside by an undemonstrated

hypothesis. And it is anything but scientific to conclude its falsity on the strength of a simply possible or even probable hypothesis, not as yet indeed proved, and of which the best you can say is that you trust science will be able to prove it when once it is out of its non age. You cannot propose it at all, unless you have scientifically demonstrated it, or previously disproved aliunde the Christian revelation. So long as you leave it possible for me to hold the Christian faith without contradicting what is demonstrated to be true, you have alleged nothing to the purpose against it, and cannot bring forward your theory even as probable, far less as scientific; for if it is possible that Christianity is true, it is not possible that your hypothesis can be true, or even scientifically proved. The scientists seem not to be aware of this, and seem to suppose that they may rank Christianity with the various heathen superstitions, and set it aside by an unsupported theory or a prejudice.

Let the question be understood. Christianity teaches us that in the beginning God created heaven and earth, and all things therein, visible and invisible; that he made man after his own image and likeness, placed him in the garden of Eden, gave him a law, that is, made him a revelation of his will, instructed him in his moral and religious duty, established him in original justice, in a supernatural state, under a supernatural providence, on the plane of a supernatural destiny; that man prevaricated, broke the law given him, lost his original justice, the integrity of his nature attached thereto, and communion with his Maker, fell under the dominion of the flesh, became captive to Satan, and subject to death, moral, temporal and eternal; that God of His own goodness and mercy, promised him pardon and deliverance, redemption and salvation, through His Son made man, who in due time, was born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, was dead and buried, and on the third day rose again, ascended into heaven, whence He shall come again, to judge the living and the dead. This

doctrine in substance, was made to our first parents in the garden, was preserved in the tradition of the patriarchs, in its purity in the synagogue, and in its purity and integrity in the Christian church founded on it, and authorized and assisted by God Himself to teach it to all men and nations.

According to this doctrine, the origin of man, the human species, as well as of the universe and all its contents, is in the creative act of God, not in evolution or development. The first man was not a monkey or a tadpole developed, nor a savage or a barbarian, but was a man full grown in the integrity of his nature, instructed by his Maker, and the most perfect man of his race. And as he is the progenitor of all mankind it follows that mankind began not in "utter barbarism" as Sir John Lubbock asserts, but in the full development and perfection of manhood, with the knowledge of God and providence, of their origin and destiny, and of their moral and religious duty. Ignorance has followed as the penalty or consequence of sin, instead of being the original condition in which man was created. This ignorance brought on the race by the prevarication of Adam, the domination of the flesh, and the power of Satan acquired thereby, are the origin and cause of barbarism of individuals and nations, the innumerable moral and social evils which have afflicted mankind in all times and places.

To this doctrine, Sir John Lubbock opposes the hypothesis of the origin of man in "utter barbarism," and his progress by natural evolution or self-development. But what facts has he adduced in its support, or that conflict with Christian teaching, that prove that teaching false or even doubtful? He has adduced as far as we can see, none at all, for all the facts that he alleges are, to say the least, as easily explained on the supposition of man's deterioration as on the supposition of progress, development, or continuous melioration. Some of the facts he adduces might, perhaps, be explained on his hypothesis, if there was no reason for giving them

a contrary explanation; but there is not one of them that must be so explained. This is not enough for his purpose, though it is enough for ours. He must go further, and prove that his facts not only may, but must be explained on his hypothesis, and can be explained on no other. If we are able to explain, or he is unable to show positively that we cannot explain, all known facts in accordance with the Christian doctrine, he can conclude nothing from them against Christianity or in favor of his naturalism. We do not, he must remember, rely on those facts to prove the Christian doctrine, but he relies on them to disprove it, by proving his hypothesis; and if he cannot show that they absolutely do disprove it, or positively prove his hypothesis, he proves nothing to his purpose.

Sir John Lubbock dwells at great length on the real or supposed rites, forms and barbarous customs observed by any outlying savage tribes or nations, but, before he can draw any conclusion from them in favor of his theory of progress, he must prove that they were primitive. He knows them only as contemporaneous with what he would himself call civilized marriage. How then, without having first proved that the race began in "utter barbarism," conclude from them that they preceded civilized marriage? One thing is certain, we never find them without finding somewhere in the world contemporary with them the civilized marriage. There is no history, historical intimation, or tradition of any custom or conception of marriage older than we have in the Book of Genesis. In that we find the true idea of marriage was already in the world at the earliest date of history, and the vices against it are plainly condemned in the decalogue, contemporary with these very usages, customs and notions of savages on which Sir John dwells with so much apparent delight, and which are barbarous and lax enough to satisfy even our women's rights men. So far as history goes preceding them, the true idea of marriage as something sacred, and as the union of one man with one woman, was known and held, and

therefore could not have been, at least so far as known, a development of barbarian marriages.

The same answer, applies to the question of religion. Contemporary with the savage and barbarous superstitions of the heathen, and even prior to them, we find practiced in its fervor and purity the true worship of the true God. True religion is not developed from the impurities and absurd superstitions of the heathen. It is by no means the growth of the religious sentiment becoming gradually enlightened, and purifying itself from their grossness, for it is historically as well as logically older than any of them. Men worshipped God the creator of heaven and earth before they worshipped the fetish, the elements, or the hosts of heaven. Religion is older than superstition, for superstition is an abuse of religion, as the theologians say, by way of excess, as irreligion is its abuse by way of defect; but a thing must exist and be entertained before it can be abused. Nothing can be more certain than that true religion has never been developed from false religions, or truth from falsehood; for the true must precede the false, which is simply the negation of the true. Christianity is, if you will, a development, the fulfillment of the synagogue or the Jewish religion. Judaism was also, if you will, a development of the patriarchal religion; but in neither case a self-development; and in neither case has the development been effected except by supernatural intervention. It would be absurd to suppose the patriarchal religion was a development of heathenism, since it is historically prior to any form of heathenism, and every known form of heathenism supposes it, and is intelligible only by it. So far was Judaism from being self-evolved from the superstitions of the heathen, that it was with the greatest difficulty that the Israelites themselves, as their history shows, were kept from adopting the idolatry and superstition of the surrounding nations, which shows that their religion was not self-evolved, and that it was above the level of the moral and religious life of the people. Christianity de-

velops and perfects Judaism, but by supernatural agency, not by the natural progress or self-development of the Jewish people; for if it had been, the bulk of the nation would have accepted it, and we know that the bulk of the Jewish people did not accept it, but rejected it, and continue to reject it to this day.

We know also, that the progress of the heathen nations was very far from raising them to the level of the Christian religion. Traces of some of its principles and several of its moral precepts may be found with the gentile philosophers, as we should expect, since they pertained to the primitive revelation; but these philosophers were not the first, but rather the last to accept it. Nowhere amongst the heathens did any Christian communities spring up spontaneously or were of indigenous origin. Christianity sprang out of Judea, and the nations adopted it, in the first instance, only as it was carried to them by Jewish missionaries. And who were these missionaries? Humble fishermen, publicans, and mechanics. Who first received them, and believed their message? Principally the common people, the unlettered, the poor, and slaves of the rich and noble. Were the fishermen of the Lake Genesareth, and the slaves of the Roman Empire, the most enlightened, and advanced portion of mankind? Who dare maintain it, when it is a question of natural development or progress? Had Christianity been the natural evolution of the human mind, or the product of the natural growth of human intelligence and morality, we should have first encountered it not with the poor, the ignorant, the unlettered and wretched slaves, but with the higher and more cultivated classes, with the philosophers, the scientists, the noble, the great generals, and the most eminent orators and statesmen, the elite of Greek and Roman society, those who at the time stood at the head of the civilized world. Yet such is not the fact, but the fact is the very reverse.

The Biblical history explains the origin of the barbarous superstitions of heathendom in a very

satisfactory way, and shows us very clearly that the savage state is not the primitive state, but has been produced by sin, and is the result of what we call the great gentile apostasy, or falling away of the nations from the primitive or patriarchal religion. When language was confounded at Babel, and the dispersion of mankind took place, unity of speech or language was lost, and with it unity of ideas or of faith, and each tribe or nation took its own course, and developed a tribal or national religion of its own. Gradually each tribe or nation lost the conception of God as creator, and formed to itself gods made in its own image, clothed with its own passions, and it bowed down and worshipped the work of its own hands. It was not that they knew or had known better. St. Paul has settled that question, "For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all impiety and injustice of those men that detain the truth of God in injustice. Because that which is known of God is manifest in them. For God hath manifested it to them. For the invisible things of Him, from the creation of the world are clearly being understood by the things that are made: his eternal power also and divinity; so that they are inexcusable. Because when they had known God, they glorified Him not as God, nor gave thanks; but became vain in their thoughts, and their foolish heart was darkened; for professing themselves wise they became fools. And they changed the glory of the incorruptible God into the likeness of the image of a corruptible man, and of birds, and of four-footed beasts, and of creeping things, wherefore God gave them up to the desires of their hearts, to uncleanliness; to dishonor their own bodies among themselves, who changed the truth of God into a lie, and worshipped and served the creature rather than the Creator, who is blessed forever. Amen."

St. Paul evidently does not believe Sir John Lubbock's doctrine that the race began in "utter-barbarism," and have been slowly working their way up to the heights of Christian civilization. He evidently ascribes the superstitions, and consequent-

ly the barbarism of the heathen to the apostasy. Sir John of course, does not accept the authority of St. Paul; but if he cannot prove St. Paul was wrong, he is debarred from asserting his own hypothesis, even as probable. If it is possible to explain the facts of the savage state on the ground of apostasy or gradual deterioration, the hypothesis of development, of self-evolution or natural and unaided progress, falls to the ground as wholly baseless. His hypothesis becomes probable only by proving that no other hypothesis is possible.

But all the known facts in the case are against our scientific baronet's hypothesis. Take Mohammedanism. It sprang up subsequently to both Moses and the gospel. It is a compound of Judaism and Christianity, more Jewish than Christian, however, and is decidedly inferior to either. How explain this fact, if the several races of men never fall or retrograde, but are always advancing, marching through the ages onward and upward? Many of the ancestors of the present Mussulmans belonged to highly civilized races, and some of them were Christians, and not a few of them Jews. Yet there is always progress never deterioration.

But we need not go back to the seventh century. There has been a modern apostasy, and we see right before our eyes the process of deterioration, of falling into barbarism, going on among those who have apostatized from Christianity. The author regards as an evidence of the lowest barbarism what he calls "communal marriage," that is, marriage in which the wife is common to all the males of her husband's family. We do not believe this sort of marriage was ever anything more than an exceptional fact, like polyandry. But suppose it was even common among the lowest savage tribes how much lower or more barbarous is the state it indicates, than what the highly civilized Plato makes the magistrates prescribe in his imaginary Republic? How much in advance of such a practice is the free love advocated by Mary Wolstonecroft and Fanny Wright; the recommendation of Godwin to abolish

marriage and the monopoly by one man of any one woman; than the denunciation of marriage by the late Robert Owen as one of the trinity of evils which have hitherto afflicted the race, and his proposal to replace it by a community of wives, as he proposed to replace private property by a community of goods; or, indeed than we see actually adopted in practice by the Oneida Community? Sir John Lubbock regards the gynocracy which prevails in some savage tribes as characteristic of a very low form of barbarism; but to what else tends the woman's-rights movement in his country and ours? If successful, not only would women be the rulers, but children would follow the mother's line, not the fathers', for the obvious reason that, while the mother can be known, the father cannot be with any certainty. Does not free love, the main-spring of the movement, lead to this? And are not they who support it counted the advance party of the age, and we who resist it denounced as old fogies, or as the defenders of man's tyranny.

Sir John relates that some tribes are so low in their intelligence that they have none or only the vaguest conceptions of the divinity, and none at all of God as creator. He need not go amongst outlying barbarians to find persons whose intelligence is equally low. He will search in vain through all gentile philosophy without finding the conception of a creative God. Nay, among our own contemporaries he can find more who consider it a proof of their superior intelligence and rare scientific attainments that they reject the fact of creation, relegate God into the unknown and the unknowable, and teach us that the universe is self-evolved, and man is only a monkey or gorilla developed. These men regard themselves as the lights of their age, and are so regarded, too, by no inconsiderable portion of the public. Need we name Aguste Comte and Sir William Hamilton, E. Littre, Herbert Spencer, John Stuart Mill, Professor Huxley, Charles Darwin, not to say Sir John himself. If these men and their adherents have not lapsed into barbarism, their science, if ac-

cepted, would lead us to the ideas and practices which Sir John tells us belong to the lowest stage of barbarism. Sir John doubts if any savage tribe can be found that is absolutely destitute of all religious conceptions or sentiments, but, if we may believe their own statements, we have people enough among the apostate Christians of our day who have none, and glory in it as a proof of their superiority to the rest of mankind.

Sir John Lubbock sees a characteristic of barbarism or of the early savage state in the belief in and the dread of evil spirits, or what he calls demonism. The Bible tells us all the gods of the heathens are devils or demons. Even this characteristic of barbarism is reproluced in our civilized communities by spiritism, which is of enlightened American origin. This spiritism, which is rapidly becoming a religion with large numbers of men and women in our midst is nothing but demonism, the necromancy and witchcraft or familiar spirits of the ancient world. Men who reject Christianity, who have no belief in God, or at least do not hold it necessary to worship or pay Him the least homage or respect, believe in the spirits, go to the medium, and consult her, as Saul in his desperation consulted the Witch of Endor. If we go back a few years to the last century, we shall find the most polished people on the globe abolishing religion, decreeing that death is an eternal sleep, and perpetrating, in the name of liberty, virtue, humanity, and brotherly love, crimes and cruelties unsurpassed if not unequalled in the history of the most savage tribes.

We must remember that all these deteriorations have taken place or are taking place in the most highly civilized nations of the globe, whose ancestors were Christians, and with persons many of whom were brought up in the belief of Christianity. Take the men and women who hold, on marriage and religion, what are called "advanced views"—free-lovers, and free-religionists—remove them from the restraints of the church and of the state, not yet up to their standard, and let them form a

community by themselves in which their views shall be carried out in practice; would they not in two or three generations lapse into a state not above that of the most degraded and filthy savages? We see this deterioration going on in our midst and right before our eyes, as the effect of apostasy from our holy religion. This proves that apostasy is sufficient to explain the existence of the savage races, without supposing the human race began in "utter barbarism." If apostasy in modern times, as we see it does, leads to "utter barbarism," why should it not have done so in ancient times?

We might make the case still stronger against the author's hypothesis, if necessary, by referring to the great and renowned nations of antiquity, that in turn led the civilization of the world. Of the nations that apostatized or adhered to the great gentile apostasy, not one has survived the lapse of time. To every one of them has succeeded barbarism, desolation, or a new people. The Egypt of antiquity fell before the Persian conquerer, and the Egypt of the Greeks was absorbed by Rome, and fell with her. Assyria leaves of her greatness only long since buried and forgotten ruins, while the savage Kurd and the predatory Arab roam at will over the desert that has succeeded to her once flourishing cities and richly cultivated fields. Syria, Tyre, Carthage, and the Greek cities of Europe and Asia have disappeared or dwindled into insignificance and what remains of them they owe to the conservative power of the Christianity they adopted and have in some measure retained. So true is it, as the Psalmist says "the wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God." How explain this fact, if these ancient nations could by their own inherent energy and power of self-development raise themselves from "utter barbarism" to the civilization they once possessed, that they could not preserve it. That after having reached a certain point, they began to decline, grew corrupt, and at length fell by their own internal rottenness? If men and nations are naturally progressive, how happens it that we find so

many individuals and nations decline and fall, through internal corruption?

Another fact is not less conclusive against Sir John Lubbock's hypothesis, that in all the nations of the heathen world their least barbarous period known to us is their earliest after the apostasy and dispersion. The oldest of the sacred books of the Hindus are the profoundest and richest in thought, and the freest from superstition and puerilities so characteristic of the Hindu people today. The earliest religion of the Romans was far more spiritual and intellectual than that which prevailed at the establishment of the empire and the introduction of Christianity. Indeed, wherever we have the means of tracing the religious history of the ancient heathen nations, we find it is a history of almost uninterrupted deterioration and corruption, becoming continually more cruel, impure, and debasing as time flows on. The mysteries, perhaps, retained something of the earlier doctrines, but they did little to arrest the downward tendency of the national religion. The philosophers no doubt, retained some valuable traditions of the primitive religion, but so mixed up with gross error and absurd fables that they had no effect on the life or morals of the people. One of the last acts of Socrates was to require Crito to sacrifice a cock to Esculapius. If Sir John's hypothesis were true, nothing of this could happen, and we should find the religion of every nation, as time goes on, becoming purer and more refined, less gross and puerile, more enlightened and intellectual and more spiritual and elevating in its influence.

The traditions of some, perhaps of all heathen nations, refer their origin to savage and barbarian ancestors, and this may have been the fact with many of them. Horace would seem to go the full length of Sir John's theory. He tells us that the primitive men sprang like animals from the earth, a mute and filthy herd, fighting one another for an acorn or a den. Cicero speaks somewhat to the same purpose, only he does not say it was the state of the primeval man. Yet the tradition of the heathen na-

tions do not in general favor the main point of Sir John Lubbock's hypothesis, that men came out of barbarism by their own spontaneous development, natural progressiveness, or indigenous and unaided efforts. They rise, according to these traditions, to the civilized state only by the assistance of the gods, or by the aid of missionaries or colonies from nations already civilized. The goddess Ceres teaches them to plant corn and make bread. Bacchus teaches them to plant the vine and to make wine. Prometheus draws fire from heaven and teaches them its use. Other divinities teach them to keep bees, to tame and rear flocks and herds, and the several arts of peace and war. Athens attributed her civilization to Minerva and to Cecrops and his Egyptian colony. Thebes, hers to Orpheus and Cadmus of Phoenician origin. Rome claimed to descend from a Trojan colony, and borrowed her laws from the Athenians—her literature, philosophy, her art and science from the Greeks. The poets paint the primitive age as the age of gold, and the philosophers always speak of the race as deteriorating, and find the past superior to the present. What is best and truest in Plato he ascribes to the wisdom of the ancients, and even Homer speaks of the degeneracy of men in his days from what they were at the siege of Troy. We think the author will search in vain through all antiquity to find a tradition or a hint which assigns the civilization of any people to its own indigenous and unassistel efforts.

Sir John Lubbock describes the savages as incurious and little given to reflection. He says they never look beyond the phenomenon to its cause. They see the world in which they are placed, and never think of looking further, and asking who made it, or whence they themselves came or whither they go. They lack not only curiosity, but the power of abstraction and generalization, and even thought is a burden to them. This is no doubt in the main true; but it makes against their natural progressiveness, and explains why they are not, as we know they are not, progressive, but remain always stationary, if

left to themselves. The chief characteristic of the savage state is in fact its immobility. The savage gyrates from age to age in the same narrow circle—never of himself advances beyond it. Whether a tribe sunk in what Sir John calls "utter barbarism" and which he holds was the original state of the human race, has ever been or ever can be elevated to a civilized state by any human efforts, even of others already civilized is, perhaps, problematical. As far as experience goes, the tendency of such a tribe, brought in contact with a civilized race, is to retire the deeper into the forest, to waste away, and finally become extinct. Certain it is, no instance of its becoming a civilized people can be named.

In every known instance in which a savage or barbarous people has become civilized, it has been by the aid or influence of religion, or their relations with a people already civilized. The barbarians that overthrew the Roman Empire of the West, and seated themselves on its ruins were more than half romanized before the conquest, by their relations with the Romans and service in the armies of the empire, and they rather continued the Roman order of civilization in the several Kingdoms anl States they founded than destroyed it. The Roman system of education, and even the imperial schools, if fewer in number and on a reduced scale, were continued all through the barbarous ages down to the founding of the universities of Mediaeval Europe. Their civilization was carried forward, far in advance of that of Greece or Rome, by the church, the great civilizer of the nations. The northern barbarians that remained at home, the Germans, the Scandinavians, the Sclaves, were civilized by the labors of Christian monks and missionaries from Rome and Constantinople, from Gaul, England, and Ireland. In no instance has their civilization been of indigenous origin and development.

Sir John Lubbock replies to this, that it is no objection, because we should not expect to find any record of any such an event, since it took place, if at all, before the invention of letters, and in pre-

historic times. We grant that the fact that there is no written record of it is not conclusive proof that no instance of the kind ever occurred. But if so important an event ever occurred, we should expect some trace of it in the traditions of civilized nations, or at least find some tendencies to it in the outlying savage nations of the present, from which it might be inferred as a thing not improbable in itself. But nothing of the sort is found. The author's appeal to ignorance, and our ignorance only, cannot serve his purpose. He arraigns the universal faith of Christendom, and he must make out his case by positive, not simply negative proofs. Till his hypothesis is proved by positive evidence, the faith of Christendom remains firm, and nothing can be concluded against it.

But how really stands the question? Sir John Lubbock finds in the various outlying savage tribes numerous facts which he takes to be the original germs of civilization, and hence he concludes that the primitive condition of the human race was that of "utter barbarism," and the nations, or, as he says, the races, that have become civilized, "have become so by their indigenous and unaided efforts, by their own inherent energy and power of self-development or progress." But the facts he alleges may just as well be reminiscences of a past civilization as anticipations of a civilization not yet developed. In our judgment—and it is not today for the first time we have studied the question—they are much better explained as reminiscences than as anticipations, nay, are not explicable in any other way. The facts appealed to then, can at best count for nothing in favor of the hypothesis of natural progress or development. They do not prove it or render it provable.

Sir John is able and he confesses it, to produce no instance of the natural and unassisted progress of any race of men from barbarism to civilization, and even his own facts show that barbarous or savage tribes are not naturally progressive, but stationary, struck with immobility. Where then are

the proofs of his hypothesis? He has yet produced none. On the other hand we have shown him, that in all known instances, the passage from barbarism into civilization has been effected only by supernatural aid, or by the influence of a previously civilized race or people. We have shown him also that the gentile apostasy which the Bible records and our religion asserts, sufficiently explains the origin of barbarism. We have also shown him nations once civilized falling into barbarism, and, in addition, have shown him the tendency of an apostate people to lapse into barbarism existing and operating before our very eyes, in men whose ancestors were once civilized and even Christians. The chief elements of barbarism he describes exist and are encouraged and defended in our midst by men who are counted by themselves and their contemporaries as the great men, the great lights, the advanced party of this advanced age. Let the apostasy become more general, take away the church, or deprive her of her influence and eliminate from the laws, manners, and customs of modern states what they retain of Christian doctrine and morality, and it is plain to see that nations the loudest in their boast of their civilization would, if not supernaturally arrested, in a very short space of time, sink to the level of any of the ancient or modern outlying savage tribes.

Such is the case and so stands the argument. Sir John Lubbock brings forward an hypothesis, not original with him indeed, and the full bearing of which we would fain believe he does not see, for which he adduces and can adduce not a single well-authenticated fact, and which would not be favored for a moment by any one who understands it, were it not for its contradiction of the Biblical doctrine and Christian tradition. But while there is absolutely no proof of the hypothesis, all the known facts of history, or of human nature, as well as all the principles of religion and philosophy, with one voice pronounce against it as untenable. Is not this enough? Nothing is more certain than Christian faith. No

fact is or can be better authenticated than the fact of revelation. We might then allege that the hypothesis is disproved, nay, not to be entertained, because it is contrary to the Christian revelation, than which nothing can be more certain. We should have been perfectly justified in doing so, and we should have done; but as the author appeals to science and progress to support himself on facts, we have thought it best, without prejudice to the authority of faith, to meet him on his own ground, to show him that science does not entertain his appeal, and that his theory of progress is but a baseless hypothesis, contradicted by all the known facts in the case and supported by none; and therefore, no science at all.

Sir John Lubbock's theory of progress is just now popular, and is put forth with great confidence in the respectable name of science, and the modern world with sciolists, accept it with great pomp and parade. Yet it is manifestly absurd. Nothing can make itself something, nor can anything make itself more than it is. The imperfect cannot of itself, perfect itself, and no man can lift himself by his own waist-bands. Even Archimedes required somewhere to stand outside of the world in order to be able to raise the world with his lever. Yet we deny not progress. We believe in it and hold that man is progressive even to the infinite.; but not by his own unaided effort or by his own inherent energy, and natural strength, nor without the supernatural aid of divine grace. But progress by nature alone, or self-evolution, though we tried to believe it when a child, we put away when we became a man, as we did other childish things.

Thus much we have thought it our duty to say in reply to the theory that makes the human race begin in utter barbarism, and civilization spring from natural development or evolution, so popular with our unchristian scientists or—but for respect to the public we would say—sciolists. We have in our reply repeated many things which we have said before, and which have been said by others, and bet-

ter said. But it will not do to let such a book as the one before us, go unanswered in the present state of the public mind, debauched as it is by false science. If books will repeat the error, we can only repeat our answer.

———————o———————

RALPH WALDO EMERSON'S POEMS.

If we could forget that Almighty God has made us a revelation, and by faith solved for us the problem of man and the universe; if we could persuade ourselves that we are here with darkness behind us, darkness before us, and darkness all around us, relieved only by the fitful gleam from the reversed torch of reason, at best serving only to comfort us, turn we which way we will, with the dread unknown, we should greet these poems with a warm and cordial welcome, and saving the mere mechanism of verse-making, assign them the highest rank among our American attempts at poetry. The author is no every-day man. Indeed he is one of the most gifted of our countrymen, and is largely endowed with the true poetic genius and temperment. He has a rich and fervid imagination, a refined taste, exquisite sensibility, a strong and acute intellect, and a warm and loving heart. He is earnest and solemn, and, taking his own point of view, a man of high and noble aims. If truth were no essential ingredient of poetry, if the earthly were the celestial, and man were God, and if the highest excellence of song consisted in its being a low and melodious wail, we know not where to look for anything superior to some of the wonderful productions collected in the volume before us.

But the palm of excellence, even under the relation of art, belongs not to poetry which chants falsehood and evil. The poet is an artist, and the aim of the artist is to realize or embody the beautiful; but the beautiful is never separated from the true and the good. Truth, goodness, beauty, are only three phases of one and the same thing. God is the true, the good, the fair. As the object of the intellect, he is the true; as the object of the will, the good; as the object of the imagination, the passions, and emotions, the fair. But under which ever phase or aspect we may contemplate him, he is always one and the same infinite, eternal God, indivisible, and indistinguishable. In his works it is always

the same. In them, no more than in him, is the beautiful detached or separable from the true and the good. It is never anything but one phase of what under another aspect is good, and under still another true. The artist must imitate nature, and he fails just in proportion as he fails to realize the true and the good in his productions. His productions must be fitted to satisfy man in his integrity. We have reason and will as well as imagination. When we contemplate a work of art, we do it as reasonable and moral as well as imaginative beings. We are dissatisfied with it, if it fail to satisfy us under the relation of reason or will, as much as if it fail to satisfy us under that of the imagination.

Moreover, the beauty which the artist seeks to embody is objective, not subjective—an emanation from God, not something in or projected from the human soul. Mr. Emerson and the transcendentalists contend that beauty is something real, but they make it purely ideal. With them, it is not something which exists out of man and independent of him, and therefore something which he objectively beholds and contemplates, but something in man himself, dependent solely on his own internal state, and his manner of seeing himself and the world around him. But the ideal and the real are not identical. If the beautiful were the projection or creation of the human soul, and dependent on our internal state and manner of seeing, it would be variable, one thing with one man and another thing with another, one thing this moment, another the next. We should have no criterion of taste, no standard of criticism. Art would cease to have its laws, and the boasted science of aesthetics would be only a dream. Beauty is no more individual, subjective, than is truth or goodness. It neither proceeds from nor is addressed to what is individual. It proceeds from the universal and permanent. It appeals to what in a degree is common to all men, and inseparable and indistinguishable from the essential nature of man.

Mr. Emerson's poems, therefore, fail in all the

higher requisites of art. They embody a doctrine essentially false, a morality essentially unsound, and at best a beauty which is partial, individual. To be able to regard them as embodying the beautiful, in any worthy sense of the term, one must cease to be what he is, must divest himself of his own individuality, and that not to fall back on our common humanity, but to become Mr. Emerson, and to see only after his peculiar manner of seeing. They are addressed, not to all men, but to a school, a peculiar school, a very small school, composed of individuals who, by nature or education, have similar notions, tastes, and idiosyncrasies. As artistic productions, then, notwithstanding they indicate, on the part of their author, poetical genius of the highest order, they can claim no elevated rank. The author's genius is cramped, confined, and perverted by his false philosophy and morality, and the best thing we can say of his poems is, that they indicate the longing of his spirit for a truth, a morality, a peace, a freedom, a repose, which he feels and laments he has not.

We know Mr. Emerson. We have shared his generous hospitality, and enjoyed the charms of his conversation. As a friend and neighbor, in all the ordinary relations of social and domestic life, he is one it is not easy to help loving and admiring. We confess we are loath to say aught severe against him or his works, but his volume of poems is the saddest book we ever read. The author tries to cheer up, tries to smile, but the smile is cold and transitory. It plays an instant round the mouth, but does not come from the heart, or lighten the eyes. He talks of music and flowers, and would fain persuade us that he is weaving garlands of joy; but beneath them is always to be seen the ghastly and grinning skeleton of death. There is an appearance of calm, of quiet, of repose, and at first sight one may half fancy his soul is as placid, as peaceful as the unruffled lake sleeping sweetly beneath the summer moonbeams; but it is the calm, the quiet, the repose of despair. Down below are the troubled waters. The

world is no joyous world for him. It is void and without form and darkness broods over it. True, he bears up against it; but because he is too proud to complain, and because he believes his lot is that of all men and inevitable. Why break thy head against the massive walls of necessity? Call thy darkness light, and it will be as light—to thee. Look the fiend in the face and he is thy friend—at least as much of a friend as thou canst have. Why complain? Poor brother, thou art nothing, or thou art all. Yet this social pride and resolve require a violent effort, and bring no peace, no consolation, to the soul. In an evil hour the author overheard what the serpent said to Eve, and believed it; and from that time it would seem, he became unable to believe aught else. He loves and wooes nature, for he fancies her beauty, and loveliness emanate from the divinity of his own being. He affects to walk the fields and the woods, as a god surveying his own handiwork. It is he that gives the rose its fragrance, the rainbow its tints, the golden sunset its gorgeous hues. But the illusion does not last. He feels after all, that he is a man, only a man; and the enigma of his own being.

"The fate of the man-child,
The meaning of man,"

torments him, and from his inmost soul cries out, and in no lullaby tones, for a solution. But alas! no solution comes. If one comes, it is a solution which solves nothing, which brings no light, no repose, to the spirit wearied with its questionings. As a proof of this take the poem with which the volume opens, entitled The Sphinx. In this the author proposes and attempts to solve the problem of man. He begins by chanting the peace, harmony, and loveliness of external nature, and proceeds:—

"But man crouches and blushes, absconds and conceals;
He creepeth and peepeth, and palters and steals;
Infirm, melancholy, jealous glancing around,
An oaf an accomplice, he poisons the ground.

"Outspoke the great mother, beholding his fear;
At the sound of her accents, cold shuddered the sphere;
Who has drugged my boy's cup? Who has mixed my boy's bread?
Who, with sadness and madness, has turned the man-child's head?'

"I heard a poet answer, aloud and cheerfully,
'Say on, sweet Sphinx! thy dirges are pleasant songs to me,
Deep love lieth under these pictures of time;
They fade in the life of their meaning sublime.'

" 'The Fiend that man harries is love of the Best;
Yawns the pit of the Dragon, lit by rays from the Blest.
The Lethe of nature can't trance him again,
Whose soul sees the Perfect which his eyes seek in vain.

" 'Profounder, profounder, man's spirit must dive;
To his aye-rolling orbit no goal will arrive;
The heavens that now draw him with sweetness untold,
Once found—for new heavens he spurneth the old.

" 'Pride ruined the angels, their shame them restores;
And the joy that is sweetest lurks in stings of remorse;
Have I a lover who is noble and free?—
I would he were nobler than to love me.

" 'Eterne alternation, now follows, now flies;
And under pain, pleasure—under pleasure, pain lies.
Love works at the centre, heart-heaving alway;
Forth speed the strong pulses to the borders of day.

" 'Dull Sphinx, Jove keep thy five wits! Thy sight is growing blear;
Rue, myrrh, and cummin for the Sphinx—her muddy eyes to clear!
The old Sphinx bit her thick lip—said 'Who taught thee me to name?
I am thy spirit, yoke-fellow, of thine eye I am eyebeam.

" 'Thou art the unanswered question; couldst see thy proper eye,
Always it asketh, asketh; and each answer is a lie.
So take thy quest through nature, it through thousand natures ply;
Ask on, thou clothed eternity; Time is the false reply.' "

The contrast between moral and physical is founded in fancy. The disorders of the external world are not less striking than those of man, and the strife of elements is as terrible as that of the

passions. There are blight and mildew, earthquakes and volcanoes, floods and droughts, in nature, as well as wars and revolutions in states and empires. But let this pass. Whence comes the evil in man? "The fiend that man harries is love of the Best." That is, man is never satisfied with what he has, but imagines that he sees always something better just beyond and above him. Advance or ascend as he may, the ideal floats ever before him, urging him on, and bidding him climb higher up, ever higher up yet. There is no rest for him. What is good and what is evil in his condition springs alike from this aspiring disposition. In this originates his virtues, and in this his vices—what is noblest in his being and character, and what is lowest and meanest; and his sorrow is at the distance there is ever between his aspirations and his realizations. But in this the author confounds the love of the best, or aspiration to the perfect, with pride. He teaches, and consciously, that Satan in aspiring to be God was actuated by love of the best, and therefore holds—what his disciples do not hesitate to preach—that Satan has been greatly wronged. That the sin for which he was cast out of heaven and down to hell, and bound in chains of darkness forever, was only the pure aspiration of a noble nature after a higher perfection! "Pride ruined the angels, their shame them restores." Indeed, their ruin was no ruin, but a stage in their progress—"And the joy that is sweetest lurks in stings of remorse."

But pride and the love of the best are not identical. Pride is the perversion of the love of the best, and consists in believing one's self already perfect, not in seeking after a perfection not yet possessed. Lucifer did not rebel because he would be more perfect than he was, but because such was his lofty estimate of himself that he would acknowledge no being as his superior. This is the essential nature of pride. It believes itself to be the highest, and places all else below itself. The basis of love of the best is humility, and humility springs from a consciousness of our own defects, and the reverent con-

templation of the superior merits of others,—a deep and living conviction that there is a being above us whom we are to love and obey, honor and exalt. Pride would usurp the perfect. Humility would love, reverence and glorify it. Pride would possess it to exalt and glorify itself—humility for the sake of glorifying Him who is perfect. Humility loves perfection itself with a pure disinterested love. Pride loves it only for the sake of self, and therefore loves only self, and not perfection at all. The sorrow of pride flows from the mortification of being compelled to admit that there are others which occupy positions above it. The sorrow of humility is that it can never worthily love and reverence, honor and exalt, the good and perfect God as it feels he deserves. Unlike that of pride, it is a sorrow which has its own consolations, and which is compatible with inexpressible internal peace and joy. The love of the best, a love which is not the love of self, but really love of the best, is no "fiend that man harries." It breeds no disorder, occasions no fall, no vice, no strife, but bears man onward and upward to God, his true beginning and end.

But mistaking pride for love of the best, Mr. Emerson makes it the glory of our nature; and as pride knows no peace so long as it sees aught above it, he teaches that we must always be harried, that we must run ever, but never attain our goal. The best dances ever before us, and above our reach. It is always further on, and higher up, and as man ascends, he sees new

> "Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise."

The West recedes the further from the weary emigrant the further he travels.

> "To his aye-rolling orbit no goal will arrive,
> The heavens that now draw him with sweetness untold,
> Once found—for new heavens he spurneth the old."

Each height is scorned as soon as gained, and man must be ever the child who, as soon as you give him one bawble, throws it away and cries for another.

"Coulds't see thy proper eye,
Always it asketh, asketh; and each answer is a lie.
So take thy quest through nature, it through thousand natures ply;
Ask on, thou clothed eternity; time is the false reply."

There is no remedy, no hope. Each new solution, as soon as obtained, ceases to be true. The answer to the question from one height discloses a height which is higher yet, from which it becomes a lie. There is no truth for us. The truth in the valley is falsehood on the mountain. The truth today is falsehood to-morrow. Thus are we, thus must we be. "ever learning, never able to come to the knowledge of the truth." Ever does the secret intense longing for an unseen something spur us onward, upward from height to height, and ever must continue the same evils, the same vices, the same crimes, the same misery and wretchedness—endless motion and yet no advance.

"Eterne alteration, now follows, now flies,
And under pain, pleasure—under pleasure pain lies."

What more sad and gloomy? In our very virtues lie and germinate the seeds of our vices; and what is lowest, meanest in us springs from what is purest, noblest, best. And this is man's normal order, the glory of his being, the source of joy and gladness!

No change, no deliverance, no day of pleasure without pain, of joy without sorrow, of virtue without vice, of love without hatred, of light without darkness, life without death, is ever to come, to be hoped for, or even desired. And this is the gospel of the nineteenth century, preached by one of the most gifted and loving of our countrymen, who has himself once worn the garb of a professed minister of Him who died that man might live-

Mr. Emerson's philosophy recognizes no direct substantive existences, no distinct natures. Under within, over, and through all forms or modes of existence, all of which are representative and phenomenal, it asserts one and the same mighty nature, which as it teaches us, he calls Over-Soul, and as it recedes from us and loses itself in the darkness, God,

or the Unnamable. We, in our personality, represent it, as the bubble represents the ocean on whose surface it floats. As from the bubble's own point of view the whole ocean underlies it, is its substantiality, so each man, from his own point of view, represents the universal nature, which is his substance, being, force or whatever of reality he hath. Millions of bubbles may rise, but each has the whole ocean as the centre of itself; so millions of men may be born, but each has the universal centre in himself. This nature, force, substantiality, being of man, strictly and essentially one, is identical in all men and in all phenomena. It is The One of the Alexandrian philosophers. It works always according to its own laws, and is all that we can conceive of the divine. To sink the phenomenal and rise to the one permanent universal nature is to lose men in man, and to become one with God—the highest consummation conceivable. All that is real is this one nature. It is the only doer, the only thinker, the only speaker, the only builder. It is the Universal Artist. Hence in verse worthy of a nobler philosophy Mr. Emerson breaks forth:

"Not from a vain and shallow thought,
His awful Jove young Phidias brought
Never from lips of cunning fell
The thrilling Delphic Oracle:
Out from the heart of nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old;
The litanies of nation's came
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
Up from the burning core below
The canticles of love and woe.
The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity.
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew,
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Know'st thou what wove yon wood bird's nest
Of leaves, and feathers from her breast?
Or how the fish outbuilt her shell
Painting with scorn each animal cell!
Or how the sacred pine tree adds
To her old leaves new myriads?

Such and so grew these holy piles,
Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.
Earth proudly wears the Parthenon
As the best gem upon her zone;
And morning opes with haste her lids
To gaze upon the Pyramids;

"O'er England's abbeys bends the sky,
As on its friends with kindred eye:
For out of Thought's interior sphere
These wonders rose to upper air,
And nature gladly gave them place,
Adopted them into her race.
And granted them an equal date
With Andes and the Ararat.

"These Temples grew as grows the grass,
Art might obey, but not surpass.
The passive Master lent his hand
To the vast Soul that o'er him planned
And the same power that reared the shrine
Bestrode the tribes that knelt within
Ever the fiery pentecost
Girds with one flame the countless host,
Trances the heart through chanting quires,
And through the priest the mind inspires."

There is no mistaking the doctrine here set forth. It is the identity of all natures with the one nature, of all causes with the one cause, and of this one nature, this one cause, with the impersonal Soul, or God, unfathomed centre and being of each individual.

We have never read anything more heart-rending than the poem entitled Threnody. It is, indeed, a lamentation and the saddest part is the consolation it offers. It is no imaginary lament. The author speaks in his own character, his own grief over the early death of his own son—a son of rare sweetness and promise. It was a lovely boy, one a father might well love, and be pardoned for weeping. The grief is natural. The stern pride of the father gives way to it, and the stoic becomes wild, all but frantic, and blasphemes nature, his only god, after himself.

"Step the meek birds where erst they ranged;
The wintry garden lies unchanged;
The brook into the stream runs on;
But the deep-eyed boy is gone.

On that shaded day,
Dark with more clouds than tempests are
When thou didst yield thy innocent breath
In bird-like heavings unto death
Night came, and Nature had not thee;
I said, 'We are mates in misery.'
The morrow dawned with needless glow;
Each snowbird chirped, each fowl must crow;
Each tramper started; but the feet
Of the most beautiful and sweet
Of human youth had left the hill
And garden—they were bound and still.
There's not a sparrow or a wren,
There's not a blade of autumn grain,
Which the four seasons do not tend,
And tides of life and increase lend;
And every chick of every bird,
And weed and rock-moss is preferred
O ostrich-like forgetfulness!
O loss of larger in the less!
Was there no star that could be sent,
No watcher in the firmament,
No angel from the countless host
That loiters round the crystal coast,
Could stoop to heal that only child,
And keep the blossom of the earth,
Nature's sweet marvel undefiled,
Which all her harvests were not worth?
Not mine—I never called thee mine,
But Nature's heir—if I repine
And seeing rashly torn and moved
Not what I made but what I loved,
Grow early old with grief that thou
Must to the wastes of Nature go—
'Tis because a general hope
Was quenched, and all must doubt and grope
For flattering planets seemed to say
This child should ills of ages stay,
By wondrous tongue, and guided pen,
Bring the flown muses back to men.
Perchance not he, but Nature ailed—
The world, and not the infant, failed.
It was not ripe yet to sustain
A genius of so fine a strain,
Who gazed upon the sun and moon
As if he came into his own
And, pregnant with his grander thought
Brought the old order into doubt,
His beauty once their beauty tried;
They could not feed him and he died,
And wandered backward as in scorn,
To wait an aeon to be born.

Ill day which made this beauty waste,
Plight broken, this high face defaced!
Some went and came about the dead;
And some in books of solace read;
One tarried here, there hurried one;
Some to their friends the tidings say;
Some went to write, some went to pray;
But their heart abode with none.

Covetous death bereaved us all,
To aggrandize one funeral.
The eager fate which carried thee
Took the largest part of me;
For this losing is true dying;
This is lordly man's down-lying,
This is slow but sure reclining,
Star by star his world resigning.

"O child of paradise,
Boy who made dear his father's home,
In whose deep eyes
Men read the welfare of the time to come,
I am too much bereft.
The world dishonored thou hast left.
O truth's and nature's costly lie!
O trusted broken prophesy!
O richest fortune sourly crossed!
Born for the future, to the future lost!"

How different is this from the temper which the Christian father would have exhibited at the grave of his son cut down in early morning! He too might have wept, but he would not have been desolate. A joy would have mingled with his grief, and turned it to gladness. He would not have felt that his child was lost to him or to nature; that a bright existence had been blotted out, a sun extinguished and gone to the wastes of nature. He would have looked upon his boy's death-day as his birthday, and rejoiced that he was so soon removed from the evil, so soon permitted to return from his exile, to be received to his home, and permitted to behold the face of his heavenly Father, and there in fullness of love and joy, by his prayers and intercessions, obtain new graces for the dear earthly parents whose term of exile had not yet expired. For nature, for the "flown muses," for the mysteries to be unlocked for the race, for the glorious future the

boy-sage was to usher in, he would have felt no uneasiness. Because he wuold have known that the boy in heaven could effect more than the boy on earth. Because there has been given to the world the Babe of Bethlehem; and because as the German proverb says, "The old God still lives," and can take care of nature and of man.

But the author checks the wildness of his grief, and in his excessive charity, directs us to the sources of his consolation. But here he is sadder to us than in his grief. Here all becomes sombre and dark, vague and misty, and—what is rarely the case with Mr. Emerson—words, and words with no distinct meaning, with scarcely any meaning at all. The verse flows on, but the sense stands still. The father's heart recoils from the pit of annihilation. The proud, unbelieving philosopher scorns to yield to the sweet hope of immortality. The father shrinks with horror from the thought that his bright-eyed boy is lost forever. The transcendentalist disdains to believe in an uprising of the dead. What then, shall he say? What hope can he indulge, what solace dare trust, The bright-eyed boy is not all extinguished. What was elemental in him could not die, and he lives absorbed in the infinite, as the drop in the ocean!

"Wilt thou not ope thy heart to know
What rainbows teach, and sunsets show?
Verdict which accumulates
From lengthening scroll of human fates,
Voice of earth to earth returned,
Prayers of saints that inly burned—
Saying, What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain;
Heart's love will meet thee again.
Revere the Maker; fetch thine eye
Up to his style, and manners of the sky.
Not of adamant and gold
Built he heaven stark and cold;
No, but a nest of bending reeds,
Flowering grass, and scented weeds;
Or like a traveller's fleeing tent,
Or bow above the tempest bent;
Built of tears and sacred flames,
And virtue reaching to its aims;

Built of furtherance and pursuing,
Not of spent deeds, but of doing.
Silent rushes the swift Lord
Through ruined systems still restored,
Broad-sowing, bleak and void to bless,
Plants with worlds the wilderness;
Waters with tears of ancient sorrow
Apples of Eden ripe tomorrow
House and tenant go to ground,
Lost in God, in Godhead found."

"Heart's love will meet thee again." Yes, love without the loving heart, love without a lover! O my brother, is this all thy consolation? Is this

"What rainbows teach, and sunsets show?"

Nay, most desolate father, not rainbows or sunsets taught thee this. It was the moon, the moon, the inconstant moon, the fickle goddess of the night; for no man not moonstruck would talk of hearts' loves remaining when hearts are no more. Thou consolest thyself with a vain shadow, nay, not so much as a shadow, but a very absurdity, a sheer impossibility; for who ever heard of heart's love without the loving heart, any more than of thought without a thinker, or act without an actor? Thou boastest thyself wise, thou makest the "great Heart" say to thee,

"But thou, my votary, weepest thou?
I give thee sight—where is it now?
I taught thy heart beyond the reach
Of ritual, bible, or of speech;
Wrote in thy mind's transparent table,
As far as the incommunicable;
Taught thee each private sign to raise,
Lit by the supersolar blaze.
Past utterance, and past belief,
And past the blasphemy of grief,
The mysteries of Nature's heart;
And though no Muse can thee impart,
Throb thine with Nature's throbbing breast,
And all is clear from east to west."

And yet thou here revivest the old Hindu dream, stripped of its self-coherence, reduced to an absurdity, so palpable that the veriest child can detect it. This thou claspest as a spiritual balsam to thy torn and bleeding heart, and wouldst gravely persuade

us that it is a sovereign remedy. That it heals thy wound and makes the whole, a man, a hale and joyous man again. "Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain"—remain when hearts are no more. My brother, how true it is, that when we turn our back on God and his word, esteem ourselves wise, and boast that we have been taught

> "Beyond the reach
> Of ritual, Bible, or of speech."

we become—fools! Thou art a man of rare gifts, and thou hast studied long and much, thou hast questioned the past and the present, the living and the dead, the stars and the flowers, the fields and the groves, the winds and the waves, the day and the night, and thou hast a keen, penetrating glance, and thou hast a warm sympathetic soul, and yet thou art solitary in thick darkness. Thou seest not the plainest things under thy very nose, thou seest not clearly even thy hand before thee. There is a bright and glorious universe around thee, full of light, love, and gladness, of which thou dreamest not. Angels hover around thee and fan thee with their soft breath, and thou feelest them not. Angel voices call to thee, in sweet music that trances the soul, but thou hearest them not. Because thou art blind, and deaf, and insensible, and in thy foolish pride deniest what to every faith-illuminated eye is as clear as the sun in the heavens, and to every faith-opened heart as distinct and dear as voice of lover or of friend.

We are not ignorant of the blindness and deafness of those who are without faith, or of the strange illusion which makes us obstinately persist that we both see and hear. There is something wierd and mysterious in the thoughts and feelings which come to us, unbidden, when we leave faith behind, and fix our gaze intently upon ourselves as upon some magic mirror. The circle of our vision seems to be enlarged. Darkness is transformed to light. Worlds open upon worlds. We send keen penetrating glances into the infinite abyss of being. The elements grow obedient to us, work with us and for us,

and we seem to be strong with their strength, terrible with their might, and to approach and become identical with the source of all things. God becomes comprehensible and communicable, and we live an elemental life, and burn with elemental fire. The universe flows into us and from us. We control the winds, the waves, the rivers and the tides, the stars and the seasons. We teach the plant when to germinate, to blossom, or ripen, the reed when to bend before the blast, and the lightning when to rive the hoary oak. Alas! we think not then that this is all delusion, and that we are under the influence of the fallen angel, who would persuade us that darkness is light, that weakness is strength, that hell is heaven, and himself God. Under a similar influence and delusion labors the author of these poems. There are passages in them which recall all too vividly, what we, in our blindness and unbelief, have dreamed, but rarely, ventured to utter. We know these poems; we understand them. They are not sacred chants.

Yet we do not despair of our poet. He has a large share of religiosity, and his soul needs to prostrate itself before God and adore. There is a low, sad music in these poems, deep and melodious, which escapes the author unbidden, and which discloses a spirit ill at ease, a heart bewailing its bondage, and a secret intense longing to burst its chains, and to soar aloft to the heaven of divine love and freedom. This music is the echo of the angel voices, still pleading with him, and entreating him to return from his wanderings, to open his eyes to the heaven which lies around him, and his ears to the sweet voices which everywhere are chanting the praises of God. We must hope that ere long he will, through grace, burst the satanic cords which now bind him, open his eyes to the sweet vision of beauty that awaits him, and his ears to the harmony which floats on every breeze. Bear with me; nature never intended thee for an Indian gymnosophist or a heartless stoic. Thou art a man, with a warm gushing human heart, and thou wast made to love and adore.

Say—get behind me Satan! to the vain philosophizing thou hast indulged. Have the courage to say thou hast been wrong. Open thy heart to the light of heaven, as the sunflower opens her bosom to the genial rays of the sun. Then thy spirit will be free, thy genius will no longer be imprisoned, and thy heart will find what it sighs after, and wail no more. One who was as proud as thyself, and who had wandered long in the paths thou art beating, and whose eye was hardly less keen than thy own, and who knew by heart all thy mystic lore, and had as well as thou pored over the past and the present, as well as thou had asked

"The fate of the man-child,
The meaning of man."

and had asked the heavens and the earth, the living and the dead, and, in his madness, hell itself, to answer him, and whose soul was not less susceptible to sweet harmonies than thy own, though his tones were harsh and his speech rude—nay, one who knows all thy delusions and illusions, assures thee, that thou shalt not in this be deceived, and thy confidence will not be misplaced or betrayed.

———o———

WOMEN'S NOVELS.

In noticing the volume "Grapes and Thorns," we feel that we must summon up all that remains of our youthful gallantry, and not forget for a moment that the work is written by a sensitive lady. We forgot it when reviewing her "House of York," and spoke of it in our natural voice, without softening its tones, according to our honest judgment of its merits, as if the author had been a hard-headed man, and the lady's friends set us down as a bear; and duly berated us. We shall take good care not to get another such a berating, as not she, but her male friends, gave us. But though, while we frankly confess our literary sins, and promise not to repeat them—unless occasion offers—we are afraid that we do not very sincerely repent them.

But seriously, while we hold womanhood, as every true man does, in profound reverence, we consider it a sad thing, that women produce so large a share of modern popular literature. It is to this fact, combined with that of journalism, that we attribute the light and superficial, the sensational and sentimental character of the popular literature of the day, its lack of deep and vigorous thought, its weakness, its enervating tendency on the mind of the reader, and its unhealthy influence on society. The authoress herself shows, in the character of Lawrence Gerald, the injury it is to a man to be the pet of the other sex, and to be formed by feminine rather than masculine influences. He is "a spoiled child," weak in will, feeble in resolution, conceited, overbearing, unfeeling, cruel, incapable of r o b u s t thought, manly action, or sustained effort. Let any one, after reading a novel like the one before us, leave it and attempt to read a page of St. Thomas, or to make a meditation on ony one of the great mysteries of faith, and he will at once understand the damaging effect on the mind and the heart of novel-reading or the effeminate literature of the day. It unfits one for serious and solid study, ener-

vates the mind, wastes the freshness of the heart, and creates a morbid craving for excitement.

We may be very wrong, but we have not yet been able to accept—which appears to be almost universally accepted at present—the doctrine that ascribes all the noble qualities and virtues of the son to the mother. In our opinion, the paternal influence counts for something as well as the maternal in the formation of character; and though we admit that as a rule, it is a far greater misfortune for very young children to be deprived of their mother, than it is to be deprived of their father, yet we do not believe it is desirable at least for boys, that they should be brought up exclusively by their mothers. The faults of what we call Young America are in a great measure due to maternal weakness on the one hand, and the absence of paternal authority on the other. Mothers, for the most part alternate between over-indulgence, and over-severity. When they act from their maternal instinct, they put up with and pet their children whatever they do; when they attempt to act from their reason, they pass over nothing. Most American mothers fail to govern their children, because they fail to govern themselves. But aside from all this, while we hold the mothers influence very essential, as well as her tenderness during all the early life, we do not believe mothers are fitted to form strong and manly characters in their sons. The mother's influence softens, weakens and enervates, when not tempered and hardened by the influence of the father. Lawrence Gerald shows that mothers, excellent mothers, too, are not always qualified to train up their sons to be strong, energetic, self-reliant men, able to meet the rough-and-tumble of life, and to distinguish themselves in society as bold, honest, and upright characters. He was idolized by his mother, who saw no fault in him as he grew up; but he was really a lazy worthless scamp, a self-confessed gambler, housebreaker, thief and liar.

We acknowledge that our Puritan ancestors were too stern and rigid. They knew little or noth-

ing of the gentleness and sweetness of the Gospel. But they maintained family government, and trained up their children to honor and obey their parents, to be honest and upright. The sons grew up with strong and manly characters, patterned after their fathers, and filled worthily their places when they were gone, in the family, in society, in the church—such as they had—and in the state. There is no use in denying it. Private and public virtue was the rule. Men and women with rarely an exception, were loyal to their trusts, and could be relied on. But in their time there was no woman-worship. The man was the head of the woman, and the father was the head of the family and was the principal in maintaining family discipline. We have changed all that. The husband and father, save as providing for the family expenses, counts in the respectable classes for nothing. The mother and daughters hold him in subjection, ruin him by their extravagance while the sons hasten rapidly to the devil. The deification of women in the natural order, or the institution of woman-worship, the characteristic of American, if not of all modern society, and to which every novelist brings an offering, is only the worship of lust. Lust is the god of the modern world. For him men toil and moil, seek to be rich, traverse sea and land, rob, steal, forge, swindle, peculate, betray their trusts, commit all sorts of crime, and make earth an image of hell. Men do not worship the almighty dollar. It is not the dollar they worship, but that which the dollar is needed to obtain.

We yield to no one in our reverence for true womanhood, or in our high appreciation of woman's influence in her place; but we protest against woman-worship, or making the wife the head of the family. We honor woman as the help-mate of man. We reverence the meek and chaste wife, the tender and loving mother, who lives in her children, and forgets herself in them and for them. But we do not reverence or honor woman when she forgets her womanhood, and usurps the prerogatives of the other sex, claims to be the superior of man, and to

subordinate all in society to her inclinations, tastes, and unchastened ambition, or love of power and display. We object to the influence of women as creators of popular literature, because the popular literature they create tends to emasculate thought, to enervate the mind, and to foster a weak and watery sentimentalism or a corrupting sensationalism. They who feed on it lose their virility, become incapable of serious and severe study, have no relish for what is grave and profound, and must have excitement, exciting reading, something that saves them the labor of thinking, inflames their imaginations, or moves their senses. This is the effect of modern literature. It is feminine, and feeding on it renders the community effeminate; and therefore, a community in which passion predominates over reason, and which consequently is at once weak and tyrannical. This sort of literature has a direct tendency to barbarism; for the essence of barbarism, as distinguished from civilization, is that in it passion, sentiment, or emotion, uncontrolled by reason, reigns.

We have read too many novels in our day not to have experienced their evil effects, and we are strongly opposed to all novels, but especially to women's novels, for the feminine mind is constitutionally sentimental, and fond of excitement. It should be so, to fit woman for her sphere of duty as a wife and mother. She needs a quick sensibility, a ready sympathy, deep tenderness, and generous sentiments. These she needs, coupled with strong maternal instincts, to be able to supply what is in some degree wanting in the husband and father, who is usually of a sterner mould. The two combined make an admirable harmony, but either moving alone is defective. The two together are necessary to form a complete whole. "And God made man to his own image and likeness; male and female made he them," plainly showing that the woman compliments the man. The woman is not the complete man. She represents only the feminine element of human nature, not that nature in its entirety. Consequently

the literature she can create will represent only her own feminine characteristics, and will lack the strong, masculine, vigorous, and intellectual elements which belong to the head of the race.

There are strong-minded women who tell us that there is no sex in intellect. But there is certainly sex in literature. The difference between a book written by a man and a book written by a woman is as marked as the difference between the conversation of a man and that of a woman. The characteristics of the feminine mind are stamped on everything a woman writes. She cannot unsex herself, if she would. A gentleman claimed in conversation with us to be the author of a novel published in Blackwood's Magazine, of considerable merit. We questioned his authorship on the ground that it bore internal evidence of being written by a woman. We have since ascertained it actually was, namely, by the well-known Mrs. Oliphant the authoress of the "Chronicles of Carlingford," and several other popular works. It would be difficult to mistake the conversation, on any subject, of a woman for that of a man. We do not in this deny woman's ability, her keenness of observation, her wit, or even her logic, and two works written by women are reviewed and highly commended in this Review, though neither of them happens to be a novel. We set our face against all novels, especially against women's novels. They are all bad, and since women have taken the lead in writing them, men, in writing novels, write as much like women as they are able. Whether produced by men or women, the same feminine spirit pervades nearly all our popular literature.

What disturbs us the most is, that even the guardians of public morals are themselves more or less infected, and give their imprimatur to popular novels, if they only mingle a due amount of piety with their sentimentalism or sensationalism, and take care to commit no flagrant offence against orthodoxy. Little or no account is taken of their silent and subtile influence on the tone and temper

of the mind, or its effect in emasculating the intellect.

Admitting that we must have novels, and women's novels, too, "Grapes and Thorns," is deserving of no especial censure. On the contrary it is deserving of high commendation. Its sketches of natural scenery exhibit a poetical love of nature and rare powers of description. Its delineation of character is truthful, shows very careful observation of real life, and nice discrimination, but in an artistic point of view, the story is continued long after it is ended. Yet we have one fault, common to most women's novels, to find with "Grapes and Thorns." It is the immense superiority it ascribes, unconsciously no doubt, to women over men. No doubt women novelists are sufficiently severe upon their own sex, paint them as heartless, coquettish, intriguing, artful, tyrannical, abusing power whenever they have it, or as weak, puny, whimpering, broken-hearted things. But on the other hand, their women are almost always superior to their men, have higher moral aims, a better knowledge of life, better judgment in affairs, and more firmness and strength of character. Our authoress sins less in this respect than most of her sister novelists, and yet—aside from the clergy she introduces, and who by their sacred profession are placed out of the account—there is with the exception of one other character, who has not particular merit beyond his excellence as a music-teacher, not a man in her "Grapes and Thorns," from beginning to end. The women lead in everything. Men simply dance attendance on the women, and lean on them for support, for advice, for direction, and for extrication from perils or difficulty. Most of the little books designed for children are written by women, and present us good little girls and naughty little boys. Even public lecturers to mixed assemblies no longer venture to say "gentlemen and ladies," but violate propriety, and even grammar, which holds the masculine the more dignified gender, in saying "Ladies and Gentlemen." Yet who in pure English would say, in addressing a mix-

ed audience "Women and Men"? This all goes to show that modern literature, even society itself, treats woman as the stronger, not as the weak vessel, and reverses the order of nature, which makes the man the head of the woman, and the husband the lord of the wife.

We do not believe that this assumed superiority, unless in individual cases, really exists, in either an intellectual or a moral point of view. Our reasons we shall not inflict at length upon our readers. God made woman an inchoate man, and women like children, need a master. What woman is, and what she can do when acting under the direction of a husband a father, a brother, or the clergyman, is no index to what she will be or what she will do when left to her own head, to her own guidance, without male counsel or direction. The most corrupt periods of history are precisely those in which women's influence is greatest; and we may say—Woe unto any age or people where the women bear rule! They can be harder-hearted, more despotic, more cruel, and less scrupulous in effecting their purposes than men. Step-mothers always bear a very different reputation from that borne by step-fathers. Not a little of man's iniquity is done to please his wife, or at her dictation. "The woman thou gavest me to be my companion gave me of the tree, and I did eat." The man is not blameless, far from it; for he should not have listened to his wife and abdicated his headship. "Because thou hast hearkened to the voice of thy wife and hast eaten of the tree whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldst not eat, cursed be the earth in thy work; with labor and toil shalt thou eat thereof all the days of thy life." Under the Jewish law, which treats her with great tenderness and respect, woman is a perpetual minor; and is always subject to her father, her husband, or her male relatives. This was in accordance with the law of nature, which Christianity confirms, but does not abrogate.

We come now to the work Spiridion by Georges Sand, otherwise Madame Dudevant, though we dis-

claim in the outset all intention of offering anything like a regular review of her writings. We have found her loudly and very generally censured, and have therefore been led to sympathize with her. We have heard her called many hard names, and have therefore presumed, without other evidence, that she must have great and positive merits. Moreover she is a writer of great ability; we may even say, of powerful genius; the most so of any female writer we are acquainted with, ancient or modern.

In assuming, as we are told she sometimes does, the male attire, Madame Dudevant seems also to assume no little of true masculine thought and spirit. In originality, depth, and vigor of thought and expression, her writings betray very little of the woman. Her style is rich and flowing, graceful and delicate, and at the same time, terse, vigorous, and free from that diffuseness, the besetting sin of most French writers, and of female French writers in particular. In a word, she writes so well that for some time she was able to impress upon the acutest critics of France and England, and to make it believed that Georges Sand was really, as his name and dress purported, a man. This, which we think is high praise, we presume, will be thought by some, in these days of woman's rights to be but a sorry compliment. Somewhat of a revolution in the relative position of the sexes would seem to be going on. Man's long-admitted superiority, which has stamped itself upon all the institutions of society, and is interwoven with the very texture of language itself, is now questioned, and we are told that he must cease to regard himself as lord of this lower world, surrender the sacred symbol of authority to woman, don the petticoat, and henceforth handle the distaff. We can no longer escape by conceding woman's equality to man, but we must own her superiority. Instead of thinking that we praise a woman, by saying that she writes almost as well as a man, we must rather praise the man by saying that he writes almost as well as a woman.

Nevertheless, at the risk of being "brained by

my lady's fan," we must still hold on to the old doctrine of man's superiority, save in what may be called woman's more appropriate sphere of life. In her own sphere, as a wife and a mother, in all the quiet affections and duties of home, which after all is the more important and the more elevated spheres we readily own woman's equality, and even her superiority; but we question her power to compete successfully with man in any of the other departments of life. Science is indebted to her for no important discovery, and art for no master-piece, or mistress-piece. She devotes more time and study to poetry than man does, and yet she has produced no Iliad, no Paradise Lost. In music she produces nothing, and cannot even equal man in the bare execution of the compositions of the great masters. She has succeeded in copying with tolerable accuracy, but has never been able to give us an original picture or an original statue of much merit. Indeed, she generally does not contend for her power to equal man. They who assert her ability, as a general rule, to compete successfully with man in art and science, in the several departments of outdoor as well as indoor life, only expose themselves to her scorn. She does not wish to be, nor does she wish to be considered, superior to man. Her great want is—not to love—but to reverence; and she would soon cease to love man, if she could not look up to him, and reverence him. She is so made—not so educated—but so made—that she finds the highest and sweetest gratification of her ambition in the success of her husband, or her son. She is rarely ambitious for her own sake. Her desire is unto her husband, in whom she would live and reign, in whose existence she would completely merge her own. It is for him only, or as a mother for her children, that she would acquire wealth, fame, or distinction. It is the order of nature that it should be so, and it is in this way that woman becomes really a "help meet" for man, and the peace and loveliness of domestic life are secured. We think, therefore, our "woman's rights" people would do well to let it remain undis-

turbed. We think, also, that there is more gallantry than wisdom in the growing fashion of altering the marriage covenant, so that the wife no longer promises to obey her husband.

This last reminds us of another ultraism coming into vogue. There is already a class of radicals among us who think it a gross outrage upon natural rights, that children should be required to obey their parents. We have even heard it seriously contended that we should have a rights of children's society, to protect the pretty dears from the despotism of their fathers and mothers—fathers more especially, and to secure them the free and unimpeded enjoyment of the natural liberty of coming and going when and where they please. The power man claims over his wife and children, is only that which he needs in order to be the protector of those he loves.

Against this power, so far as concerns the wife, the writings of Madame Dudevant are a loud, indignant, and yet an eloquent and touching protest. Her writings to a very considerable extent, seem to have been called forth by a deep sense of the real or imaginary sufferings of woman. Women are represented to us as the victims of a false and hollow-hearted civilization, of unjust and tyrannical laws, of barbarous husbands, doomed to be tied to men they cannot love, to suffer from the want of some object for their affections, in a word, to go through life sighing and pining for what they have not, and cannot have, and to die poor, miserable and broken-hearted things. Poor Madame Dudevant, we doubt not that thou hast suffered much, and that thou hast faithfully unfolded to us much of thy own painful experience, for which we are duly grateful. We can easily believe all the sentimental tortures, thou so eloquently and pathetically settest forth as endured by the sex are really endured by them. But after all, my dear Madame, a few hours each day of employment, in the labors performed by the cook or chambermaid, with a simpler diet, would improve thy digestion, and save thee from the greater part

of them. Ma chere amie, hast thou ever reflected how much the digestion has to do with these sentimental tortures? The lady who should be compelled to live on six pence a day, and to earn it by bodily labor would keep clear of them all. It is idleness, luxury, refinement, that proudce them. The best way to cure them would not be to sue out a divorce from thy husband, but to dismiss thy servants, and do thyself the labor of thy own house-keeping. Nay, do not frown and turn away in disgust. Thou hast no conception how it will improve the temper and manners of this brute of a husband, to sit down to a dinner of thy own cooking. Penelope kept off the suitors, and herself faithful to her lord, by keeping herself constantly at the loom.

Seriously, we think it is time that some one venture to contradict this nonsense becoming so fashionable, about the hard fate of woman, representing her as the slave of man's passions, and the victim of his tyranny—a poor, frail, sensitive being, that finds earth to her nothing but a vale of tears, and domestic life for which she is so well fitted, but a sort of hell in miniature. We do not believe a word of all this. Here and there a husband may be found, no doubt, who is disposed to tyrannize, and who does abuse his wife, but as a general rule, man has no such disposition. Wives no doubt suffer in many instances from the temper of their husbands, but husbands sometimes suffer from their wives; but they have the self-respect, for the most part, to suffer in silence. We see no reason for thinking that the lot of woman is one of peculiar hardship. The principal evil to which she seems to us to be exposed is idleness, brought about in consequence of the changes which have been effected in the forms of our industry.

Moreover, we believe that much of this which is said about woman's exquisite sensibility is sheer nonsense. Man was made to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and when he does not, he suffers. The changes which have been introduced into society, imposing less active duties than formerly on

the women of the easy classes, have given to these women ample time and opportunity to experience the sentimental sufferings which necessarily spring from comparative idleness and luxury. There is no doubt, then, much real suffering in these classes. But we have yet to be convinced, that woman is so organized as to be susceptible of acuter sufferings than man. For our part we believe the reverse, if there be any difference, is the fact. Man is more angular, has more elbows to be struck, and a more irritable temperament. Women submit to pain more readily than men, not, we apprehend, because they have more power of endurance, but because they actually suffer less than men in similar circumstances. If we pass from physical to mental sufferings, we believe it is the same. Man can love as deeply, as truly, and as tenderly as woman, and he feels, we apprehend, not less acutely than woman the pangs of unrequited or disappointed affection. He however bears up against it, because it is not manly to give way to it. We fancy the husband who has been disappointed in his wife, who finds that between him and her there is nothing of that compatibility of temper, oneness of feeling, and ready sympathy he had anticipated, suffers no less than the wife, on making the same discovery. And then for remedy. The wife has as many resources as the husband, for she may employ herself as well as he, and when she becomes a mother, she finds, in the pleasures of maternal affection, ample amends for the want of the conjugal. In the love of her children she has even a resource which the husband has not, or at least only to a feeble extent. He, it may be said, can take an active part in politics, in the church, in the world, in chasing ambition or wealth, and thus find wherewithal to fill up the vacuum in his heart. So may the wife take an active part in housekeeping, in superintending her domestic arrangements, in educating her children, and solacing the afflicted. There is ample room for her activity as for his.

Nor can we go along with our sentimental re-

formers, in looking to divorce as a remedy for the evils they find in married life. Married life unquestionably is not that perfect paradise which the brilliant fancies of the young couple, who for the first time tell to each other their mutual love, have painted it; and most wisely ordered is it, that it should not be. The life of man in this world is destined to be one of toil and struggle. Man is born to work. If marriage then, realized that Claude Lorrain dream of youth, if it brought us without interruption that exquisite delight and perfect satisfaction which the inexperienced expect from it, we should find it impossible to make the necessary efforts to sustain life, to perform our part in the world; and marriage would be only a sort of euthanasia. A little uneasiness, some little want, is necessary to compel each to work; for love when perfect, though very desirable and very pleasant, is after all a little too absorbing. We do not think it then an evil, that married life is not a life of perfect bliss.

But even were it so, divorce would be the worst possible remedy, save in very rare cases. The truth is, we have more power to control and regulate our feelings than modern philosophy admits. Idleness and indulgence are the principal causes of our inability to control our sentiments. Constant employment and constant effort at self-mastery will work miracles for us. The parties who find themselves not so well-matched as they expected to be, then, may get over the difficulty, if they will make the effort. They can conform one to the other, and come to harmonize tolerably well. It is a bad doctrine in morals, this, that our feelings are altogether beyond our control. We can if we will do our best, bring our feelings to go hand in hand with what we believe to be our duty.

Then again, we protest against the lawfulness of divorce. Marriage by its own nature is absolutely indissoluble. When a couple enter into the marriage relation, they do it for life. They understand it and they mean it for life. If they entered it

with any reservation, with an understanding that it was to continue only for a period, only so long as it should be mutually agreeable to themselves, they would not look upon it as marriage. It would want in their eyes the character of sanctity, and would be not at all distinguishable from a mere transient commerce of passion and caprice. Divorce then, can never be claimed by the parties themselves, as a matter of justice, can never be granted merely on the ground of the mutual consent of the parties concerned. It can be tolerated only in those rare cases, which justify the exercise of mercy on the part of the lawgiver; when the lawgiver may arrest the ordinary course of the law, through compassion to one of the parties, grossly wronged or offended by the other, or to prevent a greater moral and social evil. It can be properly granted only by the special act of the law-making power. Consequently, it will be wholly impossible to grant that freedom of divorce, contended for by reformers on this subject, without abandoning the marriage institution altogether. But even if divorce were lawful, and marriage were dissoluble at the will of one party, or of both parties, it would bring woman very little relief. The passions or the sentiments, which would crave a divorce, would rarely be able to find the satisfaction demanded. The cause of the suffering complained of is not, after all, so much the result of the incompatibility of the parties, as we sometimes suppose. It is inherent in one or both of the parties, and would be not less active, as a general rule, in any new relations one or the other might form.

So far as it concerns certain property relations, we think our laws might, and should be, modified in favor of woman. In a commonwealth like ours, where so much attention is paid to female cultivation, where there is a constantly increasing excess of females, and consequently where a large number must inevitably remain single through life, woman's facilities for acquiring, holding, transferring, or disposing of property, should approach as near as possible to those of the other sex. But beyond these

we see no special occasion to clamor for woman's rights, or any more ground to complain of man's wrongs to woman, than of woman's wrongs to man. Man is by no means generally disposed to tyrannize over woman; and we do not believe that the instances in which husbands love their wives are so rare as is sometimes imagined. Man is more frequently woman's slave, than she is his. The cords with which she binds him may be finer, and apparently weaker than those with which he binds her; but they are not the less effectual. Through his susceptibility, through those very qualities in him, which it is contended by some that alone possesses, she is able to do with him very much as she pleases; and we have yet to learn that she never exercises her power, save with moderation. Man to say the least, is as weak before her, as she is before him, and if she does not enjoy her rights as fully as he does his, the fault is no more his than hers.

As for this political equality, which some are claiming for women, we have less and less sympathy with it every day. We formerly contended for it, and have preached and written in its defense. But we do not think woman would gain anything by its admission, at least so long as we retain our present political organization. The peculiar temperament and genius of woman does not fit her to excel as a legislator, or as a judge. The only branch of government, in which she would acquit herself tolerably would be the executive. She is a good administrator, and a keen judge of character, which would enable her to select faithful and competent agents. Nevertheless, were she to enter freely with us the political arena, she would soon compel us to forget her sex, and to treat her as a second or third-rate man. We hope the time will never come when, in our intercourse with her, the difference of sex can be forgotten on either side. We have never yet known any good to come from attempts to obliterate the great landmarks of nature. We must therefore conclude with saying that, upon the whole, we have no sympathy with the clamor about woman's rights. No

belief in the alleged fact that she is universally the victim of that horrid brute, man; or that she has any wrongs to be remedied. Life no doubt has its evils. Men and women both suffer—the married and the unmarried, the divorced and the undivorced, and suffer, often and long, and deeply. But the remedy is not in putting one sex against the other, but in laboring together with such mutual confidence and love as there may be, to remove those evils which are removable, and in aiding and encouraging each other to bear with firmness, and without a murmur, what must be borne. The cure for these vague, sentimental sorrows, these pangs of disappointed or unrequited affections, and the horror of being wedded, a frail, delicate thing, all life, all love, all sensibility to a coarse, unsympathizing husband, will not be found in reading sentimental novels, nor in indignant though eloquent protests against all institutions, domestic or social. The cure will be found in the firm resolve to do one's duty, in active employment in some useful calling, and in unremitted efforts to lighten the burdens and solace the afflictions of our brethren. No small portion of our misery springs from our love of it, and fear of losing it. We hug it to our bosoms, we cherish it, lavish on it the fondest caresses, and cannot be persuaded to let it go. If at any moment it seems to be escaping us, we are alarmed, and like the Countess in one of Dumas's plays, not a little grieved to find ourselves on the point of being—happy!

As society advances in wealth and artificial refinement, as the numbers of those who find themselves in easy circumstances increase, the more decided must be the tendency to these sentimental sufferings, and the more general this ill-at-ease, of which we hear and experience so much. Naturally, then, will it find more and more expression in our literature. This is unquestionably an evil, and an evil which has been greatly exaggerated of late, by the large accessions which have been made to the number of female writers. Women are at this moment gaining almost a monopoly of our litera-

ture. They have suddenly stepped forth from the retired apartments of domestic life, to lay open before us their feelings, fancies, and caprices. The result is the inundation of the land with a flood of sentimentality.

But after all, this evil is of short duration, and one which will cure itself. Woman wants what may be termed productive genius; but she excels as a critic. She has a finer, and in most matters a more correct taste than man. Her powers of execution are not equal to her judgment. Her own productions will never satisfy herself. Nor will she be satisfied with productions by the other sex possessing characteristics similar to her own. Woman is herself always more or less sentimental, and sentimentalism will always characterize her productions, but she detests sentimentalism in man. He who would commend himself to woman, must indeed possess deep and genuine feeling, real tenderness and delicacy of sentiment, but he must not sigh and shed tears. He must not whimper. He must be robust, bold, vigorous, energetic, in one word, manly. Those dapper little gentlemen, who talk sentiment, or write verses in albums, are never the men who can gain the approbation or the affections of a genuine woman. She demands always the genuine man. No matter if his arm is brawny, his frame somewhat huge, and his manners unrefined, if there be at bottom a true man, with a bold spirit, a brave heart, and an heroic soul.

But we have got so far away from our subject that it is almost too late to return to it. Georges Sand upon the whole, though a woman, is to us the most pleasing and the most inspiring of the modern authors of popular French literature. She has great purity of feeling, great depth and delicacy of sentiment, and rare beauty and strength of expression. If she exposes vice, or the defects of existing domestic or social arrangements, it is never in mere wantonness. You feel always that you are reading the utterances of an earnest spirit, always and everywhere aspiring to something better. You feel

the unrest in which she is, and from which she tries to escape. You honor her as a brave and struggling spirit, who would be better, do better and make the world better, all men and women happier and lovelier, if she could. But you feel all the while that she is out of health, that the tone of her feelings is diseased; and you are unable to rise from the perusal of one of her works cheered and invigorated for the combat of life.

Spiridion, the work named is properly a religious work. It details the experience of an ingenious mind in its progress through the several stages of doubt, unbelief, to absolute infidelity, and from that depth of horror and desolation, up to something like faith in God and immortality. The conclusion to which she arrives, the solution she offers of the enigma of existence, is worthy of study, as marking the tendency of religious speculation among the popular writers in France. We intended to notice this solution at length; but we have left ourselves no room. We, however, recommend the book to all who are capable of appreciating fine writing, or sympathizing with free thought and liberal feeling. We consider it a very remarkable book, a book not without a deep significance. We have never read a book on religious subjects, that contained so many passages, which seemed to be perfect transcripts from out own experience.

But to return to our subject. One of the grave objections to our women's novels in general, and which many regard as a merit, is their intense subjectiveness, and their habit of dissecting emotions and sentiments, passions and affections. The heroine does not know whether she loves or not, and so must go into a psychological analysis of her sentiments and affections, and argue the question pro and con. We are entertained with long and tedious accounts of the growth of love in the heart—love, which as a sentiment, has no growth, but is born if at all, full-grown. Whoever loves at all—taking love as a sentiment—loves at first sight, and in this sense love has no historical development, and sub-

mits to no analysis. Nothing is more wearisome and unprofitable, to say the least, than the long-winded details of the ever-changing emotions and varying states or moods of the affections, or, rather, of the sensibility. Many women writers are fond of raising nice questions in morals, and settle in a summary way the most difficult cases of conscience. There are no casuists equal to your female casuists.

One other objection, and this applies not to women's novels only is, that of treating love as an affection of the rational soul. Nearly all popular literature represents love as a sentiment, and, therefore, independent of the will. There is no doubt, such a love, distinguishable from mere lust or sensuality, and regarded by its possessors as pure and holy; but it is an affection of the sensibility, and not elicitable or controllable by the will. It is fatal. It is mistaking this sort of love, for that which should subsist between husband and wife, that causes so many to look upon Christian marriage, the only sure basis of the family, as intolerable tyranny, a burden too great to be borne. Hence comes the demand for the liberty of divorce, and, with the more advanced party, for free-love, the real aim of the woman's-rights movement, the success of which would prove the greatest of all curses to women.

Neither the individual nor the race is absolutely illogical, and the gravest and most destructive errors that ever gain currency are in some sense logical conclusions from widely accepted premises. The horrible doctrines of the champions of divorce and free-love are only logical conclusions from the premises supplied by the popular novels of the day. Make love a sentiment independent of reason and will, and deprive marriage of the grace of the sacrament, and it may justly be held that Christian marriage would be too oppressive to be endured. The sentiments, however pure and sweet, are little endurable, lasting rarely beyond the honeymoon, sometimes not so long. The sentiments also border on the senses; and conjugal fidelity, on the part of the husband, and even of the wife, assailed through her

sentiments—what she mistakes for "true inwardness"— becames very difficult to maintain.

It is only simple justice to our American women who write novels, to say that they avoid most of the objectionable features we have pointed out, and that their novels are pure and healthy compared with those with which English women flood our literary market. The worst and most corrupt and corrupting literary works that circulate amongst us are of English origin, not of American growth. Even the woman's-rights movement is of English not American origin. American women have their foibles, their vanities, their extravagances, but hitherto, as a rule, they have had a due appreciation of the proper duties and sphere of their sex, and deserve to be held in honor for their modesty and good sense. Long may it continue to be so.

In conclusion, we repeat that we yield to no one in our high appreciation of true womanhood. We hold, it is true, that the woman is for the man, not the man for the woman; that the man is the head of the woman; and that, while husbands should love their wives, wives shold love and obey their husbands. We hold also that the appropriate spheres of the sexes are different; but we do not consider that of woman, though different, inferior to that of man. In her proper sphere, woman is the equal of man. Though we do not believe every woman an angel, nor every man a devil, or that all the virtue of society is on the part of women, any more than all the suffering. We have no difficulty in believing that the religion and virtue of the community depend even more on the woman for their maintenance than on the men. They are more susceptible to religious impressions and more persevering in their resolutions. They are different in their mental and moral characteristics from men, but in no respect inferior, and in some respects decidedly superior. They have more quickness, more tact, and, in general, greater executive ability. There is no better proof of a frivolous mind and a depraved heart than the disposition to speak disparagingly of women. The

true man honors womanhood; and the worst effect of our feminine literature and our woman's-rights movements is their tendency to destroy that chivalric respect for woman native to every man whose heart is uncorrupted.

THE REFORMATION NOT CONSERVATIVE.

(*The Conservative Reformation, and its Theology. By Charles V. Krauth, D. D.*)

Dr. Krauth is a man highly esteemed in his own denomination, and, though neither very original nor profound, is a man of more than ordinary ability and learning. He is well versed in Lutheran theology, and, we presume, is a trustworthy representative of it as contained in the Lutheran symbolical books, and held by the more conservative members of the Lutheran Church—a church, or sect rather, of growing importance in our country, in consequence of the large migration hither from Germany and the North of Europe. In some respects it is the most respectable of all the churches or sects born of the Protestant reformation, or rather, the Protestant revolt and rebellion against the Church of God. Yet he will excuse us if we refuse to follow him step by step in his exposition of the Lutheran theology, for all that is true in it we have in the teaching of the Catholic Church, without the errors and falsehoods Luther mingled with it. It were a waste of time to study it, unless we were called upon to refute it in detail, which we are not.

That there is much that is true mingled with much more that is false in Lutheran theology, we do not dispute, and we readily admit that Dr. Krauth means to hold, and in his way does hold, most of the fundamental principles, if not dogmas of Christianity. This is no more than we might say of any other system of false theology, or of any heathen religion or superstition, ancient or modern, civilized or barbarous. There is no pagan religion, if we analyze it and trace it to its fountain, in which we cannot detect most, if not all of the great primary truths of the Christian religion, or the great principles which underlie the dogmas and precepts of the Catholic Church, and which could have

been obtained only from the revelation made by God himself to our first parents before their expulsion from the garden of Eden. Yet what avails the truth false religion conceals, mingled as it is with the errors that turn it into a lie? It serves, whether with the lettered and polished Greek and Roman, or the rude outlying barbarian, only as the basis of barbarous superstitions, cruel, licentious, and idolatrous rites, and moral abominations. The fundamental ideas or principles of civilized society are retained in the memory of the most barbarous nations and tribes, yet are they none the less barbarous for that. They lack order, subordination. Neither their intelligence nor their will is disciplined and subjected to law. Their appetites and passions, unrestrained and untamed, introduce disorder into every department of life, and compel intelligence and will, reason itself, to enter their ignoble service, and as abject slaves to do their bidding. Civilization introduces the element of order, establishes the reign of law in the individual, in the family, in the state, in society, which is not possible without a religion true enough to enlighten the intellect, and powerful enough over conscience to restrain the passions within their proper bounds, and to bend the will to submission.

All Protestant sects hold much of truth, but, like the heathen religions, they hold it in disorder, out of its normal relations and connections, and of its unity and catholicity, and consequently no one of them is strong enough to recover the element of order, and reestablish and maintain the reign of law in any of the several departments of life, spiritual, or secular; for the very essence of both consists in rejecting Catholicity, the only source of order. We therefore make no account of the principles, truths or even Catholic dogmas retained by the various Protestant churches or sects from Catholic tradition. Held as they are out of unity, out of their normal relations, and mingled with all sorts of errors and fancies, they lose their virtue, become the basis of false religion and false morality,

pervert instead of enlightening reason, and mislead, weaken, and finally destroy conscience. They are insufficient to preserve faith and the worship of God, and naturally tend to revive in a lettered nation the polished heathenism of Greece and Rome. Their impotence is seen in the prevailing disorder in the whole Protestant world, and especially in the singular delusion of modern society, that the loss of Catholic truth, Catholic authority, of spirituality, is a progress in light, liberty, religion and civilization. This a delusion which counts the revolutions, the civil commotion, the wars between the people and the government, between class and class, and capital and labor, the insurrections and terrible social disorders of the last century and the present, only as so many evidences of the marvellous advance of the modern world in freedom, intelligence, religion and Christian morals. Is not this the delusion that goeth before and leadeth to destruction?

Dr. Krauth has not advanced so far, or rather descended so low, as have some of his Protestant brethren. He has strong conservative instincts, and still retains a conviction that order is necessary, and that without religious faith and conscience order is not possible. He has a dim perception of the truth, that unless there is something in religion fixed, permanent, and authoritative, even religion cannot meet the exigencies of society or the needs of the soul. But as a child of the reformation, and jealous of the honor of his parentage, he thinks it necessary to maintain that, if religion must be fixed and permanent, it must at the same time be progressive, authoritative, and yet subject to the faithful, who have the right to resist or alter it at will. Hence he tells us that "The Church problem is to attain a Protestant Catholicity, or a Catholic Protestantism," and seeks to establish for Lutheranism the character of being a "conservative reformation." The learned doctor may be a very suitable professor of theology in a Lutheran theological seminary, or a proper professor of intellectual and moral philosophy in the University of Pennsylvania,

but he seems either not to have mastered the categories, or to have forgotten them. Contradictory predicates cannot be confirmed of the same subject. The Lutheran reformation and conservatism belong to different categories. That only can be a conservative reform of the church that is effected by the church herself or by her authority, and which leaves her authority and constitution intact, by no means the case with the Lutheran reformation, which was a total subversion of the constitution of the church, and the denial of her authority. In the sense of the author, conservative reformation implies a contradiction in terms.

Logicians, at least those we have had for our masters, tell us that of contradictions one must be false. If there were ever two terms each the contradictory of the other, they are Catholic and Protestant. One cannot be a Catholic without denying Protestantism, or a Protestant without denying Catholicity. "Protestant Catholicity" or "Catholic Protestantism" is as plainly a contradiction in terms as a square circle or a circular square. If Catholicity is true, Protestantism is false, for it is simply the denial of Catholicity. If the Protestant denial of Catholicity is true or warranted, then there is nothing Catholic, no Catholicity, and consequently no Catholic Protestantism. Dr. Krauth has, we doubt not, a truth floating before his mind's eye, but he fails to grasp it, or to consider to what it is applicable. He says, "The history of Christianity, in common with all genuine history, moves under the influence of two generic ideas: The conservative, which desires to secure the present by fidelity to the results of the past; the progressive, which looks out in hope for a better future. Reformation is the great harmonizer of the true principles. Corresponding with conservatism, reformation, and progress, are the three generic types of Christianity; and under these genera all the species are but shades, modifications, or combinations, as all hues arise from three primary colors. Conservatism without progress produces the Ro-

mish and Greek type of the church; progress without conservatism runs into revolution, radicalism, and sectarianism; reformation is antithetical to both—to passive persistance in wrong or passive endurance of it, and to revolution as a mode of relieving wrong." That is, reformation preserves its subject while correcting its aberations, and effects its progress without its destruction, which, if the subject is corruptible and reformable, and the reform is effected by the proper authorities, and by the proper means, is no doubt true; and in this case reformation would stand opposed alike to immobility and revolution or destruction.

But is the learned and able professor aware of what he does when he assumes that Christianity is corruptible and reformable, that it is or can be the subject either of corruption or of reformation? Intentionally or not, by so assuming, he places it in the category of human institutions, or natural productions, left to the action of the natural laws or of second causes, and withdraws it from the direct and immediate government and protection of God. Not otherwise could its history be subject to the laws that govern the movement of all genuine history, be either perfectible or corruptible, or ever stand in need of being reformed, or of intrinsically advancing. Christianity itself, is a revelation from God, the expression of his eternal reason and will, and therefore His law which like Himself is perfect and unalterable. The terms the professor applies, can apply, then, only to men's views, theories, or judgments of Christianity, not to Christianity itself, either as a doctrine or an institution, either as the faith to be believed, or as the law to be obeyed. Christianity embodied in the church is the kingdom of God on earth, founded immediately by the Incarnate Word, to manifest the divine love and mercy in the redemption and salvation of souls, and to introduce and maintain the authority of God, and the supremacy of his law in human affairs. It is not an abstraction, and did not come into the world as a "naked idea," as Guizot maintains, nor is it

left to men's wisdom and virtue to embody it. It came into the world embodied in an institution, concreted in the church, which the blessed apostle assures us is "the body of Christ," who is himself Christianity, since he says: "I am the way, the truth, and the life." Neither as the end nor as the divine institution, neither as the law nor as the authority to keep, declare, and apply it, then, is the church imperfect, therefore progressive, or corruptible, and therefore reformable. This is the Catholic doctrine, which must be retained by Protestantism if Protestantism is to be Catholic.

The learned professor either overlooks or virtually denies the divine origin, character, and authority of the church, or else he supposes that the divine founder failed to adapt his means to his end, and left his work incomplete, imperfect, to be finished by men. From first to last, he treats the church not as the kingdom of God on earth, but as an institution formed by men to realize or embody their conceptions or views of his kingdom, its principles, laws, and authority. He thus makes it a human institution, subject to all the vicissitudes of time and space. As men can never embody in their institutions the entire kingdom of God, the church must be progressive; as whatever is defective may be corrupted by the errors and corruptions of the faithful, as what is subject to growth, must also be subject to decay, the church may from time to time become corrupt, and men must be free, as she has need, to reform her. This manifestly supposes the church is not divine, but simply an attempt, as is every false religion of men, to realize or embody, their variable conceptions of the divine. If this were not the professor's view, he could not talk of conservatism, progress, and reformation in connection with Christianity, nor the correspondence of these with "the three generic types of Christianity," for these terms are inapplicable to anything divine and perfect, and can be logically applied only to what is imperfect and human; to what is perfectible, corruptible and reformable. As

there is but one God, one Christ, the mediator of God and men, there can be but one Christianity, and that must be Catholic, one and the same in all times and places. To suppose three generic types of Christianity is as absurd as to suppose three Christs or three Gods, generically distinguished one from another, that is— three Christs or three Gods of three different types or genera.

Supposing the professor understands at all the meaning of the scholastic terms he uses, it is clear that he understands by Christianity the history of which moves under the influence of two generic ideas—nothing divine, nothing fixed, permanent, and immutable, the law alike for intellect and will, but the views and theories or judgments which men form of the works of God, His word, His law or His Kingdom. Christianity resolved into these may, we concede, not improperly be arranged under the three heads of conservatism, progress and reformation, but never Christianity as the truth to be believed and obeyed. We do not however, blame the Lutheran professor for his mistake; for, assuming his position as a Protestant to be at all tenable, he could not avoid it, since Protestants have no other Christianity. They have only their views or judgments of Christianity, not Christianity itself as the objective reality.

There is progress by Christianity. That is one great purpose for which it is instituted. But there is no progress in Christianity, because it is divine and perfect from the beginning. There may be reformation in individuals, nations, and society, for these are all corruptible, but none of Christianity itself, either as the creed or as the body of Christ, for it is indefectible, above and independent of men and nations, and therefore neither corruptible nor reformable by them. Not being corruptible or capable of deterioration, the term conservative, however applicable it may be to states and empires in the natural order, or to human institutions and laws subject to the natural laws, has no application to Christianity or the Kingdom of Christ, which is

supernatural, under the direct and immediate government and protection of God, an eternal and therefore an ever-present Kingdom, universal and unalterable, and not subject to the natural laws of growth and decay. The law of mechanics is, that there is no motion without a mover at rest. The movable cannot originate motion, nor the progressive be the cause of progress, or corruption purify and reform itself. If Christianity or the church were itself movable, or in itself progressive, it could effect no progress in men or nations, in individuals or society; and if it could ever become itself corrupt, it could be no principle of reform in the world, or in any department of life.

The office of Christianity is to maintain on earth amidst all the vicissitudes of this world the immutable divine order, to recover men from the effects of the fall, to elevate them above the world, above their natural powers, and to carry them forward, their will consenting and concurring, to a blissful and indissoluble union with God as their supreme good, as their last end or final cause. How could it fulfill this office and effect its divine purpose, if not itself free from all the changes, alterations, and accidents of time and space? Does not the learned professor of theology perceive that its very efficiency depends on its independence, immovableness, and immutability? Then the conceptions of conservatism, progress, and reformation cannot be applied to the church of God, any more than to God himself, and are applicable only to what is human connected with her. In applying these ideas to her, the professor, as every Protestant is obliged to do in principle at least, divests her of her divinity, of her supernatural origin and office, and subjects her to the laws which govern the history of all men and nations deprived of the supernatural, and remaining under the ordinary providence of God manifested through second causes. The professor's doctrine places Christianity in the same category with all pagan and false religions, and subjects it to the same laws to which they are subjected.

This being the case, Dr. Krauth, who is a genuine Lutheran, has no right to call Luther's reformation a conservative reformation. It may or may not be conservative in relation to some other Protestant church or sect, but in relation to the church of God, or to Christianity as the word or the law of God, it is not conservative, but undeniably destructive. It subverts the very idea and principle on which the church as the Kingdom of God on earth is founded and sustained. The church on the principles of Luther's reformation is subject to the authority of men and nations, and, instead of teaching and governing them, is taught and governed by them, and instead of elevating and perfecting them, they perfect, corrupt or reform it. This is manifestly a radical denial, a subversion of the church of God, of Christ's Kingdom on earth if it means anything more than a temperance society or a social club. In this respect, the principle of the Lutheran reformation was the common principle of all the Protestant reformers, as we may see in the fact that Protestantism, under any or all of its multitudinous forms, wherever not restrained by influences foreign to itself tends incessantly to eliminate the super-natural, and to run into pure rationalism or naturalism. It is absurd then, to talk of "Protestant Catholicity, or of Catholic Protestantism!" The two ideas are as mutually repellant as are Christ and Belial.

The church has indeed, her human side, and on that side she may at times be corrupt and in need of reform, that is to say, the heavenly treasure is received in earthen vessels, and those earthen vessels, though unable to corrupt or sully the divine treasure itself, may be unclean and impure themselves. Churchmen may become relaxed in their virtue and neglect to maintain sound doctrine and necessary discipline, and leave the people to suffer for the want of proper spiritual nourishment and care, even to fall into errors and vices more in accordance with the heathenism of their ancestors than with the faith and sanctity of the Christian.

In the legislative and administrative office of the church, not in her dogmas, precepts, constitution, or authority, which, as expressing the eternal reason and will of God, are unalterable, reforms are not only permissible but often necessary. The councils, general, national, provincial, and diocesan, have always had for their only object to assist the papacy in suppressing errors against faith, in enforcing discipline, maintaining Christian morality, and promoting the purity and sanctity of the Christian community.

We do not deny that reforms of this sort were needed at the epoch of the Protestant revolt and rebellion, and the Council of Trent was convoked and held for the very purpose of effecting such as were needed as well as for the purpose of condemning the doctrinal errors of the reformers. We cannot, however, concede that they were more especially needed at that epoch, than they had been at almost any time previous, since the conversion of the barbarians that overthrew the Roman empire, and of their pagan brethren that remained in the old homesteads. Long, severe and continuous, had been the struggle of the church to tame, humanize, and christianize these fierce wild barbarians, especially those who remained beyond the frontiers of the empire, and to whom the Roman name never ceased to be hateful, as it is even to this day with the bulk of the northern Germanic races. The evils which for eight hundred years had grown out of the intractable and rebellious spirit of these races in their old homes, and their perpetual tendency to relapse into the paganism of their ancestors, and which had so tried the faith and patience of the church, had been in a great measure overcome before the opening of the eighteenth century, and their morals and manners brought into close conformity with the Christian ideal. The church, through her supreme pontiffs and saintly bishops, zealous and hard-working priests and religious, had struggled successfully against them. She was even getting the better of the polished Greek and

Roman heathenism partially revived in the so-called revival of letters, or the renaissance. She was pursuing, never more steadily or more successfully her work of evangelization and civilization. We can point to no period in her history since the conversion of Clovis, king of the Franks, the missionary labors of St. Columbanus and his colonies of Irish monks in eastern Gaul and Italy, and of St. Boniface and his Anglo-Saxon companions and successors in central Germany and the Netherlands, when reforms were less necessary, or the bonds of discipline were less relaxed, than at the epoch of the rise of Protestantism.

But granting that reforms of this sort were especially needed in the sixteenth century, who had the right, on conservative and orderly principles, to propose, or to effect them? Certainly not private individuals, on their own authority, except so far as it concerned their own personal faith and morals, but the ecclesiastical authorities as we see in the Council of Trent. Reforms, even if needed and proper in themselves, if attempted by unauthorized individuals on their own responsibility, and carried out without, and espenially in opposition to the supreme authority of the church, are irregular, disorderly, and unlawful. A reform attempted and effected in church or state by unauthorized persons, and especially against the constituted authorities of either, is unquestionably at attempt at revolution, if words have any meaning. Now, was Luther's reformation effected by the church herself, or by persons authorized by her to institute and carry it on? Was it done by the existing authorities of the church in accordance with her constitution and laws, or was it done in opposition to her positive prohibition, and in most cases by violence and armed force against her?

There is no question as to the fact. Luther had no authority or commission from the church to attempt and carry out the reforms or changes he declared to be necessary. In laboring to effect them, he proceeded not only without her authority, but

against it, just as he does who conspires to overthrow the state or to subvert the constitution and laws of his country. Luther then, was not a conservative reformer, but a decided revolutionist, a radical, a sectarian, a destructive, and Dr. Krauth counts too much on the ignorance or credulity of his readers in expecting them to accept Lutheranism as a "conservative reformation." A conservative reformation, as distinguished from or opposed to revolution, is a legal, constitutional reformation, effected under the proper authorities and by constitutional and legal means. Luther's reformation was effected by persons unauthorized to reform the church, against her constitution and laws existing at the time, and to which they themselves owed strict fidelity and obedience. They were conspirators against lawful authority, against their spiritual sovereign, and their pretended reform was a revolt, a rebellion, and, as far as successful, a revolution. It is idle to deny it, or to attempt to defend Luther and his associates on legal and constitutional principles. The reform or movement he attempted was without and against law, against the constitution and canons of the church, and was condemned and prohibited by the supreme spiritual authority. This is undeniable.

But the Protestant pretence is, that Luther and his associates acted in obedience to a higher authority than that of popes and councils, and were justified in what they did by the written word of God and Christian antiquity. An appeal of this sort, on Protestant principles from the doctrines of a Protestant sect, might be entertained, but not on Catholic principles from the decision of the Catholic church, for she is herself, at all times and places, the supreme authority for declaring the sense of the written as well as of the unwritten word, for declaring and applying the divine law, whether naturally or supernaturally promulgated, and for judging what is or is not according to Christian antiquity. Their appeal was irregular, revolutionary even, and absurd, and not to be entertained for a mo-

ment. Luther and his associates did not appeal to a higher law or authority against the popes and councils, but to a lower. The appeal to Christian antiquity was equally unavailable, for it was only setting up their private judgment against the judgment of the supreme court. The church denied that she departed from the primitive church, and her denial was sufficient to rebut their assertion. In no case then did they or could they appeal to, or act on a higher law or authority than hers. They opposed, and could oppose to her judgment, rendered by popes and councils, of the law or word of God, written or unwritten, or of Christian antiquity, only their own judgment, which at the best was no better than hers at the worst.

The simple fact is, there is no defence of the so-called reformation on Catholic, church, or conservative principles. It sought to reform the faith, and to change the very constitution of the church, and wherever it was successful, it proved to be the subversion of the church, and the destruction of her faith, her authority, and her worship. Dr. Krauth says that this was not originally intended by the reformers, and that they had in the beginning no clear views, or fixed and determined plan of reform, but were carried forward by the logic of their principles and events to lengths which they did not foresee and from which at first they would have recoiled. This only proves that they were no divinely illumined and God-commissioned reformers, that they knew not what manner of spirit they were of, that they took a leap in the dark, and followed a blind impulse. If the spirit they obeyed, or the principle to which they yielded, led them or pushed them step by step in the way of destruction, to the total denial of the authority of the church, or to transfer it from the pope and hierarchy to Caesar or the laity, which we know was universally the fact, it is clear proof that the spirit or principle of the reformation was radical, revolutionary, destructive, not constructive.

"What is bred in the bones will out in the

flesh." Everywhere the Protestant spirit, the Protestant tendency is to remove further and further from Catholicity, to eliminate more and more of Catholic dogma, Catholic tradition, Catholic precepts, and to approach nearer and nearer to no-churchism, to the rejection of all authority in spiritual matters, and the reduction of the whole supernatural order to the natural. Faith, in the Protestant mind is only a probable opinion, sometimes fanatically held indeed, and enforced by power, but none the less a mere opinion for that. The conception of religion as a divine institution, of the church as a living organism, as a teaching and governing body, as the kingdom of God, placed in the world as the medium of divine grace, and of the divine government in human affairs, is really entertained by no class of Protestants, but disdainfully rejected by all as spiritual despotism, Romish usurpation, or popish superstition.

Every revolution must run its course and reach its goal, unless checked or restrained by a power or influences foreign to itself, and really antagonistic to it. The reformers rejected the idea of the church as a kingdom or governing body, or as a divine institution for the instruction and government of men, and substituted for it, in imitation of the Arabian imposter Mahomet, a book which, without the authority of the church to declare its sense is a dead book, save as quickened by the intelligence or understanding of its readers. Their followers discovered in the course of time that the book in itself is immobile and voiceless, and has no practical authority for the understanding or the will, and they cast it off, some, like George Fox and his followers, for a pretended interior or spiritual illumination, the reality of which they can prove neither to themselves nor to others; but the larger part have cast it off for natural reason, history, erudition, and the judgment of learned, or soi-distants learned men. Their work has gone on till, with the more advanced party, all divine authority is rejected, and as man has and can have in his own right no authority over his fel-

low-man, reason itself has given way, objective truth is denied, and truth and falsehood, right and wrong, it is gravely maintained, are only what each man for himself holds them to be. The utmost anarchy and confusion in the intellectual and moral world have been reached in individuals and sects said to have "advanced views."

Such have been the results of Dr. Krauth's "conservative reformation," in the spiritual order, in Christianity or the church. It introduced the revolutionary principle, the principle of individualism, of private judgment, and insubordination into the religious order, and, as a necessary consequence, it has introduced the same principle into the political and social order; which depends on religion, and cannot subsist without it. Hence the great and damning charge against the church in our day is that by her unchangeableness, her immovable doctrines, her influence on the minds and hearts, and hold on the consciences of the faithful, she is the great supporter of law and order, despots and despotism, in the language of the liberal journals—and the chief obstacle to the enlightenment and progress of society. Hence the whole movement party in our times, with which universal Protestantism sympathizes and is closely allied, is moved by hostility to the church, especially the papacy.

The right to revolutionize the church, and to place the flock above the shepherd, involves the right to revolutionize the state, and the assertion of the right of the governed to resist and depose their governors at will, or at the dictation of self-styled political and social reformers. If no man is bound, against his own judgment and will, to obey the law of God, how can any one be bound in conscience to obey the law of the state? If the people may subvert the constitution of the church, and trample on her divine authority, why may they not subvert the constitution of the republic, and trample under foot the human authority of the civil magistrate, whether he be called king or president? The principle of revolution, asserted and acted on as a Christian

principle by the reformers, has not been inoperative, or remained barren of results, on being transferred to modern political and civil society. If the reformation, by drawing off men's attention and affections from the spiritual order, and fixing them on the material order, has promoted a marvellous progress in mechanical inventions and the applications of science to the industrial and productive arts, it has at the same time undermined the whole political order, shaken every civil government to its foundation, and in fact, revolutionized nearly every modern state. It has loosened the bonds of society, destroyed the Christian family, erected disobedience into a principle, a virtue even, and reduced authority to an empty name. It has taught the people to be discontented with their lot, filled them with an insane desire for change, made them greedy of novelties, and stirred them up to a chronic war with their rulers. Everywhere we meet the revolutionary spirit, and there is not a government in Europe that has any stronghold on the consciences of the governed, or that can sustain itself except by its army.

But to conclude. We have wished to show Dr. Krauth that the reformation in any or all of its phases, in its principle and in its effects, in church and state, is decidedly revolutionary. He as a Protestant has not been able to see and set forth the truth. Bound by his office and position to defend the reformation, he has considered what it must have been if defensible, not what it actually was, and has given us his ideal of the reformation, not the reformation itself. If it does not, he reasons, maintain all Catholic principles and doctrines it is indefensible; but if it concedes that these principles and doctrines were held in their purity and integrity, in their unity and catholicity, by the church Luther warred against, what need was there of it? Our good doctor must then assume that they were not so held, that the church had erred both in faith and practice, and that the reformation simply restored the faith, purified practice, reestablished dis-

cipline, freed the mind from undue shackles, and opened the way for the free and orderly progress of the world. All very fine; only there does not happen to be a word of truth in it. Besides, if it were so, it would only prove that the church had failed, therefore that Christianity had failed, and that Christ was not equal to the work he undertook. If Christ is true, there must always be the true church somewhere, for she is indefectible, just as He is indefectible. If the church in communion with the See of Rome had become corrupt and false, as the reformers alleged, then some other existing body was the true church, and Luther and his associates, in order to be in the true church, should have ascertained and joined it—a thing which it is well known they did not do, for they joined no other church or organic body, but set furiously at work to pull down the old church which had hitherto sheltered them, and to build a new one for themselves on its ruins.

We grant the reformation should have been conservative in order to be defensible, but it was not so. It was radical and subversive. It rejected the papacy, the hierarchy, the church herself as a visible institution, as a teaching and governing body, and asserted the liberty of the faithful to teach and govern their prelates and pastors. It is the common principle of all Protestant denominations that the church is constituted by the faithful, holds from them, and the pastor is called, not sent. This, we need not say, is the subversion of all church authority, of the Kingdom of God founded by our Lord Himself and ruling from above instead of from below. It reduces religion from law to opinion or personal conviction, without light or authority for conscience. This principle applied to politics, is the subversion of the state, overthrows all government, and leaves every man free to do "what is right in his own eyes." It transfers power from the governors to the governed, and allows the government no powers not held from their assent, which is simply to make it no government at all.

We do not deny the right of the people to resist the prince who makes himself a tyrant, if declared to be such and judicially deposed by the competent authority, but we do deny their right, for any cause whatever, to conspire against or to resist the legitimate government in the legal exercise of its constitutional powers. The doctrine of the demagogues and their journals we are not able to accept; it deprives the people collectively of all government, and leaves individuals and minorities no government to protect and defend them from the ungoverned will and passions of the majority for the time. Like the heathen barbarianism which Catholicity subdued, Protestantism lacks the element of order, because it rejects authority, and is necessarily incompetent to maintain real liberty or civilized society. It can preserve neither liberty from running into license or lawlessness, nor authority from running into despotism.

If Dr. Krauth wants conservatism without immobility, and progress without revolution, or radicalism, as it seems he does, he must cease to look for what he wants in the Lutheran, Calvinistic, Anglican, or any other Protestant reformation. He must turn his thoughts and his hopes to that church which converted Pagan Rome, christianized and civilized his own barbarian ancestors, founded the Christendom of the Middle Ages and labored so assiduously, unweariedly, perseveringly, and successfully to save souls, and to advance civilization and the interests of human society, from the conversion of the pagan Franks in the fifth century down to the beginning of the sixteenth century. That church which still survives and teaches and governs, in spite of all the efforts of reformers, revolutionists, men, and devils to cover her with disgrace, to belie her character, and to sweep her from the face of the earth. She not only converted the pagan barbarians, but she recovered even the barbarian nations and tribes, as the Goths, Vandals, and Burgundians, that had fallen into the Arian heresy, which like all heresy is a compromise between

Christianity and heathenism, and even reconverted the Allemanni, Frieslanders, and others who had once embraced the Gospel, but had subsequently returned to their idols and heathen superstitions. God is with her as of old, and lives, teaches, and governs in her as in the beginning. She is as able to convert the heathen to day, to reconvert the relapsed, and to recover the heretical, as she was in the days of St. Remi, St. Amand, St. Patrick, St. Austin, St. Columbanus, St. Willebrod, or St. Boniface. She is the Kingdom of God, and like Him she cannot grow old, decay or die.

Let our learned Lutheran professor remove the film from his eyes, and look at her in her simple grandeur, her unadorned majesty and beauty, and see how mean and contemptible, compared with her, are all the so-called churches, sects, and combinations arranged against her. It is one of the mysteries of this life, how a man of the learning, intelligence, apparent sincerity, and good sense of Dr. Krauth, can write an octavo volume of eight hundred closely printed pages in defense of the Protestant reformation.

———o———

BISHOP FENWICK.

(The Right Reverend Benedict Joseph Fenwick, Second Bishop of the Diocese of Boston)

Few who had the honor of personally knowing the late eminent bishop of Boston but looked upon him as a great and good man, and upon themselves as highly privileged in being permitted to love and revere him. Especially was this the case with those who were in habits of daily intercourse with him, who sat familiarly at his table, and shared his intimacy. To them he was a pleasant companion, a faithful and affectionate friend, a wise and prudent counsellor; a watchful and loving father. They have no words to say how much they loved and venerated him, or to express how deeply they feel their bereavement. They never met, and they have no hope of meeting his equal in another. Their grief would be more than they could bear, did they not find consolation in reflecting that it has been theirs to know familiarly one who gave them, by his virtues, a higher conception of the capacities of our common nature, and of the power and riches of divine grace. That they have felt the influence, enjoyed the friendship, and received the paternal counsels and blessings of one whose labors and example were a precious gift from heaven to the community in which he lived. That he is removed from them only to enter upon the rewards of his fidelity and life of self-sacrifice, and to be able to serve more effectually the children he so tenderly loved, by his more intimate union with the common Father of us all.

It would give us great pleasure to be able to write the life and portray the character of this eminent divine, and model of Christian prelates. But that is an honor to which it is not ours to aspire. That honor is reserved for others, who have known him longer and better, and can speak more worthily of the events of his active life and his invaluable services to religion in this country, and who are more entitled to the consolation of delineating for

the edification of the faithful, those traits of his character which so quickened their love of virtue, and so endeared him to their hearts. We can presume only to recall for our readers a few impressions we personally received in our short but frequent intercourse with him during the last two years of his life—an intercourse, which we need not say, we regard as one of the richest of the many blessings which a kind Providence has ever scattered with a liberal hand along our pathway in life.

We saw Bishop Fenwick for the first time in the spring of 1843. A young friend who had been introduced to him, called with us. We were shown into his room, our friend told him our name, and in a moment we were perfectly at our ease. A lively conversation instantly ensued, on one subject and another. It was Holy Week. His time was much taken up, and we forebore to prolong our interview beyond fifteen or twenty minutes. Requesting permission to call and see him again, when he should be more at leisure, we took our leave.

Certainly nothing remarkable occurred in this interview. Nothing remarkable was said, and yet we were strangely affected, and had a strong inclination, on taking our leave, to kneel and beg his blessing. What affected us we could not have told, can hardly tell even now, and yet affected we were, and went out from his presence feeling that we were a different man from what we were on entering. We had remarked no extraordinary ability or acquirement, and what had been said on either side had been said in a lively and half-sportive strain. If one thing struck us more than another in the bishop's character, it was his ease and agreeableness of manner, and his ready humor and pleasant wit. Yet there was withal, so much tenderness, so much sweetness and simplicity of spirit, so much paternal sensibility, that he took possession of us, and we were never able afterwards to dismiss him from our mind or heart.

We did not leave Bishop Fenwick with the impression that he was personally that remarkable

man we subsequently found him. Indeed, while we were conversing with him, though he related an anecdote of himself, our thoughts were not fixed on him personally. He was not occupied with himself, and he did not permit you to be occupied with him. What then, was the secret of his influence? It was hard to say. But in fact, the influence of the truly great man is always a puzzle, for you rarely see or suspect, at the moment, his real greatness. The men who strike us suddenly as great, are, in general, men who are so only in this or that particular, and who, though calling forth our admiration, exert very little influence on our minds or hearts. They have certain prominences of character which arrest attention; but on familiar acquaintance, they are almost always found to be wanting in many of the requisites of true greatness. The truly great man presents always, so to speak, an even surface, and fails, by his very greatness, to impress us at first sight with a sense of his superiority. One feels this in studying the character of Washington. His is a character of admirable proportions, remarkable for its completeness and integrity. Nothing projects from the rest, and it is only after a long study and comparison that its real superiority begins to dawn upon us. It was so with Bishop Fenwick, in a remarkable degree. His character was admirably balanced. The proportions were preserved throughout, and you were unconscious of its real superiority till you had measured the scale on which it was constructed. In company with him and others, you would often feel that he counted for the least present, till gradually you discovered that he was the life and soul of all that had been going on, and that, without intending it, without being conscious that he was doing it, he had moved each according to the operations of his own mind. Perfectly unassuming, void of all pretentions, and anxious to make himself of no account, he was even the master-spirit, and would have been, place him where or with whom you might. We have known intimately some of the most distinguished among those our

countrymen delight to honor; but in this respect we have never seen him surpassed, or even equalled.

It was over a year before we saw Bishop Fenwick for the second time. Immediately after Easter he left Boston to attend the provincial council at Baltimore, and to spend some time on a visit to his friends in Maryland, his native state. What most impressed us in this second interview—when we called alone—was the firm and uncompromising character of his Catholicity. He used not a single unkind word in speaking of Protestants, but with all our art—and we did our best—we could not extract from him the least conceivable concession. It was well for us that he was thus stern and uncompromising in his Catholicity. A man brought up a Protestant is apt to distrust the sincerity of another's faith, and in general looks upon a well educated and intelligent Catholic priest or bishop as acting a part, or merely speaking from his brief, without any firm conviction of what he professes.

No man living better understood or appreciated the difference between charity and that spurious liberality which sometimes usurps its name, than Bishop Fenwick. His own heart was full of tenderness, literally overflowed with love to all men, and his charity knew no bounds. There was nothing severe in his disposition. If he had a fault, it was his inability to think ill of another. You could not make him believe ill of any one, especially of one who had done wrong to him. No matter how strong were the appearances, undeniable the facts, he would always find some excuse, and prove to you that you were doing the man injustice. But he had nevertheless, no sympathy with that false liberality which fears to shock another's principles or cross his wishes. He knew that charity must often shock in order to save. Wherever then he appeared stern and unbending, it was not from severity of temper, but from his ardent charity, his fidelity to God, and his earnest desire to save souls.

Naturally Bishop Fenwick was of a lively and playful disposition. He had an exhaustless fund of

wit and humor, and his social qualities and conversational powers were unrivalled. He relished a good joke, and could give and receive one with inimitable grace and delicacy. Yet his wit never left a sting. No one enjoyed it more heartily than its victim, as we had often occasion ourselves to experience. His memory was stocked with a world of stories and anecdotes, which he would, in his moments of relaxation, relate with a grace and a charm which it would be as vain to attempt to describe as to imitate. We have listened with the intensest pleasure, for the hour together, and heard him relate anecdotes and stories with which we were perfctly familiar, and which we had ourselves previously related, perhaps a hundred times; and we have heard him relate the same anecdote the twentieth time with as much pleasure as the first. He had the rare faculty of investing the familiar with novel charms, and he threw the hues of his own mind over whatever he touched. He was a great favorite with children, and it was difficult to determine whether he found the more pleasure in their society or they in his. It was beautiful to see the perfect sympathy between them. His own spirit was as playful, as light, as sunny as theirs, guileless as theirs, and he could at once touch their young hearts and gain their entire confidence. We were with him the most of the afternoon of the Friday preceding his death. He was then all but dying, yet he was as cheerful, as playful, as we had known him when in perfect health; and we sat for a long time and admired his sportiveness with a little girl, some four or five years old, who came with her mother to see him.

Of Bishop Fenwick as an intellectual man and a scholar we are not well qualified to speak. He was averse to all display, and was always so modest and unassuming that you were perpetually in danger of underrating him. Yet one was always sure to find his natural ability and his learning equal to the occasion, whatever it might be. His mind was evidently of a practical rather than of a speculative

cast. He had no special fondness for metaphysical studies and scholastic subtilities, but he was always at home in any speculative question which came up, and familiar with all the nice and subtle distinctions it might involve. His memory was remarkably tenacious, and was rarely at fault. He seemed to have read everything, and to have retained all he read. We never, in our intercourse with him, knew a subject to be broached of which he was ignorant. He spoke several languages with ease and fluency, was an eminent classical scholar; and apparently familiar with the whole range of modern literature and science. No matter what the subject, however obscure or remote from his professional studies, on which you sought information, he could either give it or direct you at once to the source whence you could obtain it. That he was a sound divine, well read in dogmatic and moral theology, we suppose there can be no question; but his favorite studies seemed to us to be history and geography, in both of which, whether general or particular, he excelled. He had studied them extensively and profoundly. He seemed to have been present in all countries of the globe, and in all ages of the world. In history he would not only give you the outline of the history of a particular country, or of all countries, ancient or modern, but he would give you universal history, as a whole, and in its details, in its causes, connections, and dependencies. He had been behind the curtain, in the secret cabinet-council, and had seen and mastered all the secret springs of events, great and small, and was able to trace those events out into all their ramifications, and in their remotest consequences. Nothing had escaped him.

In the history of his own country, which he loved as a Christian and a patriot, that is, with the affection of a son, without being blind to the merits of others, he was, as may be supposed well versed. He possessed a comprehensive and minute knowledge of all that concerned it, together with a multitude of details and anecdotes of its eminent

men, from the earliest colonization down to the present moment, that would have made him an invaluable acquaintance to the learned and eloquent historian of the United States, who lately filled with credit to himself, a seat in the national cabinet. He was moreover, preeminently a business man, remarkable for his practical talents, as he evinced so clearly in the administration of his diocese, and which would have fitted him to govern a nation with equal ease and success. Upon the whole, he left on us the impression of a man of rare natural powers, of varied and profound learning, and of being the best informed man we had ever had the honor of meeting, although his native modesty and his humility concealed the fact that such was the case, as much as possible. Those of his sermons which we had the happiness of hearing were plain and practical expositions of duty, or earnest and affectionate addresses of a loving father to the hearts and consciences of his children. They were marked by no display of learning, or even of eloquence; and yet he could have been, if he had chosen, the first pulpit orator of the age. He had every requisite of the orator, the eye, the voice, the figure, and the manner —a clear, rich, forcible and elevated style, a ready command of language, extensive knowledge, an exhaustless fund of varied and felicitous illustration, a free, bold, earnest, and dignified delivery, appropriate and graceful action. But his natural modesty, his deep humility, his abiding sense of his responsibility as a shepherd of souls made him shrink from whatever could look like display.

We have spoken of Bishop Fenwick's humility. This was perhaps the most striking trait in his character. It gave to his whole person that placid beauty, and that inexpressible charm, which made his society so delightful, and which so endeared him to our hearts. He rarely spoke of himself, and when he did, it was always evident that his mind was not preoccupied with himself. He spoke of the transactions in which he had taken part, nay, in which he had been the sole actor, as if he had no connec-

tion with them. He held no prominent place in his own eyes. He was happy in opportunities to humble himself the deeper before God. Through grace his spirit had become as sweet, as gentle, as docile, as that of the little child, of whom our Saviour said: "Of such is the Kingdom of heaven.' He made himself nothing, for Christ's sake, and was free and strong for whatever there was for him to do. It was a lesson and a blessing to contemplate one so truly eminent for his abilities and acquirements, able to rank with the greatest men and most learned scholars of the age, making himself of no account, completely annihilating himself, for the love of God and the good of souls, and emulous only of serving the lowest and assisting those who were most in need of assistance. It abashed one's pride, made him ashamed of arrogating anything to himself, and feel that nothing is truly estimable, save so far as consecrated to the greater glory of God.

It is hardly necessary to speak of his tender care and solicitude for the flock committed to his charge. Every member was dear to him, and he took a lively interest in each one's concerns, temporal as well as spiritual. They were all his children, and no father's heart ever warmed with more generous affection, or overflowed with more tender solicitude. He lived only to serve them, and he brought all his energies to bear in devising ways and means to benefit them, both here and hereafter. Their joy was his joy, their sorrow was his sorrow. Especially was he the father of the poor. He gave everything he had, even the very considerable estate he had inherited, and, if all were not amply provided for, it was only because his purse was not so large as his heart. He carried his kindness and paternal love even to those who did not always make a suitable return; and possessed, preeminently the power of rendering good for evil. No ingratitude ever discouraged him. No unworthy recipients of his bounty ever induced him to abandon or reproach them. If, as rarely happened, some rude or violent member of his flock forgot what was due to their father, he

felt no resentment, but melted in compassion for the offender. All who had any real or fancied grievances were permitted to tell their story in their own way; were listened to with patience, and dismissed with gentleness and the paternal blessing. This remarkable patience and gentleness, so obvious to all who were in the way of observing his intercourse with all sorts of people, were the work of grace; for we are inclined to think that he was, naturally, somewhat impatient and irascible. This trait in his character was, therefore, all the more beautiful, for it proved the victory of grace over nature. The victory was complete. If nature showed sometimes a disposition to rebel, she was instantly suppressed, and nothing was seen but the meekness, gentleness, and forbearance of divine grace.

Bishop Fenwick's consideration for the feelings of others was another beautiful trait in his character. He could not bear to give the least pain to another, and he studied to hide his excessive tenderness under an affectation of harshness and severity, which, however, only made it the more apparent. He delighted to have his children, especially his clergy, around him, and was never happier than when they shared freely his boundless hospitality. Nothing could be more delightful than to mark his kindness to them and their love and veneration for him. Nothing was constrained, nothing was cold or distant. It was truly the reunion of the father and his children. No one was overlooked. No one was unwelcome; and we have often admired the unaffected, the apparently unconscious, consideration shown to the feeling of each one present. If one had been longer absent than usual, without any sufficient reason, or seemed to show that he doubted whether he was perfectly welcome or not, the convrsation was always sure to take such a turn, and without any one's being able to perceive when or how, as to make him certain that his absence had been regretted, and that, if anything had occurred to wound his sensibility, it was unintended, and would be atoned for at any sacrifice. All this was

done so naturally, so spontaneously, so unconsciously, so from the heart that none but a very nice and practiced observer could detect or suspect it.

He ever studied to make others happy, and his joy was always to see himself surrounded by glad hearts and smiling faces. He had had his trials, and trials of no ordinary severity. He had met with many things, in the administration of his diocese, to grieve his paternal heart; but he never permitted his own afflictions to cloud his brow, or that of another. With him all was smooth and sunny, and you imagined that he was free from all solicitude, and that no care ever oppressed him. This trait in his character was strikingly displayed all through his long and painful illness. He had naturally a vigorous constitution, and had always enjoyed robust health. He had assured us that he knew sickness only by seeing it in others. When therefore he was taken down, we all felt, and he must himself have felt, that it would most likely go hard with him, and that his recovery was, at best, extremely doubtful. But his habitual cheerfulness never for a moment deserted him. He rarely alluded to his illness. Answered to our inquiries, that he was well or very nearly well. Talked of matters and things in general, and of his plans for the church, and for his people, as if nothing ailed him. For nine months he had not lain down, and had no means of resting himself but in changing from one chair to another.

They who knew him well were not surprised that he bore his long, tedious, and painful illness without a single complaint, a single murmur, and that he manifested never the least impatience, but exhibited throughout the whole the most perfect gentleness and resignation; for they expected no less. He felt that suffering was good for him, and he was thankful for it. To our remark, in the early stages of his sickness, that we were unable to look upon death as a thing to be dreaded, he mildly rebuked us, and replied, "It is a great thing to die."

Of his truly edifying death we cannot speak

in detail. It was what was to have been expected from his life. He retained his faculties and his recollection to the last moment. He knew the change that was taking place, but it did not take him by surprise. All his life had been but a preparation for it, yet he made all the acts and preparations the time and the occasion required. He who had never left him, who, through all his sickness, had nursed him with the tender affection of a son, and the tender charity of a Christian, stood by him, whispering suitable aspirations in his ear, which he repeated after him. His last words were, *"In te, Domine, speravi, non confundar in aeternum."*

We have nothing more to add. His monument is in the grateful recollections of his people whom he fed with the bread of life, and governed with equal affection and wisdom. Everywhere in his diocese we may read the proofs of his paternal solicitude, his wisdom and energy, his devotion to the people of his charge, and of his having lived and labored with no thought but for the greater glory of God, and the advancement of the church. He found his diocese with only three small churches, and one priest; he left it with nearly fifty churches, and as many priests. His flock was poor, small and scattered. His means, saving his paternal inheritance, all of which he expended for the church, were to be created. Yet he succeded in creating them. He relieved the poor, paid especial attention to the education and training of the young, and finally crowned his well-spent life with the erection of that noble monument to his love of learning and his zeal for his people, the College of the Holy Cross, at Worcester, destined to be, if the youngest, yet the first, of the noble literary institutions of New England, and where the grateful student long shall kneel at his tomb, and pray that he may be like him, and his last end like his.

Not Catholics alone wept at his removal. Our whole city seemed to feel that one of her firmest supports was taken away. Religious differences and prejudices for the moment were hushed. The

conduct of our citizens during his sickness and the funeral solemnities was what we expected from Bostonians, and induced many a regret that they are not more generally members of that church which alone can exhalt their proverbial philanthrophy into charity, and give to their benevolence and energy a direction safe for themselves and glorious for humanity.

ARCHBISHOP HUGHES.

(*Complete Works of the Most. Rev. John Hughes, D. D., Archbishop of New York, Edited by Lawrence Kehoe.*)

Mr. Kehoe has been very successful in collecting the scattered writings of the late eminent Archbishop of New York, and placing them within the reach of the general public; but he would have more fully discharged his duties as editor, if he had added more copious notes, explanatory of the several historical events and occasions which called them forth, or the exigiencies they were intended to meet. The volumes would thus have contained a very complete history of the church in New York, we might almost say in the United States, from 1838 to 1864. But this would have required no little labor, and would have swollen the volumes to an immoderate size; yet we hope it will be done before it is too late.

Archbishop Hughes was a man of action rather than a man of study, and he kept his eyes open to almost every movement at home or abroad that seemed likely to affect in any degree, favorably or unfavorably Catholic interests. We have had among our prelates closer students, more accomplished scholars, more learned doctors, profounder theologians, but we have known none among them who surpassed him in energy of character and bold and decided action. His action might not always seem judicious to his episcopal brethren, nor did it always meet in all respects their approval; but his activity was great and ceaseless and extended to everything that could affect the public interests of Catholics. His mind was broad and comprehensive, and he seemed to labor especially to gain for the church a public recognition and position in the country, which she was entitled to indeed, but had not hitherto enjoyed. He appeared to believe in political agitation, and to aim, by the aid of Catholic votes, to force the legislature to recognize and protect the equal rights of Catholics. Consequently to

those outside, he seemed to be a politician using his power over his people as a Catholic bishop to gain political ascendency for his church. Hence he accidentally strengthened their false pretence, that the church is simply a political body aiming at political power, the most formidable objection urged in our times against her. Yet this was most unjust to the illustrious prelate. He undoubtedly did labor to secure to Catholics, through political or legislative action, the practical enjoyment of the equal rights and freedom of conscience guaranteed to them by the Constitution, but which an unjust and tyrannical anti-Catholic public opinion denied them, as it does still. He asked only justice and equality and justice and equality to Catholics mean, in the minds of non-Catholics, the political ascendency of Catholics. These non-Catholic countrymen of ours cannot believe that they stand on a footing of equality with Catholics, unless they have the power to govern and oppress them. They are equal only when they are superior.

Protestants can never understand that the same laws may bear very unequally on them and on Catholics. The general law with regard to church property, which regards the parish as the unit, or as complete in itself, works no injury to Protestants for with them, for they, unless the Methodists form an exception, accept the parish or congregation as the unit. But with Catholics the case is very different. With Catholics the unit is the diocese, not the parish or congregation, and the temporalities, according to the law of the church, are held and administered by the spiritual authority, whether that of the bishop or of the bishop and his chapter, not by the laity as with Protestants. In the law which vests the temporalities of the church in the hands of lay trustees chosen by the congregation, there is no violation or oppression of conscience in the case of Protestant; but in the case of Catholics it is far otherwise, for it conflicts with the constituion and laws of the church. The public school law is open to a similar objection. Nothing can be more equal on its face,

or more unequal or unjust in its operation. It works no violence to the conscience of Protestants, for they have no conscience against recognizing the state as educator—so long as they can control the state—and they have really no concrete religion or morality which they hold to be the basis of all sound public or private education; but Catholics are conscientiously opposed to the state as educator, and hold education to be exclusively the function of the church. They are conscientiously opposed to separating secular education from religious instruction and discipline. They have a concrete, specific, and definite religion, opposed to the vague generalities and abstractions of the sects that recognize no religion in particular, and assert at best "only a common Christianity," which is equivalent to no Christianity at all. They are conscientiously opposed to the public schools for their children. They cannot with a good conscience send their children to them, and yet they are taxed their quota and their rightful proportion of the public school funds to support them. Is not this unequal and unjust?

It must be manifest to all right-minded persons, that the archbishop, in warring against these and similar wrongs done to his church and people, and in striving to secure the equality to which they are entitled by the constitution or fundamental law of the state, did not travel beyond the sphere of his duty as a Catholic bishop, and by no means justified the senseless charge, that he was grasping at political power so persistently made against him. Of his boldness, energy and perseverence in asserting the rights of Catholics, there can be no doubt, and just as little of the extraordinary influence he wielded over even non-Catholics in his day. As long as he lived, he was a power in the land, and a power that politicians and statesmen felt that they must reckon with. Whether his measures or methods were always the wisest or most judicious possible, it is not within our province to decide or even to inquire. We know that he filled a large space in the public mind, and that he gave in his own diocese,

perhaps far beyond it, a position to the church and to Catholics, which they had never before occupied in this heretical and infidel country, and which they have hardly maintined since his death. In his own diocese he overawed and rendered comparatively harmless both the so-called Native American and Know-Nothing parties, and effectually protected his people from their wild fanaticism.

The Archbishop was supposed to be fond of power. He certainly watched with a jealous eye every individual or combination of individuals that threatened to become too strong for him to control. He would suffer no one among Catholics to acquire an independent power. But though we personally suffered from the jealousy with which he guarded his own authority, and perhaps had some right to feel aggrieved at his occasional public criticisms, we are sure that he was not moved by any inordinate love of power, or by any thing but his clear conviction, and let us add, just conviction, of the danger of the growth of any power in a diocese too strong for its ordinary to control, or which, if assuming the attitude of opposition, might create embarrassment for authority. On this point his experience had made him extremely sensitive, and so sensitive, it is possible, as sometimes to lead him to suspect individuals unnecessarily, but from no vulgar principle or motive. He knew a bishop's authority in his diocese, which he holds by the grace of God and the appointment of the Holy See, cannot be resisted or impeded without the gravest injury to religion, and that it is the duty of the bishop to maintain his authority against all opposition, and at all hazards, and to see that it is duly respected by all, cleric or laic, under his charge. He is appointed to govern, and though he is required by the law of Christ to govern as a father, or as the shepherd his flock, he is nevertheless required to govern. The history of the church shows, that far more evil results from the neglect of prelates to exert their full authority, than from their too strenuous assertion of it. Better in government, to

be too rigid than too lax. Discipline must be rigidly maintained, or ruin ensues.

The Archbishop, knowing that his flock was composed of the faithful of various nations, was extremely vigilant to suppress the first symptom of a tendency among them to divide according to their respective nationalities. Though the Catholics of American origin were the weakest and least numerous portion of his flock, he was especially severe against any union or movement among them apparently designed to carry their own nationality into the church. There was at one time a small club in this city, composed of priests and laymen, chiefly un-Americans or sons of foreign-born parents, supposed to have some such object in view, and we ourselves were made to suffer not a little for our supposd connection with it, and presumed intention of making our *Review* the organ of an American party among Catholics. What the real purpose of the club was, we never knew. We were never a member of it, and never met with it but once, and then only as an invited guest. We never dreamed of forming an American party in the church, and never united with those who demanded a native-born clergy, for it was always a matter of indifference to us where a bishop or priest was born or to what nationality he belonged, if he understood the wants of his diocese or of his mission, since we always held the church superior to all distinctions of race or nation. All we ever contended was that an American on his conversion to the church is not required by his religion to renounce his American nationality, and that foreign nationalities, domiciled on American soil, should treat his nationality with respect, not, as we sometimes found them doing, with contempt.

The question was raised by the organization of the Native American and Know-Nothing parties and we as a Catholic publicist had to meet it, and we aimed to meet it, without denying our own nationality, or confessing ourselves a foreigner in our native country, as also without offending the sus-

ceptibilities of any foreign-born Catholic. The question is now out of date. The Archbishop was undoubtedly right in suppressing, by the weight of his character still more than by his episcopal authority, the first symptom of an American party among Catholics, but he misapprehended us, and some of our clerical friends, when he supposed that we wished to form such a party.

It would be the basest ingratitude on the part of the Catholic American to entertain any prejudice against foreign born Catholics, whether cleric or laic, for it is to them principally that we owe the upbuilding and extension of Catholicity in our country. We would not withhold the meed of praise from those old American Catholics who held fast to the faith and sustained it when to be a Catholic was to incur almost universal odium. But it cannot be denied that the growth of Catholicity with us, began with the more recent migration hither of foreign Catholics, and their settlement in the country. Very few of our bishops and clergy have been of the old American stock, and certainly the most energetic and efficient laborers in the American vineyard, whose toil, privations, and sacrifices God has so richly blessed, have nearly all come to us from old Catholic nations. We are debtors to every nation in Europe, principally to France, Ireland and Germany. We do not find that native American priests are a whit more successful or more acceptable than foreign-born priests. There is no reason for demanding an exclusively native-born clergy.

In all ages of the church her most formidable enemy has been nationalism, that is to say, gentileism, in some one or other of its various forms. That is, in the language of St. Augustine, the city of the world set up over against the city of God. The demand for a national clergy, whenever and wherever made, is prompted, not by the spirit of Christ, but the spirit of Satan, who governs in the city of the world. In the city of God there is neither Jew nor Gentile, neither Greek nor barbarian. In the spiritual order all national distinctions are ef-

faced, as also all distinctions of race or complexion, of noblemen, and simple men, of rich and poor, and of bond and free. The New Testament recognizes no such virtue as patriotism, the highest virtue known to the gentile world. In so far as love of country is subordinated to the love of God, it is a natural virtue, and not censurable, but it is never in itself a distinctively Christian virtue, any more than is the natural love of husband and wife, or of parents and children. The demand for a national church or a national clergy is anti-Catholic, for it is a demand that the city of God should be modelled after and subordinated to the city of the world. We hope we shall be pardoned these referencs to matters on which it was supposed at the time, that there was a misunderstanding between us and our venerable archbishop, and which unpleasantly affected our standing as a Catholic publicist.

Archbishop Hughes wrote much for the journals. He had not only a paper of his own devoted to Catholic interests, in which he frequently wrote the leading editorial articles, but he entered the secular journals, sometimes under his own and sometimes under an assumed name, in order to repel attacks on himself or his church, and to vindicate the equal rights of Catholics. His articles and letters are able, adroit, and for the most part conclusive against his opponents. In vindicating the rights and inviolability of conscience, he was not always careful, however to distinguish between the civil rights of American citizens, and their theological or spiritual rights, and left it to be inferred, though falsely inferred, that man has the right before God to be of any religion he chooses, or even of no religion, which would absolve heresy and infidelity from all sinfulness or moral blame. Before the state or civil law, in this country at least, a man is free to be of any religion he pleases, and is entitled to the protection of the law in its free and full enjoyment. But before the moral law, before God, no man has the right to be of any religion but the Catholic religion, the one only true religion. Heresy and infidelity

are not civil offences in this country, but they are deadly sins. None more so. There may be cases in which the man who adheres, as we have elsewhere said, through invincible ignorance or invincible necessity, to a heresy or to unbelief, may be excused from the sin of heresy or infidelity; but no one can have the positive virtue, to which heaven is given as a reward. It would be unjust to the archbishop to suppose that he was either ignorant of this distinction or that he denied it. We know personally from his own lips that he was theologically as intolerant as our *Review* had ever been, and that is saying enough. But having in his various controversies to vindicate only the civil rights of Catholics under the American constitution and laws, which recognize the freedom and equal right of all religions in the civil order, he was not called upon to discuss the rights of heresy and infidelity, or their character in the moral or spiritual order.

In reading his collected writings, nearly all of which were called forth by the circumstances of the day or the hour, we are struck with the immense difficulties that had to be overcome before the church here could receive her regular organization, discipline be introduced and carried out, and she be enabled to take up, so to speak, her regular march to the conquest of souls for her Lord. The greatest of these difficulties did not come from without, at least not the most vexatious. There were not a few refractory priests in proportion to the whole number of Catholics in the country, and not a few of the laity were slow in learning that the democratic principle recognized in the state, and usually confounded with liberty, because it emancipates the people from all legitimate authority and asserts their right to do collectively whatever they please, has no place in the constitution and government of the church. The church has her own constitution and laws, and her own officers, whose rights and powers, derived through the supreme pontiff from God, are independent of the people, and are tthe same in all ages and nations, whatever the form of civil gov-

ernment adopted or maintained. In monarchical states, the prince, in democratic states the people, that is the laity, combat this independence of the church and ordinarily insist on having a voice in the ecclesiastical administration, at least in the management of the church's temporalities and always are there found priests, and sometimes even bishops, so forgetful of the rights as well as the duties of their order, as to support the laical pretensions whether of princes or of people.

The laity have been always slow to learn that while free to give or not to give to the church of their substance, yet when once given it is no longer theirs; it is the Lord's and passes from their control. Protestants recognizing no real church, and no real distinction between cleric and laic, spiritual and temporal, do not need to learn this lesson, and therefore very properly retain in the hands of the laity the proprietorship and management of the goods devoted to religious and eleemosynary purposes. Their is no incongruity in the vestry or wardens of an Episcopalian congregation closing the door of their meeting-house—church, they call it—against the bishop of the diocese and forbidding him to enter within its walls; for an Episcopalian bishop has no authority to govern, and in no sense represents the spiritual order, even in his own diocese. He can perform, when invited and where permitted, certain episcopal functions, but he is little else than a figure-head, and the power is congregational, vested in the rector and wardens, or in the wardens alone. But for Catholics the bishop is the church in his diocese, subject to no lay authority, and responsible only to the supreme pontiff; and to be separated from the bishop is to be separated from the church.

The laity intervened in the government of the church in this country through lay trustees chosen by the congregation, and in whom all church property was vested. The bishop was rendered dependent on the several congregations of his diocese, and the pastor, instead of governing his congregation,

was, through lay trustees, in a measure governed by them, as among Protestants, with whom the sheep govern the shepherd. It is difficult to estimate the injury done to the church for years by lay trustees. The archbishop of New York fought and won no more important battle than that which from the first he waged against the system. By his boldness and energy he put it down in his own diocese, and we hear little complaint of it now elsewhere. It exists in name, but only in such form as to be unable to offer any obstacle to the spiritual authority of the diocese. The spiritual authority is and should be independent of the laity in all ecclesiastical matters. The consequence being that schisms are now rarely attempted, unity of action is secured, and the church is governed by her own laws, and religion prospers.

How far the archbishop by his writings in the public journals, contributed to soften or to embitter opposition from without, is a question which it is not necessary for us to raise or discuss. His example in this respect, the other bishops and archbishops of the country have not generally followed. Some of them doubt its expediency. Some regard it as incompatible with the episcopal dignity, and prefer saying what they deem it necessary to say to the public, in the form of pastorals or *mandements* addressed to the people of their charge. Others probably have no taste for newspaper controversies and shrink as much as possible from public notoriety. To the outside public, Archbishop Hughes was looked upon as our only live bishop, and as embodying in himself, so to speak, the whole Catholic hierarchy in the United States. He was supposed to be omnipotent with the whole Catholic population. But this grew out of the fact that his name was more frequently seen in the papers or appeared more prominently before the public. In reality other bishops, whose names were seldom mentioned outside of Catholic circles, and never in connection with politics, were not less influential than he, and quite as efficient workers in their own

sacred vocation. Not always do they who occasion the most noise or attract the most public attention effect the most. Yet certain it is, that Archbishop Hughes, was one of the most remarkable and efficient prelates the church in the United States has ever had. He was a prelate of large views, great firmness and decision of character, ceaseless activity, and untiring industry. We will not say he never made any mistakes, or misjudged the time for raising and discussing certain great questions; nor will we say the contrary. Time and events have proved that he was right in many things in which we thought him wrong, or at least injudicious at the time, and it is not for us to say that he was not always right, wise and judicious. We are laymen, and not judges of episcopal administration.

Archbishop Hughes was a large-hearted man, a man of deep and earnest feeling, and of warm and tender affections. He was severe only when he felt it his duty to be severe. He could not relax discipline, but he was always open and ready to pardon offences against himself, and to give the offender a new chance. He was a true, a kind, and faithful friend, and we remember, and as long as we live we shall remember with deepest gratitude, his many acts of kindness, and regard shown for years to us personally, and which we grieve to say, we did not sufficiently appreciate at the time. He disapproved in later years, in some respects, the course of our *Review*, as did many other prelates, though not more than we ourselves disapprove it now; but he never treated us harshly, or with personal unkindness. He was not one of those who preferred charges against us to the Holy See; but in the very height of the opposition wrote us that he had written to Rome, giving the Holy See assurance of his full confidence in our personal orthodoxy. We mention this fact in proof of his generous nature, and to correct an impression entertained at the time, by some of our friends, to the contrary. He had a large and generous nature, and not a few of the elements of a great man, the greatest we have ever known.

Though we own we had at the time unjust prejudices against him, for his treatment of others rather than of ourselves, we felt, when told of his death, that Catholics had lost a protecting power, a father who could shield them from their enemies. He was whatever his imperfections, a providential man. He did a great work, was an honor to the hierarchy, and a glory to the land of his birth.

Of his writings here collected in two goodly volumes we can attempt no review. They are well known to the public, and have been already adjudged. "I hope," said the archbishop to *apropos* of Bishop England's Works—then just collected and published—"that no one will venture, when I am dead, to collect and publish my various writings. It would be an injustice to my memory, a grave injury to my reputation. All that I have written has been written hastily to meet some pressing occasion, and is crude and unfinished. I have written nothing which I wish to be preserved, or by which I am willing to be judged." We think he undervalued his writings, though he felt, as every really able writer must feel in looking back on what he has written, that it does not do him justice. It is but a small part, and that by no means the best part of what passes in the mind of a writer, that he can express in his writings, and every writer worthy of the name feels that his happiest efforts fall infinitely short of his ideal, and express only the least and perhaps, the least worthy part of himself. Every really great man, every man or real genius as an author, reads over, if read over he can, with a deep feeling of humiliation, the best things he has written, even when not marred by the errors of the press. Th archbishop usually wrote under the pressure of the occasion, and when the pressure was removed and the natural excitement subsided, his writing, though it had effected its purpose, seemed to him of little or no permanent value. We cannot accept his estimate of his own writings. They all have at least a permanent historical value, if no other, and much other they certainly have.

All the writings of Archbishop Hughes indicate a writer of unmistakable genius. They are all written in a clear, forcible, chaste and dignified style. Their diction is pure and choice, and often remarkably felicitous. The author was an accomplished rhetorician, and we may add, as all who ever heard him speak, know full well a graceful, dignified, and most impressive orator. He was one of the ablest, most pleasing, and effective preachers we have ever listened to. Much under the medium size in fact, he always left the impression that he was far above it. His head was large, his features were noble and masculine, and his look was commanding, even majestic. His wit as a writer was keen and delicate but his logic was not always equal to his rhetoric or his wit. His writings were popular, eloquent, and effective, but not remarkable for that higher logic which always seizes the ultimate principle on which depends the solution of the question before one. His conclusions, though valid against his actual opponents, are not always valid against all classes of objections, and leave something to be said after him.

This was the principal defect, as we regard it, of the illustrious archbishop's mind, or at least his intellectual culture. He was in the habit of taking practical views of all questions, and of acting according to circumstances. In discussing a question he rarely states distinctly the principle on which the question turns, and gives it only in his practical solution, from which it is not always easy to gather it. You cannot readily reduce his argument to its principle, but you are obliged to take it as a whole, as rhetorical rather than as logical. He was not what is called a suggestive writer. He enlightens the question distinctly before him, but throws little light on collateral problems. He has, so to speak, no side lights. In reading him you get the answer to the direct question discussed, but nothing more, no principle which enables you to solve various kindred, though at first sight unrelated problems. He has in this the advantage of being always intelligible, and of having his whole thought and its

bearings grasped at once, for there is no more in it than appears. Such a writer is always, in no objectionable sense of the word, a popular writer. While those we call suggestive writers, who seek to solve all particular questions by the light of universal or ultimate principles, are never popular, and are appreciated only by the few who study as well as read them; for there is more in them than appears on the surface, and more than the ordinary reader ever thinks of looking for.

As a controversialist, Archbishop Hughes was adroit, diplomatic, and subtle, sometimes too subtle and refined, and puzzled and silenced his opponent without absolutely refuting him. His Oral Discussion with Breckenridge, especially in the part in which he undertakes to prove that Presbyterianism is hostile to civil liberty, did not satisfy us, when as a Catholic we read it; we accepted the proposition, but not for the reasons assigned. So in the Letter to General Cass, vindicating Catholics from the charge of having ever oppressed the conscience of Protestants. He denies the charge on the ground that conscience is interior, what is most intimate in man, and therefore beyond the reach of external violence or oppression. Yet he had himself complained that Protestant powers had oppressed the conscience of Catholics. He replied to the charge in a sense in which General Cass did not make it. The charge of course was false, but not for the reason the archbishop assigned. There is and can be no conscience against God, and conscience is oppressed, and its freedom violated only when one is forbidden by the civil law to conform to the law of God infallibly promulgated. But the archbishop we suppose, did not judge it wise or prudent to adopt this line of defense; for it was directly in face and eyes of the American doctrine of the liberty of conscience, which he seems on all occasions to have studiously avoided contradicting.

The greater part of the archbishop's writings were called forth in the discharge of his official duties, and have a permanent value as historical

documents, as throwing light on the difficulties our bishops have had to contend with, even down to the present moment, and the severe trials they have had to undergo in order to place the church in the United States in its present healthful and prosperous condition. Their trials and difficulties are not yet over, and never will be so long as human depravity remains, and men retain their free-will. But we think they have been lessened, and there is probably no country in which the church is freer and her pastors have more to encourage or more to console them, than in these United States; and that it is so due, so far as our knowledge goes, to no one man more than to the late Most Rev. Dr. Hughes, the first archbishop of New York. He was a man for his day and for the important city in which was his see. His memory will long remain in the church and his labors will only be the more highly appreciated as time goes on. We trust that he still remembers the people of his charge, and aids them by his prayers in the goodly company of the angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect.

We have not written his panegyric, a task to which we are not competent. We have only attempted to give a few traits of his character, chiefly as they came under our own personal observation, or were brought out by our personal relations with him. We were no blind admirer of his during his life, and we frankly confess that we often did him injustice in our thoughts, and words too freely spoken. We have written what we have from a desire to repair as far as possible, any injustice we did him, as well as to show our high appreciation of his character in its external relations. The task was for us a delicate one, for it is well known that, though we never fell under his official censure, we did fall under the lash of his unofficial criticism, which was not at all pleasant, and the perfect candor and impartiality of our judgment may reasonably be distrusted. But we have aimed to be just, and we certainly cherish the memory of the late Archbishop Hughes, as that of a large-hearted man,

in most respects an eminently great man, and a prelate of rare energy and activity, untiringly devoted to the interests of religion.

MADNESS OF ANTI-CHRISTIANS.

(*The People, By M. Michelet*)

M. Michelet is a professor of history in the College Royal of France. He is pretty well known as the author of several historical works, and of two or three publications against religion, which have been favorably received by the Protestant community in general. He is not deficient in natural endowments, and appears to be a scholar of respectable attainments. As a writer, though wanting in dignity, he is lively, brilliant, and sometimes even eloquent. His historical works can be cheerfully recommended to all who wish only to become acquainted with his theorizing, poetizing, and sentimentalizing on history, but they are not indispensable to those who would study history itself. His work against the Jesuits is mere frothy declamation, without any coloring of fact or argument. His Le *Pretre et La Femme de Famille* is a compound of ignorance, infidel malice, prurient fancy, and maudlin sentiment. The work before us —"The People" —is the author himself. "This book is more than a book; it is myself, ... It is I." Indeed, whatever the author may appear to be writing it is always himself that he writes.

The book we have introduced to our readers is of no great intrinsic value. It throws no certain light on the condition of the people, and makes no important suggestions for their improvement. The only thing we can say in its favor is, that it proves the mass of the French people are less immoral than they are commonly represented, and shows that the modern system of industry has not so many advantages over that which it has superceded as is commonly imagined. But the work mainly interests us as an exponent of the spirit of the Anti-Catholic world. The author considers himself a fair representative of the age, and, so far as the age is not Catholic, he appears to us to be so. They who study the age in him will not be likely to mistake its dominant tendencies. He is carrying on a war against

religion, and has published this work to enlist his countrymen on his side. It may, therefore, he taken as an index to the kind of appeals the enemies of religion are making to the people, and to the ground on which they are to be met and routed. We no sooner open it than we perceive the bold and direct denials of religion, made by the infidels of the last century, are not now continued. The age of absolute negations appears to have gone by. The present age shrinks from the direct issue—religion or no religion—and returns to the old device of attempting to oppose Christianity in the name of Christianity herself, and to seduce the people from their love and fidelity by substituting something real and positive in her place, and something, too, which she apparently approves and consecrates.

What is this something? Christianity represents the Divinity on earth, and to oppose it is to oppose God and all that pertains distinctively to the divine order. In the nature of things, then, they who oppose it can oppose to it nothing divine, nothing positive, in fact, but man himself, or what is simply human. The enemies of Christianity must oppose to it either man or nothing. In the last century, for a time, they really opposed nothing, and relied on simple hatred to religion itself. But hatred is spasmodic, unnatural, and short-lived. Only the devil himself can make it a universal and permanent principle of action. The bulk of mankind are not bad enough for that. They must have something positive to love and strive for. They will not act long steadily and energetically, unless for something they love and wish to possess. But when God is opposed, when Christianity, the church in which he resides and dispenses his grace, is discarded, nothing is left to love and strive for but man, and what pertains to him as man. Hence we find M. Michelet opposing man to God and seeking to draw off our love from God by means of our love for the human.

This, in principle, is no new device. It is precisely what the Protestant reformers themselves

did. They rebelled against God; and as God cannot be divided and set against himself, they were forced to fall back on what is simply human for their support. They asserted sometimes the supremacy of the state against the supremacy of the church— but this was only a human authority; for the state is human.. They asserted, also the supremacy of the Scriptures, taken on and interpreted by a human authority. But this again was only asserting the supremacy of man; for the Scriptures so taken and interpreted, are only a human authority, and impose no faith but what each interpreter, chooses to find in them. They asserted in fine the right of private judgment. But this all the world knows is human. No one who has analyzed their movement doubts for a moment that reduced to its general formula it is—man is supreme, and is to us in the place of God.

Nor was this the device of Protestantism alone. There was very little originality in the Protestant movement. It proceeded on the principle common to all movements, no matter in what age or country, against the city of God, and did but continue the protest which our first parents, made in the garden. There may be development and modification of external representation from age to age, or from place to place, but there is no substantial change. The principle is always the same. It is always in the name of man, always under pretence of bringing up and out the human element, that religion is opposed. The effort is always to create an antagonism between the love of God and the love of man, or to subordinate God to man. "Ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." That is, if we may paraphrase it—"The command you suppose God has given you, and which you suppose you must keep, is tyrannical; it degrades your nature, cripples its energies, enslaves its affections, and hinders the developmnt and growth of its god-like faculties. If you were free, or if you had the courage to eat the forbidden fruit, your eyes would be opened; you would not need to see by another's eyes; you would

know good and evil, and not with another's knowledge, but with your own knowledge, for yourselves, in like manner as God himself knows in and of himself, without another to teach him. Has God said, Ye shall not eat, lest ye die? Nonsense. Believe no such things. Can God wish to keep you children and slaves forever? What pleasure can He take in the homage of those who have no mind, no will of their own, who dare neither think nor act but as they are bid? No! God loves the free, bold, manly spirit, that acts from choice, affection, not from compulsion. There is a soul within you; let that speak; listen to that; follow it, and be free, be great, be noble, be gods" So spake the serpent. Eve was charmed, and no doubt fancied that the best way to render herself acceptable to God would be to disobey him. But be this as it may, the temptation which seduced her from her allegiance was the elevation of the human, the glory and dignity of man.

The same temptation is repeated in our days. The church is opposed from the same motives that Satan urged in the beginning. What do we hear? "The church is dangerous to the state; it is hostile to liberty; it obscures the dignity of human nature; it does not respect the rights of man; it denies private judgment; it tyrannizes over the freeborn mind; and it is in the way of intellectual and social progress." All the popular charges the age prefers against the church are reducible to these several heads, and therefore all oppose man to God, the human to the divine. It were easy to prove this by reference to the literature of the day, to the movements and boasts of the age; but the fact is so salient that it is not necessary.

The real characteristic of the Anti-Christian, that is, Anti-Catholic world is in brief, the Supremacy of Man. It makes man its god, its master, the end for which it must strive, and the fountain from which it must derive its light and strength. It is man against God. There can be no denial of this fact. Whoso wars against the church, wars against Christianity, and whoso wars against Christianity

wars against God. Let no one deceive himself on this point. Christianity is not an abstraction nor a dead letter. It is a living organism, it is the church, and without the church it is not—is inconceivable. The distinctions you imagine between Christianity and the church—the Catholic Church, the Roman Catholic Church, we mean—are mere moonshine. No such distinctions are possible. God did not first give you a Christianity, and then build up, or leave you to build up, a Christian church around it, to embody and express more or less of it. He gave the church in the beginning, and gave you nothing but what is included integrally in it. When you oppose the church, you oppose the religion of God, and God Himself. You cannot do otherwise if you would. There is no middle course for you. You must either say, God, and man for the sake of God; or man, and God, if at all, for the sake of man. Here is the plain indisputable fact. There is no medium between the two possible in the nature of things. You are on the Lord's side, or you are against it. If you are on his side, you are on the side of the church in which he is universally and permanently present unto the consummation of the world. If you are on the side opposed to the church, you are on the side opposed to God. No verbiage, no sophistry, no art or ingenuity can alter this fact. The sooner you become convinced of it, and look this fact steadily in the face, the better will it be for all of you who are carrying on your unhallowed war against God's holy church.

But assuming the fact to be as we state it, what have the enemies of religion to offer us? In general terms, they offer us man, represented in the family, native land, and universal brotherhood. M. Michelet opposes to the church, simply, if we extract his verbiage; family and native land. These are the means and end of man's existence. These are M. Michelet's religion. "France," he says, "is a religion." These he would substitute in the place of religion, and he would educate solely in reference to them. He opposes the church because she in-

sists on educating for God, and subordinating family and country to God, and teaching us they are good and holy only when sought and loved for God's sake. Others add to family and country, or, one may almost say, substitute for them, universal brotherhood, and place the supreme excellence of moral character in Philanthropy. These are philanthropists, and test all things by their schemes for the general improvement of mankind. They do not ask—Is the church divine? Is she from God, commissioned by God Himself to teach us what we shall believe and do? But they ask—Is she an abolitionist, a teetotaller, a radical, a socialist?

We certainly respect family, native land, brotherhood, and hold them to be sacred, when elevated by religion to her own order, and referred to God as the end for which they are, and are to be loved or sought. So viewed, we have as much to say in their favor, as have the anti-Christian reformers themselves, perhaps more, too. The madness of these reformers does not consist in their devotion to them, but in their devotion to them for their own sake, as detached from God, the end for which they are, and made to be ends in themselves. This is their madness. It is precisely here where lies their power of deception. Religion consecrates all these terms. The gospel pronounces marriage holy, and makes it a sacrament. What do I then, when I extol it, but what the Gospel itself does? The gospel enjoins patriotism. When I present the claims of native land, and ask that all be trained to love it, am I not following out the gospel? The gospel declares that love is the perfection of the law, that he who loveth dwelleth in God and God in him, for God is love. When then, I proclaim the excellence of love, make love the basis of my system, and call upon all to love one another and to live as brothers, what do I, but follow both the spirit and the letter of the gospel? This looks plausible, and the uninstructed and unwary may not at first sight perceive wherein lies the sophistry, or wherein they who reason thus are opposed to Christianity.

Marriage, when blessed by the church, is a sacrament, and when sought for God's sake, is indeed holy, but not otherwise. Patriotism is a duty, and is meritorious, when we love and serve our country from love of God, not when we love and serve it simply for its own sake. Love is the perfection or fulfilling of the law when understood in the gospel sense for charity; not when it is understood in the human sense for philanthropy. The error lies in the neglect of these distinctions, and in predicating of marriage, patriotism, love of mankind, when referred simply to what is human as the end, what may with truth be predicated of them when they are referred to God. The enemies of the city of God say, because family, native land, brotherhood, when referred to God, are sacred, and to seek them is a religious act, to seek them is a religious act when they are not so referred; because to love our neighbor as ourselves, for the love of God, is a precept of the divine law—to love him for his own sake, without reference to the love of God, is the fulfilling of that precept; and because whoso loves God must love his brother also, God is loved in man, not man in God.

Now all this makes man the end, and supreme, and, if our modern reformers were not stark blind, they could not fail to perceive their absurdity. There is a solemn truth burnt into the heart of every man, who has had some little experience of life, that man never suffices for man, and therefore that nothing human is ever sufficient for itself. The good to be derived from marriage, from native land, from universal brotherhood, is never attainable when they are sought for their own sake, and not for the sake of God. When sought for his sake, there is all the good desirable from them which our reformers allege; but by no means when sought for their own sake, as all experience proves.

The age prates everywhere of love, of woman, and of family. Nothing is more remarkable than the rank assigned to woman, and the reliance that is placed on her for whatever good is looked for.

M. Michelet tells us, man is man only when with a wife, with whom he is married or not married; and Frederika Bremer, the popular Swedish novelist confounds the sentiment of two passionate lovers for each other with the love of God, apparently regarding it as one of the purest and highest forms of charity. It would not be difficult to trace the same doctrine through no small portion of that literature which at once forms and expresses the age. All this may be very fine and charming in one of love's paroxysms, but the love of man for woman, and of woman for man, taken in its most honest sense, never suffices for itself. Pure and hallowed as may be woman's gentle influence, when she herself loves God supremely and exclusively, it can never be safely appealed to when she does not so love him. Her influence, when religion is wanting, is more fatal than that of man himself. What is said of her, the appeals made to her, and the flattery bestowed on her by this age, only mark its luxury and gross corruption.

We may love, should love—but God only. All else that is loved must be loved in Him and for Him. This is as true in relation to the mutual love of husband and wife, of parents and children, as in relation to any other love. And when this is forgotten or neglected, the love is full of misery and wretchedness. Our novelists delight to picture two young lovers, all and all to each other, living only one for the other, unable to live one without the other, seeing their heaven in each other's eyes, and shocked at the bare thought that either could find a heaven hereafter, save in the presence of each other. In one of Miss Bremer's novels, Adelaide, believing herself to be dying, consoles Alaric, her lover, with the assurance that he will soon follow her, and that they will meet in heaven which would be no heaven to her without him. Never was love more worshipped than in our days. Never was more pains taken to enlist all imaginations in his favor, and to introduce him into every heart of the least susceptibiblity. Yet what is the complaint

which we everywhere hear. The heart is not met; we have a power to love which is not called forth; the heart is lonely, sad, and sighs for some one to love, some one it can love, which will fill its capacity to love, and on which it may banish all its wealth of love. But in vain. There is no such object. We try one, then another, then still another, all to no purpose. No one comes up to our idea; no one understands us; no one enters into all our feelings, and responds to all our nice sensibilities. Our deep and rich affections longing to overflow and fertilize a kindred heart, are repulsed, forced back upon their source, and stagnate and rot. Such is the tone of the complaints we hear. Indeed, the very age itself is a lovesick maiden. It believes in love, celebrates it in prose and rhyme,and sighs and whimpers that it can find nothing to love. All this is natural and inevitable. Love, left to itself is madness, and cannot be satisfied with love. It is never for two successive moments in the same mood; and it is never, when obtaining, the same as when demanding. Nothing can satisfy it. No human being can meet its caprices, or appease its cravings.

All this comes, not from the fact that love is sought, or is regarded as a good, but from the fact that it is sought for its own sake. Subordinate love to religion, love only in reference to God; seek the love, the peace, the tranquility of the family for God's sake, and not for the sake of the family itself, and the whole tone and temper change. There is no less love, no less generous or tender affection, no less sensibility, no less of all that which in love is lovable. The love then is controllable, is no longer a madness, is rational; for it now lives not on itself alone, feeds not by devouring itself, but is nourished, sustained and directed by something higher and nobler than itself—something that neither time nor change can affect, and which keeps it as fresh and as vigorous, when age and care have furrowed the cheek or frosted the brow, as in the heyday of youthful beauty. Nothing in this world more needs religion than does love

itself. Only the religious can truly love, or find love a blessing. It is only where God is loved supremely and exclusively that there is real marriage—marriage in the Christian sense of the word. They only receive the fruits of the sacrament of marriage who are married in God, and love each other with infinite tenderness for the love of God. Then are they indeed no longer twain, but one—made one by the true medium of union, the living and life-giving God. Their union is perfect and living, and is indissoluble till death. There is no return upon self, no asking if one loves or is loved, whether one understands or is understood, appreciates or is appreciated; each looks to God, finds the other in him, and is satisfied. Where it is thus, there may be family in its true sense. Husband and wife, parents and children, love each other, for they all love one another in the one love of their Father in Heaven. There is no discord, no division, for they are all one in the higher love. Infirmities are borne with, personal qualities do not impair affection, and toil and want, and suffering do but endear the members the more to one another, and make them the more indissolubly one. Such a family is sacred. Seek God and him only, and you may find the family; and then, but only then, will it be all you desire it.

The principle we have asserted in relation to love, marriage, and the family, holds good throughout every department of human life. Philanthropy, in our days, is a high sounding word, and it is regarded as a high compliment to a man to call him a philanthropist. But philanthropy, in itself considered, is a mere human sentiment, and brings good neither to its subject nor to its object. It has never effected anything great or good for the race. It has been the mainspring of none of those noble institutions which have more or less flourished in every age of the church, and from which mankind have derived so much advantage. Moved by a simple love of humanity, men may talk finely, use charming words, and vent much exquitsite sentiment; but

they effect nothing, unless it be to aggravate the evils they undertake to cure. Philanthropists are the most useless race of mortals, as well as the most disagreeable, that it is easy to imagine. Their heads are full of kinks and crotchets, and there is no living with them. They intermeddle with everything, and mind everybody's business but their own. They seem to fancy that their trade of philanthropy gives them the right to trample on all the laws of good-breeding, to outrage every honest feeling, and to make themselves supremely offensive. Poor creatures! they are just a-going to effect something great and glorious; but alas! it is always they are just a-going to do it.

Our age teems with philanthropists of all sorts, sizes, and colors. It claims to have a large share of generous sympathy for man. It is socialist. It is terribly pathetic over depressed humanity, especially the poorer and more numerous classes. Never before has man understood the value of man. Never before has he felt for man as man. Now, for the first time in the world's history, man sees a brother in his fellow-man, and a man in the humble, toil-worn laborer, as well as in the lordly noble. An ocean of love for the oppressed and indigent is now stirred up from its depths, and the race, after its sleep of six thousand years, awakes to a sense of the duty it owes to each of its members. Take courage ye poor and neglected, ye wronged and outraged, ye oppressed and down-trodden, ye perishing classes, one and all! It is the glorious nineteenth century, the century of light, of love, of humanity. Now blessed are the poor, for now they shall have the gospel preached. All men are brethren. A new age commences. The great order so long foretold, so long and so ardently desired, now descends from heaven, and the Saturnian years begin. Oppression shall end, slavery shall cease, the captive shall go free, the bruised spirit shall be healed, and all men shall be as brothers, and love one another. Admirable! But how? What a question? Up start a thousand schemers and projectors. Each has a sovereign

remedy, and there is a confusion of tongues, as if Babel had come again. Such muttering, sputtering, chattering, vociferating, pulling and howling, clatter and racket, that one is glad to escape with a whole skin. And unless he has a large share of grace, must wish it had pleased Heaven to have given him his birth in some other than this enlightened and philanthropic nineteenth century.

With all deference to our enlightened philanthropists, we must express some doubts whether this age is so original as it imagines. Some go so far as to deny its originality altogether, and it has been publicly declared that it has not done so much as to "invent even a new humbug." This may be saying too much; but after all, it has not falsified the word of God, which declares there is nothing new under the sun. It was not left to this age to be the first to preach the Gospel to the poor, or to discover the real worth of man as man. The antics which people play, the capers they cut, when they get a new idea into their heads, are often as much a proof of their ignorance as of their knowledge. Many is the fledgling philosopher or philanthropist who fancies the world is rapidly advancing, because he has learned something to-day of which he was ignorant yesterday. There is a great distance between that love for the masses which originates in the simple love of man for his own sake, and that which originates in the love of God, and loves them in and for Him. The one we call philanthropy, the other charity, and the age makes such a fool of itself in regard to the former simply because it wants the latter. Philanthropy turns its head because it is ignorant of charity. We grant the age philanthropy, the love of man, for it sets up man against God; but this, instead of being its glory is its shame. It boasts the less, because it has not the greater.

In nothing is the absolute insufficiency of man for himself more striking than in the philanthropic efforts of the day. Whether our philanthropists have for their object to relieve the indigent, to check

a prevalent vice, to remodel the state or reorganize society, they prove utterly impotent, save to unhinge men's minds, to unsettle what is fixed, and to throw into chaos what has been reduced to order. Never was more breath or ink wasted over the indigent classes. Never was a greater variety of splendid schemes devised for their relief; and never was there a period in the history of the world when they were more in need of help and when they received less. What is now done for them only increases their disquiet, their intense longings for what they have not and cannot get—only sharpens their sensibilities, and augments their sufferings. The evils of poverty are more than half relieved, when you have removed from the poor the craving to be rich and made them contented with their state in life. Philanthropy cannot understand this; she cannot conceive a good for them, unless they are placed in another rank in life; and all her tears over them, all her exhortations to them, only increase their craving to be other than they are, and to deepen the sense of their misery. So it is, and so it must be when we rely on philanthropy.

We have written not to depress the human, but to show its impotence when abandoned to itself or sought for its own sake.

CANISIUS COLLEGE
STUDENT LIBRARY

CANISIUS
STUDEN
CANISIUS COLLEGE LIBRARY
AC8 .B728 c. 1
Gems of composition
3 5084 00050 1281

AC
8
.B728